THE BENEVOLENT SUN

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A NEW LEGEND OF CHOLLIMA KOREA

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Chapter I

THE FIRST GREETINGS TO THE HOMELAND

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1

Japanese imperialism fell, and the world changed. Korea was liberated. The Korean people, erstwhile slaves, hauled down the "sun-flag". They trampled it under feet, and greeted a new day of freedom. Even children spat in disgust on the "Emperor", the "Governor-General", the "invincible imperial army" and the like. The vanquished aggressors looked like a grasshopper in late autumn. The storm of the times swept them all into the dustbin of history.

The whole land of Korea bubbled like a cauldron in an inexpressible ecstasy of joy as the curtain fell on the world of the aggressors and a new world opened up for the people. At that historic moment of national resurrection every heart was filled deep with boundless feelings of emotion and gratitude for General Kim Il Sung, the sun of the nation, who brought that day of liberation with his protracted, bloody struggle. The people straightened up their bent backs for the first time in their life and stared up at the bright sky where the dazzling sun was shining over the earth. All faces beamed with joy. They shed tears with gratitude in their hearts. For those who cast away the old yoke of feudalism under which they had slaved for life through generations, for those who shook off the fetters of 36-year-long Japanese colonial rule under which they had been deprived of even their language and names and forced to work themselves to shadow and live apart from their flesh and blood, it was a great joy, a heavenly joy which could be tasted only by the sufferers of the century. They were saved miraculously from the bottom of the hell into which no country, no nation had ever been plunged.

However, like those exposed to the light after a long stay in a dark cavern, they seemed at first to be in a daze over their surroundings, losing all sense of direction. They felt a new life but didn't know what to do right then and which road should Korea take. Everything was a hazy vagueness. Yet they simply jumped with joy. The so-called "pioneers" who were busy

putting on the outside appearance of a "leader" vied with each other in expressing their "cherished opinions". But they were, so to speak, all blind men groping in the dark with their sticks.

Just at that time on August 20, 1945, the great leader General Kim Il Sung, genius of revolution, delivered a speech *On Building the Party, State and Armed Forces in the Liberated Homeland* before the military and political cadres, indicating a clear-cut orientation for Korea and her immediate fighting tasks. Stressing that the Korean people who had realized their historic cause of national liberation, were now faced with the new combat task of continuing of carrying forward the Korean revolution and building a prosperous, sovereign and independent state by themselves, the great leader said:

"What should we do to fulfil this great task?

"We must first found a Marxist-Leninist party which will be able to steadily guide the Korean revolution to victory. At the same time, we must establish a people's government to solve the question of power, the fundamental question in the revolution, and build the people's armed forces which will defend our country, people and revolutionary gains."

The policy of building the Party, the state and the armed forces outlined by the leader provided the eternal foundation stones, pillars and beams with which to build a new, genuine people's state on the colonial ruins of the vanquished Japanese imperialism. It was the great programme that could be advanced only by General Kim Il Sung, peerless patriot and revolutionary genius, who crushed Japanese imperialism and accomplished the historic cause of national salvation, taking to heart the sorrows, resentment and ardent desire of his people. Following this great programme which lighted the road of Korea like a lighthouse, the people went into action, each trying to justify himself in his post.

Returning Home without Fanfare

General Kim Il Sung, the sun of the nation, returned home without a fanfare. No one expected that the great leader who had mowed down the large Japanese imperialist army like the autumn grass in the high mountains and broad plains, and saved our people, would return home unannounced. People were waiting for him to come back home as the victor. Preparations were going on to greet him in Pyongyang, Seoul and even in Mosulpo in the faraway island of Cheju. Citizens of Pyongyang

prepared red flags and streamers and a rostrum for the General, the peerless patriot produced by our nation, the legendary hero born in Pyongyang. The Seoul railway station plaza turned into a veritable sea of people who were waiting for him. Among them was an old man carrying a set of silver spoon and chopsticks, a roll of mat bearing the words wishing good health and a long life to the General. There was also a woman carrying a piece of silk cloth embroidered with the august name of the leader, a precious stuff she had kept deep in her wardrobe since her marriage. The station plaza was overflowing with people singing and dancing with flowers in their hands.

They waited for the leader day in, day out, but in vain. The citizens of Pyongyang had already him in their midst, but did not recognize him. Occasionally, he was seen in a crowded tramcar or a market reading people's minds and acquainting himself with their living conditions and the prices of goods. No one ever knew that the man looking like an ordinary wayfarer, conversing with people in a simple manner, was General Kim Il Sung whom they so eagerly wished to see, awake or asleep.

The people wanted to place the great leader in the highest place of honour. But he made little of himself as a son of the people. Declining all honour and glory, he went straight among the people and, oblivious of the fatigue of the long-drawn struggle, tackled the new work. To him, work for the people was his happiness and mission. He knew no rest, no honour. In the past, when the homeland had been reduced to a colony, his supreme task was to carry out the anti-Japanese revolution. Now the liberated homeland placed a new task of national construction before him. Therefore, he plunged himself into this new struggle even keeping his august name in the shade. Thus, right after liberation, our people spent their days without noticing their leader, though they had him among them. This is something hardly heard of in any other country.

The great leader was in military uniform as he had been in Mt. Paekdu in the days of the anti-Japanese armed struggle. Indeed, it was a far cry from the case of returning home in glory. He did not have his own house or official residence, but lived and worked in an ordinary billet together with his anti-Japanese fighters. This small billet stood at the foot of the Haebang Hill. He had a table and a bed in one of its rooms and used it as his office and bedroom. People would not have felt contented even if

they had built a great mansion for him who returned home after fulfilling the great cause, weathering snowstorms for so many years. But our leader preferred that billet, saying he felt quite at home there.

He spent most of his daytime at various work sites and returned to that frugal room late at night. He would sit at his table, examine voluminous papers piled up during the day, or write a report for the coming inaugural congress of the Party till the break of the new day. He always dined with his men at a heated floor of the billet where was set an oblong table of the kind found in a Korean noodle house. He made it a rule to have his meal mixed with millet or corn. When ground-bean dish was served far between, he would take it as a rare dish, speaking words of praise for the cook.

Every morning he would open the windows wide, walk out to the yard, and sweep it with a broom despite of the pressure of a busy life. Then, he would sit by a lotus pond in the yard to read a book or would awake little slugabeds in the neighbourhood, let them have a swing, or teach them a revolutionary song.

This happy hour he spent with children was his only snack-break.

More Inmates in the Billet

The number of visitors to the leader's billet grew daily. They came on urgent business to have discussions with him. Some stayed for days.

So the mouths to be fed in the billet grew in number. They were short of cooks there.

Knowing this, one day the leader told the anti-Japanese veterans to recruit a cook.

On hearing this, one of those who had come to discuss his work with the leader recommended a noted cook of a restaurant in the city. The leader, however, proposed to bring Choe's family, saying plain food prepared by an ordinary woman would rather please him and his men.

Sometime before that, Choe's family which had been roaming about the streets without jobs, had settled down through the leader's help. The family had eight members, including two sons and their wives, daughter and mother.

They had lived in Nampo. Unable to endure the harshness of Japanese imperialism, they left the place and wandered about in the vast

area of northern Jiandao. On the country's liberation they started for their native town.

Entering Korea, they managed to dress themselves with clothes offered by kind compatriots. Then, they decided to settle down in Pyongyang instead of going to their native town. But the Pyongyang city administration was in disorder right after liberation and was unable to give thought to the living of citizens.

They spent several days in the waiting room of Pyongyang Station and then barely rented the small side room of a house. Next day the whole family took to searching jobs. But no one wanted them. The two sons went to the eating houses in a market and begged for work with no pay but board. Yet they got a flat refusal. Their wives, too, failed to get any odd job.

They were driven to despair with no means of subsistence. But who could know that a benevolent hand was stretched to help this family!

One morning young people attired in military uniform called at their abode. They were anti-Japanese fighters who were living in the billet together with the great leader.

They opened a big bundle of food they brought, and asked Madame Choe's family to help themselves. This unexpected offer upset the latter. One of the fighters said that the food was sent by the person whom Choe had met on the street earlier that morning.

"My word! The person I met this morning? You say he who...." It was so unexpected that words failed Choe. She looked round her family and said that the kind man she had told them of bestowed another favor on her family.

Earlier that morning, Choe, carrying her grandson on her back, had gone out to the street in search of some work for pay. She went round from house to house, but in vain. At the gate of a two-storied house she came across a young man coming out of it. He was none other than the great leader. But she failed to recognize him. The great leader was so kind in asking her about her business that she told him without any reserve.

Hearing her story, the leader said: **"Supporting the family of eight, you, an aged woman, must have had a hard time of it. But never mind. The Japs are defeated and the country is liberated to open a new world in which the poor and the maltreated like you, mother, can lead a decent life. So, you had better go home without any worry. I'll send a person to you**

soon." He asked her address and jotted it down in his memo-book. Choe couldn't tear her eyes off the leader, thinking how such an obliging person could ever be in the world. Tears came into her eyes before she knew.

He kept his word and sent persons to her house.

Choe was overwhelmed by his boundless kindness, and all her family members were moved to tears. But they still didn't know that they were just enjoying the great love of the fatherly leader whom they had been yearning for, awake or asleep. Only some time later did they learn from the fighters that the kind person was none other than General Kim Il Sung, peerless patriot and the sun of the nation. They couldn't believe their ears. Choe felt she was in a dream. She could meet the man whom the whole nation held in highest esteem and receive his warm favor, so easily. What a stroke of luck!

She grasped the hands of the fighters and burst into hot tears. Her family members too shed tears of emotion, their shoulders shaking.

The great leader, acquainting himself with Choe's living conditions that day through the fighters, sent them cloth and even arranged a dwelling house for them furnished with kitchen utensils.

He wanted to make the women of Choe's family work as cooks of the billet.

Glad news reached Choe's family on the morning of the day after their house-moving. The leader would visit their house in person! They all waited impatiently for him when he stepped into their yard, with a broad smile on his face. They rushed out to welcome him. But, overcome by emotion, they failed to extend greetings to him properly.

Grasping Choe's hands, the fatherly leader apologized: "How are you? I wanted to visit you earlier, but circumstances didn't allow me to."

Hearing his words, Choe felt very guilty. The leader wore a kind smile as if soothing her mind and then, together with her, looked round the room and kitchen. He seated himself on the wooden floor for a talk with Choe's family.

That day the fatherly leader heard from them about their past life and taught them how to live in the future. Later, he told Comrade Kim Chaek to arrange work places for all the members of Choe's family. Thus, under the great solicitude of the leader her two sons became warehouse keepers attending to the supply of goods. Their wives came to work in the billet where the leader was lodging.

Receiving the leader's solicitude, the whole family was in the whirlpool of emotion that day. Especially deep was the emotion of the womenfolks who had been despised by all as good-for-nothing but were now entrusted with honourable work in the billet of high and noble persons.

Choe's two daughters-in-law buried their faces in their horny hands and burst into sobs. Thus Choe's family came to have the greatest honour of serving the leader, working at his side. Every day was joyful for them like festival.

One day word came that there would be a tea party at the end of some meeting. The whole family of Choe got down to preparing for the party.

Just before the opening of the party towards evening, the leader personally sent a man for Choe. When she entered the room, shy in the presence of many people, he said in a soft voice to warm her heart and make her feel at home:

"Mother, you surely had great trouble making meals for us."

He took her, standing at the door side, by the hand and seated her beside himself. Then he invited her two daughters-in-law too.

Presently, the fatherly leader, looking around the people at the table, mostly anti-Japanese fighters, remarked:

"Comrades, we enjoy three warm meals every day thanks to the family of this mother, don't we?"

He personally filled a cup and, taking it with both hands, offered it to the old woman. She was so grateful for his kindness she didn't know how to behave herself.

"Mother, you must drain this cup today," the leader urged.

Blinking her moist eyes, she took the cup. But the cup kept trembling in the two hands of the mother who was feeling a big lump in her throat.

On seeing this the leader seemed to feel something deep in his heart. He urged her again in a husky voice:

"Mother,... You're spilling wine... You should drink away the bitter memory of your past and live long in this good world."

The mother drained the cup dry, not for herself, but to the good health and long life of the leader.

To the leader, that old woman and her two daughters-in-law were as valuable as his comrades-in-arms present there. He simply wanted to be more considerate to them who had undergone sufferings and humiliation

in the past. There were a lot of clever cooks in the city. But he preferred bean-curd and paste made by native, honest hands to the delicacies of all lands and seas. He found pleasure in taking plain food, living together with his people who had drifted like leaves on the river but now were saved and given an honourable post by him. He felt real happiness in filling the life of the poor people with joy and giving the light of civilization to darkness, making all people sing of the value of their life.

Under the deep solicitude and warm care of the leader, the members of Choe's family changed later beyond all recognition. Her eldest son became the able manager of an enterprise, her second son went through the military academy to become a commanding officer, and her daughter graduated from a college to become a proud specialist.

Indeed, the leader cared for and brought up such people with no one to depend on, like Choe's family, as if they were his kith and kin, and extended his hand of wārm love to all other people.

Mangyongdae Is Waiting

Considerable time passed since the great leader had returned home in triumph. All the while his native Mangyongdae was eagerly awaiting his return.

"The General born in our house would surely come back...." This was the firm belief of his grandparents. The grandfather would climb the Namri Hill where he had parted with his departing grandson twenty years ago, and keep gazing in the direction of Pyongyang all day long smoking one pipe after another. As the dusk deepened, he would come down home with a sinking heart. Sure of the return of his grandson, however, he would squat down at the twig gate in the hope of welcoming him.

The grandparents were so impatient that one day they sent the General's aunt to Pyongyang to get the news of their grandson. Ashamed of going with an empty hand, she purposely carried a bundle of cotton on her head as if going to a cotton-carding mill in the city.

In the city she approached crowds of people to overhear what they said. To her great joy, the chief topic of their conversation was about General Kim Il Sung. She breezed in:

"Excuse me, but would you kindly tell me how old General Kim Il Sung is?"

The answers were indefinite. Some said he was in his fiftieth year while others insisted that he was past sixty. These remarks somewhat

disappointed the General's aunt. The following day, however, she reentered the city, and asked whoever she thought to be well-informed, "Please explain to me how the General looks like. Do a pair dimples appear on his cheeks when he smiles?" She asked this question, remembering the lovely dimples of the little General. But they answered differently as they had never seen the General with their eyes.

Quite disappointed now, the General's aunt plodded her weary way back over 12 kilometres, feeling as though she had walked a thousand miles. Entering the house, she didn't know what to tell to her parents-in-law who had been awaiting her with much expectation. She grew more and more restless.

How eagerly the leader must have wanted to visit his native place where his family was waiting for him! Not a single moment did he forget the native place during the 20-odd years of the arduous revolutionary struggle. The native home he dearly missed by the campfire at dead of night in the deep forests of Paekdu. The native home which, like a sailing lamp on the dark horizon, had illumined his way everywhere he went. Now this very native place was not thousands of miles away but within a calling distance.

Many people were returning home with the country's liberation. Emotional family reunions took place everywhere. Seeing these people, the leader felt a strong urge to rush to his native home. Even in his sleep which he could get only in the small hours, he would dream of his native home, rubbing his cheek against the pillow.

The thatched roof of his old house must have been weather-beaten, and its stepping stone upturned by Japanese roughnecks. And his poor grandparents and other blood relations must have moped more than enough!

The leader might have felt a strong urge to grasp their gnarled hands, arrange their disordered grey hair, and caress their wounded hearts.

His closest comrades urged him to call at his home, saying: "General! You are so busy, but you must find time to visit Mangyongdae."

The leader, however, was not in a position to visit his native village as others did.

There were still many people who were spending days aimlessly in a hilarious mood, unaware that every moment was a historic moment for deciding the future of the country. Mountains of work had to be done to

build a new country. The leader had to do a hundred days' work in a single day. He had to put off his visit to the native home so dear to him.

From the first day of his triumphal return, the great leader worked with amazing energy, day and night. Every field wanted his guidance in the liberated homeland. In the complex situation with the country bisected and south Korea under the occupation of the US troops, the top urgent task was to build the northern half up into a revolutionary base. The leader devoted the whole of his time to this work, putting off his visit to Mangyongdae one day after another. He received an endless stream of callers at his office, and went out to factories, enterprises and villages to meet workers and peasants in person.

The great leader visited the Pyongyang Cornstarch Factory. That day the workers were whitewashing the walls of their factory. Greatly pleased to see them working with a determination to build their factory by themselves, the leader went to them and offered handshakes.

But he was still a stranger to them. More, his dignified smiling look full of spirit made them hesitate to offer their lime-stained hands.

"Never mind. I just fancy your hands with which you are creating a new life." The leader said in a tender tone, and pressed their hands modestly.

Workers were bewildered at the kind treatment which they had received for the first time in their working life.

Shown by them, the leader looked around the interior of the factory. It was heavily destroyed. It seemed to have suspended its operation for long. In the crushing workshop a nasty smell rose from the damaged machines where the corn feed was rotting. Some workers in tattered workclothes were repairing a dismantled machine. They were trying to rehabilitate their factory destroyed by the Japanese imperialists although many of their fellow-workers had gone to their native places or left for other places in search of new work after liberation.

Acquainting himself with this state of affairs, the leader said to the comrades accompanying him:

"Returning to the liberated homeland, we see many unhappy things as well as happy ones."

The great leader felt like giving strength and courage to the toiling workers. He went up to them and said:

"The Japanese imperialist robbers destroyed our major industrial establishments before their defeat. We do not have a single factory worthy of the name. And we are short of technicians who would rehabilitate our factories, and we are short of raw materials for them. This factory of yours alone is enough to afford a glimpse of the country's situation."

The leader paused here, looking round the workers, and then resumed laying stress on every word:

"But you must not hesitate. Break bottlenecks and go ahead. It will bring you victory. I believe you can run your factory on your own strength if you are conscious of being the real masters of your factory and country.

"Brace yourself up. Now we are able to do anything we want. Work hard and rehabilitate your factory with your united might. Those with strength, offer strength, and those with knowledge, give knowledge."

That day, the leader went round every corner of the factory and was very sorry to know that the working and living conditions of the workers were bad. He personally indicated the way to improve them. When he went to the work site where corn tank was kept, a worker who explaining the production processes, stopped at the door and hesitated. A strong harmful smell of burned sulphur sprayed over maize was hanging in the room. He dared not usher the leader who was so precious to him into the room.

"May I go in?" the leader asked.

"The smell is offensive...."

"But, workers are there, aren't they?..."

"Yes, they are working."

"Why can't I go there where the workers are? Seeing is better than hearing."

So saying, he strode into the room where an unpleasant smell was hanging in the air.

Seeing the maize tank, he asked:

"Why do you burn sulphur?"

"To keep maize from getting motheaten and spoilt."

"Doesn't it affect maize used for food?"

"We do it moderately."

"I see.... But you should not impair the health of the workers."

Only after discussing the problem of protecting their health with the workers did the leader leave the place. At the workshop extracting oil from corn embryos, he asked the workers there:

"Have you ever eaten oil while working here?"

"No, we haven't. A few drops of oil might have been enough to make us take our lunch with relish. But the cruel master gave the sack to anyone who ate it."

On hearing this, the great leader remarked:

"Look! The idlers ate up the oil you produced. What a contradiction-charged society it was!

"From now on our people shall eat oil. This heavy task has devolved on you."

That day, the workers of the factory, receiving the teachings and love of the leader, fully realized the true meaning of liberation, and keenly felt that he was the very person who should lead the working class.

The leader went on with his on-the-spot guidance. On October 9, he left for the Kangson Steel Plant which would greatly contribute to the building of a new country. He wanted to give the steel workers the sense of responsibility and courage.

Kangson is a little way off the road to Nampo. This road also passes by Mangyongdae, the leader's native place. His adjutant was very happy thinking that the leader would surely drop in at Mangyongdae this time.

The car carrying the leader sped along the road to Kangson. Presently, there appeared the undulating hills surrounding Mangyongdae. The leader looked longingly at them. He seemed to be greatly excited.

"The scenery of my native place is the same as ever," he said in a low voice.

On hearing this, the adjutant was immersed in joy at the thought that he would accompany the leader to visit Mangyongdae which was so dear to his heart. The leader told the driver to pull up at the fork, where one road led to Mangyongdae. He got out of the car and, looking towards Mangyongdae with longing eyes, said:

"Mangyongdae is over there.... It's a good place.... Go there in my place and I am sure you will like it...."

These words were so surprising that the adjutant did not know what to say. The fatherly leader continued:

"This is my native land I gaze on now after 20 years.... If you go, you will meet my old grandparents. Please give them my best wishes and tell them now that the country is liberated, I'll shortly return home. And say it will be a good world to live in from now on.... Well let us meet here tomorrow morning."

How deeply the heart of the leader would have been stirred! Mangyongdae within a calling distance was waiting for the leader, eager to meet him, with sorrows and yearnings pent up for 20 long years. And the leader's mind was with his grey-haired grandparents. With bated breath, the adjutant looked up to the leader and felt like crying.

After leaving his native place it is difficult for one to return to it with honour and glory without any compunction in one's heart. But our great leader saved the country and the nation from the hell of death. No honour might be greater than this. Yet, he was standing a way off his native home, mercilessly repressing his surging desire to knock at its door. He placed factories and villages above his own native place. Having lost his parents in an alien land, he might have missed his grandparents all the more. Yet, he placed the people above them, too.

The leader got back into the car.

The bewildered adjutant picked up courage and said pleadingly: "May I suggest that you stop by just for a while?"

The leader gazed at him and replied: "No, not now.... I'll drop in next time."

Then, the car sped on towards the Kangson Steel Plant.

Looking at the disappearing car with tearful eyes, standing alone at the fork, the adjutant was struck by the thought: Yes, the leader's native place covers the whole homeland! He wants to visit his native home only after travelling the native place of the whole nation!

The unfathomably deep meaning of calling him the father of the people pounded the adjutant's heart like waterfalls thundering down into a lake.

2

It was a very complex task to build a new country. Hosts of problems

cropped up and each bore a historic significance. Most important of all was to found a revolutionary party, and the great leader Comrade Kim Il Sung bent most of his energies to this problem.

As a train cannot run without a locomotive, it is impossible without a powerful party to give revolutionary education to the people and lead them to the building of a new happy society. Particularly, the complicated political situation immediately after liberation called for the founding of a revolutionary party more urgently. When the revolutionary spirit of the people rose high all over the country, the reactionary forces and political brokers of all brands were busy engaging in drawing people into their own organizations while covering up their insidious purpose. In addition, the factionalists and local separatists within the communist ranks who had done much harm to the Korean revolution, were out to win over people to their side, each putting himself up. The strife among these political forces could tear asunder the ranks of the workers and other working people.

Founding a revolutionary party of Juche type—the revolutionary locomotive which would unite the people and lead them along the single track—was an urgent task brooking no delay. And so the great leader set forth the policy of founding a party enlisting the communist groups active in various areas, with the communists tempered and seasoned in the long-drawn anti-Japanese armed struggle as the core, and launched a vigorous struggle to put it into effect.

Thanks to his efforts, finally on October 10, the Central Organizing Committee of the Communist Party of North Korea was formed to proclaim to the world the founding of the Party which had inherited the brilliant revolutionary traditions of the anti-Japanese revolutionary struggle.

The founding of this revolutionary Party was the most valuable and greatest political gift the leader first presented to the liberated people. The working class and other labouring people came to have their powerful revolutionary vanguard.

The Cheers of the Thirty Million People

As a result of the founding of the Party and its proud proclamation, it was known to all that the great leader had already returned home and was standing in the van of our revolution.

Our people had unanimously wished to put the beloved leader

General Kim Il Sung, the legendary hero and the sun of the nation, on the pedestal of honour and glory. Now they were plunged into irrepressible joy and emotion.

On the evening of October 13, representatives from various quarters in Pyongyang arranged a party in welcome of the leader.

The hall was astir when the great leader entered it and shook hands with those present. It had been everybody's greatest wish to see him at hand. Some people, beside themselves, uttered cries of joy while others dried their hot tears on handkerchiefs. All were so honoured and happy to share the place with the leader who had smashed formidable Japanese imperialism and won back the country.

None was able to keep his eyes off the leader. Lost in admiration, they only thought what an honour it was for Korea to have such a great leader.

His bright face shedding intelligence, his bold and generous character, his great power of persuasion and an agreeable voice—all these seemed to fill the hall with a warm spring sunshine. And he was so young and energetic at that. Everyone felt assured of the future of the country.

Personages from various walks of life expressed deep respect for and gratitude to the leader who had performed so great deeds, taking so many troubles to save the country for more than twenty years. One of them recalled that our people had never been dispirited even when the Japs had spread various false rumours about the General whom they had so feared. Out of sheer joy, this speaker even danced, saying that he could not hold back tears of joy while attending the welcome party. This added to the gaiety of the occasion.

The great leader made a meaningful speech to the effect that all the political parties, organizations and the entire people should devote all their energy and talent to the building of a new people's state.

What impressed all most that evening was the artless simplicity of the great leader. He had performed heroic deeds. Yet, each time he spoke, he made little of himself and made much of the people. Everyone bowed before the generous character of the great leader.

On October 14, a Pyongyang city mass rally to welcome the return home of the great leader General Kim Il Sung, was held at the public playground at the foot of the Moran Hill. The sky was unusually bright and clear that day to enliven the great gala occasion.

One p.m.! General Kim Il Sung, the peerless patriot and legendary

hero, showed his vigorous figure on the rostrum. At that moment, the voice of wonder swept like a fiery wind through the meeting place packed to capacity with over 100,000 citizens and through the Moran Hill covered with crowds. Thunderous, enthusiastic cheers burst forth, shaking the earth.

"Long live General Kim Il Sung!"

"Long live General Kim Il Sung!"

The leader, waving high the bunches of fragrant flowers presented by little girls, acknowledged the cheering mass of people with a smile that was like sunshine. That was indeed a smile of the sun that rose over Korea which was once a hellish land. It was also the greetings of blessing by the great leader, the peerless patriot who had covered tens of thousands of miles through bloody battles to save the country.

The people could not take their eyes off the leader for whom they had craved in those dark days of slavery, the leader who had waged the 20-year long victorious struggle against the Japanese enemy, pulling through all hardships. His smile instilled hope and happiness into the hearts of the people and felt the old wounds still painful in their hearts!

And how young he was! Youth with a world before him. It promised the eternal development and prosperity of the motherland. The sky was high and the land broad enough to take in this immense glory!

From cheers the crowds were moved to silent tears.

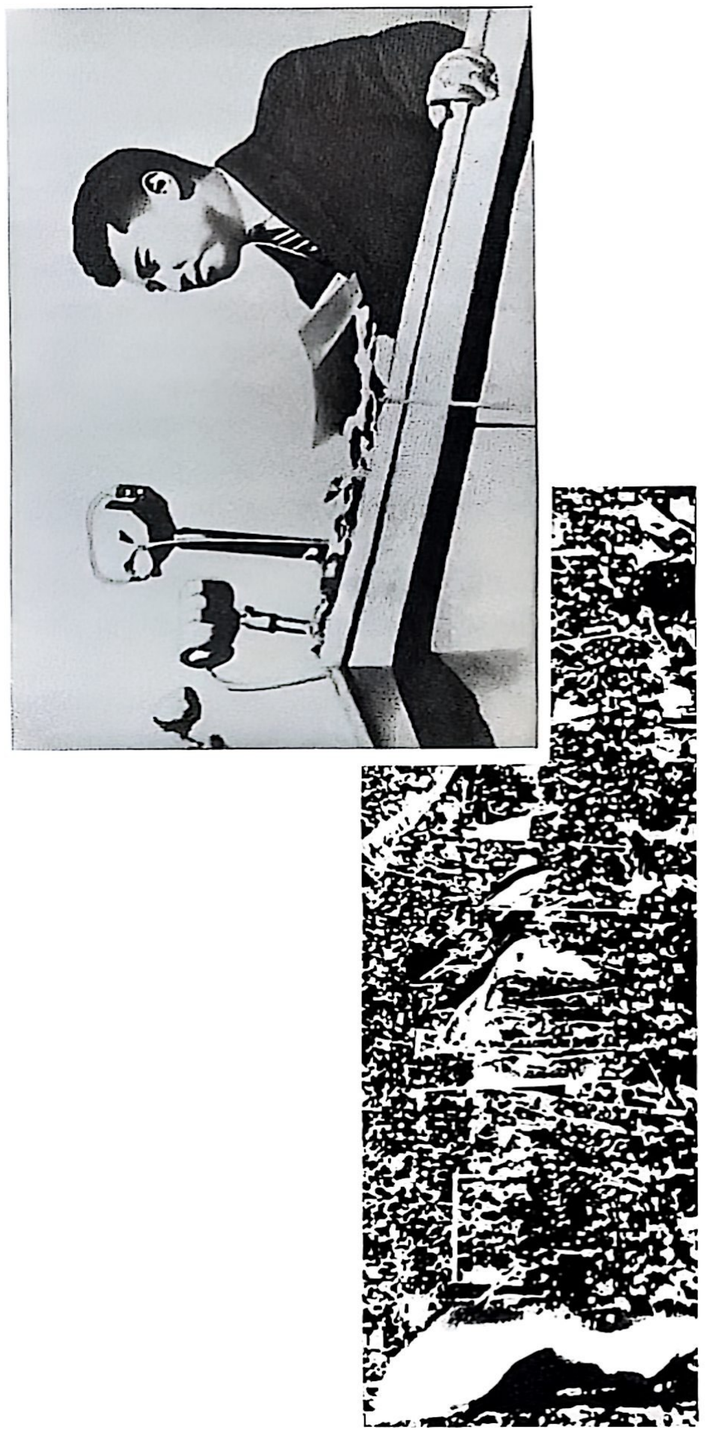
But they did not know that the General put off his visit to his native home to offer the greetings of his returning home first to the people.

If they had known of this fidelity to the people and this love for the people, how much more they would have been moved!

In the midst of the enthusiastic crowd was the General's aunt who had made her way from Mangyongdae. She was very anxious to get the news of the General and was upset because her husband had gone to Pyongyang all alone that morning without telling her to come along with him.

"Why shouldn't this aunt act as the mother of the General who has lost his mother? How can I sit at home doing nothing when all the people of Korea are out to welcome the General?..."

So saying to herself, she rushed to the meeting place, covering the distance of scores of *ri* without stopping. She could no longer sit and wait. She elbowed her way through the crowds to come forward and look up at



The beloved leader President Kim Il Sung makes a speech on his triumphant return at the Pyongyang city mass rally

the General. (Time could not efface the image of a child in the countenance of the General. The unforgettable dimples and the commanding eyes shining with wisdom: It is Jung Son. It is Song Ju himself. Our General!...)

The aunt said in spite of herself to the guards who blocked her way, "I am the aunt of General Kim Il Sung," and ran towards the platform. Those who heard this were surprised. What? Hasn't the General met his family and relatives in his native village as yet? This thought turned into an emotion. As he is offering greetings first to his people and country, isn't his impatient aunt being pushed away like that by the crowds?

One of the guards took the aunt to the General's car.

Just then the great leader General Kim Il Sung made his historic speech. In his speech he spoke about the liberation of our nation and the heroic struggle of our people for it, and then put forward the historic task of building a democratic state, independent and sovereign, in liberated Korea.

Stressing that to build a new democratic Korea, the whole nation should firmly unite and the entire people should pool their strength, he said:

"The time has come when we Korean people have to unite our strength to build a new, democratic Korea. People from all strata should display patriotic enthusiasm and turn out to build a new Korea. To contribute positively to the work of building the state, let those with strength give strength; let those with knowledge give knowledge; let those with money give money; and all people who truly love their country, their nation and democracy must unite closely and build an independent and sovereign democratic state."

When the beloved leader concluded his speech, the meeting place again shook with thunderous cheers and applause. Everyone resolved to make new Korea shine, upholding the leadership of the General.

Now the General came down from the platform and had reunion with his aunt amidst the cheers and emotion that filled the meeting place. He held her hands firmly in his and made a low bow.

She could hardly hold back her tears. "If I were not his aunt but his real mother, how happier he would be!" She must have said to herself.

She felt her heart was rending.

Belated Visit to Native Home

Only after offering his first greetings and making a speech to the country and people did the great leader General Kim Il Sung visit Mangyongdae.

He was returning to his native home after 20 years. He had left it in his early years, his heart full of the sorrows of a ruined nation and a grim determination to fight. He was now returning as the leader of the people after having accomplished the great task of anti-Japanese national salvation.

Has there ever been such return home in the history of a nation, in the history of the world? His every step was a glorious one filled with a thousand and one emotions. Mangyongdae that had shaken with anger under the tyranny of the Japanese was now turned into a hill of ebullient joy. The whole village was out to welcome him. At the entrance to the village, his gray-haired grandmother came running, her arms outstretched, saying chokingly: "Oh, you're back at last! Am I dreaming or waking?" The great leader rushed to her and took her firmly in his arms.

It was indeed a dream-like reunion. When she had been taken to Manchuria at the point of the bayonet of Japanese rogues, she had been unable to meet his grandson whom she had missed so much. But today she was in the arms of his grandson who returned home as the sun of the nation. She felt as if she were standing at the top of heaven's hill, coming back from many years of a hard life in hell.

Taking his grandmother and waving his hand to the cheering village folk, the General walked towards his native home. He had never forgotten this home, awake or asleep, even in those hard days of rigorous trials. A thousand and one memories of the long past came to mind. But his heart was heavy at the thought of his father, mother, uncle and younger brother who had all left this home together with him but had died in battle, not to return together with him.

He felt the illusion that he was hearing the sound of the pleasant laughter of his father coming from under the low eaves of the house, and was seeing his young mother coming out with a bright smile on her face. But it only added to the sorrow over their loss.

Pursuing momentarily this unhappy memory, the General saw his old, sick grandfather staggering out barefoot, shouting with joy.

The General hurried to him and grasped his hardened hands. Tears rained down his deeply wrinkled face.

"Grandfather, how much you have suffered because of me!"

The General held his grandfather in his arms and took him into the house. Family members, relatives and villagers followed them and sat around the General. All were filled with welling emotion and smiled and smiled looking up at the leader, tears running down their cheeks.

The grandmother was quite at a loss to express her joy. But she could not forget her sons and daughter-in-law who had all died before her. Wiping her tears with the hem of her skirt, she said chokingly:

"Looking at you, I feel my lifelong sorrows all melting away.... But why have you come back alone.... Where have you left your father and mother.... They should have come with you!..."

At these heartrending words, all shed silent tears. His eyes brimming with tears, the General saw round the room. His eyes gazing at the mementoes of his parents were so sorrowful that the grandmother, stroking his hands affectionately, said laughingly:

"Liberation is a good thing, indeed. How glad your father and mother must be even in their graves!"

The atmosphere of the room again brightened. Joyous conversations resumed. Little children with tufty hair sat on the General's lap. He held them up with a bright smile. Watching this scene, the grandmother asked:

"Well, have you a family?"

For a moment, the General remained silent. He felt sorry that some unavoidable circumstances didn't allow him to bring his family to the grandparents who were so happy to see him. He said that he had not yet brought his wife and son to Pyongyang but would soon call them to attend the grandparents.

His words again swept all those present with emotion. Unable to repress her joy, the grandmother asked:

"From where does your wife hail?"

At these words of the impatient grandmother, he said with a smile: "She is a comrade who fought together with me."

At that, a village youth edged up towards the General. He evidently had something to ask, but bit back the question.

The General watched him for a while, trying to read his mind. Then, he asked him what he had to say.

Blushing, the youth said: "Dear General, your grandmother, after returning home from Manchuria, once said that a rumour was in vogue there that as General Kim Il Sung was fighting in the mountains, weather-beaten, his physique was different from others, his shout resounding as far as 50 *ri*, so that he could employ land contraction tactics and practice the art of invisibility. Is that true?"

The General gave a hearty laugh, patting the young man on the shoulder. All others laughed. He said they could see he was not different at all from others.

True, there were many legends about the General. These had grown out of his exploits and the people's reverence for him. But the General changed the subject modestly as the people around him gazed at the legendary hero in wonder.

Presently, a simple feast was given in honour of the General. The wine brought by him was served. He filled cups for his grandfather and village elders.

His aunt, who could hardly repress her joy, sang a song, and his grandmother danced in the courtyard. The whole village of Mangyongdae bubbled with merriment and laughter.

That night the great leader slept by his grandparents as he, their beloved grandson, had done in his childhood. The *ondol*-heated floor of the native home had been just repaired and was yet unfit for sleeping. The grandfather wanted to have him in a clean, quiet room of a neighbour.

But the leader lay down beside the grandfather on the mud-plastered floor, saying how could he leave the side of the grandparents he had met after a separation of 20 years.

He slept under a coverlet made of cotton cloth woven and dyed by the grandmother, in the room carpeted with a mat underlaid with wheat and barley straw.

Another Happy Event

Another happy event came upon the native home at Mangyongdae. Some time after the General's visit, Kim Jong Suk (Madame General Kim Il Sung), an indomitable communist revolutionary fighter, who had devoted her all as a faithful soldier of the leader in the days of the anti-Japanese struggle, came to her husband's home. Arriving in Pyongyang later, she took time off to pay the visit first to Mangyongdae where her grandparents-in-law and relatives on

The beloved leader President Kim Il Sung's reunion with his grandmother

her husband's side lived. She stepped in with a bright smile that plainly indicated her tender and sober heart.

The grandparents were assailed by a flood of happiness, when the granddaughter-in-law greeted them with a deep bow and put in their arms the great-grandson who bore a close resemblance to the General in his childhood.

Lifting his chubby great-grandson, the grandfather said, happy tears glistening in his eyes:

"Our family is blessed with this hero child to prosper through thousands of generations! You're born even in those grim days...."

The grandfather asked the great-grandson, who was staring at him with intelligent eyes:

"What's your name, sonny?"

"Jong Il."

The grandfather was deeply touched by the clear and articulate answer of the great-grandson.

"Sure enough!" he exclaimed. "...like father and mother, like son!"

The grandmother chimed in, unable to restrain the joy filling her heart:

"...Now our General is back and this virtuous granddaughter-in-law has come, bringing with her this great-grandson.... He is an exact copy of our General!..."

Watching this scene with moist eyes, respected Kim Jong Suk felt sorry that her days were so full she could not bring them this joy earlier.

She entered the room, sat down courteously before her grandfather-in-law, and said:

"Grandfather, you've had a very hard time and you're advanced in years. Now you should rest. We'll attend on you, grandfather and grandmother."

"Thanks!..."

Grandfather was touched by the gentle heart of the granddaughter-in-law, but added:

"The villagers also advise me so. But one should live on his own efforts while he can do some work.... I'm still able to use my limbs. I shouldn't depend on you because you have assumed great affairs of the state."

A pride in having such respectable grandparents welled up in the

heart of Kim Jong Suk.

She went into the kitchen where her grandmother-in-law was preparing dishes for her. She rolled up her sleeves and helped in cooking with amazing skill.

Watching this, grandmother-in-law said admiringly:

"When did you learn all this?... From old times they say that a family can prosper when it greets a thrifty, talented and virtuous daughter-in-law. You're, indeed, the gem of our family! You had fought the Japs in mountains day in, day out.... Yet, you're good at every work!...."

At that moment Kim Jong Suk had a fancy that she was hearing those kind words not from her grandmother-in-law, but from her mother-in-law, and carefully looked around the kitchen utensils. The cleanly plastered kitchen stove, the small dining table and earthenware lying on it, the brass rice scoop which had got worn into a half-moon shape, and the straw head-pad, the patched water jar and the misshapen pot. All these simple kitchen utensils bearing the marks of meticulous care of the mother-in-law seemed to have been waiting for the touch of the daughter-in-law as precious relics, priceless treasures never to be found anywhere in the world.

Kim Jong Suk pledged herself to look after the family, attend the leader, and rear the children well as her noble-hearted mother-in-law had done.

With the return of the honorable members, the low-roofed native home at Mangyongdae looked like a majestic mansion.

3

The enthusiasm of the workers and peasants to build the country grew with each passing day.

"We have been downtrodden. Now it is time for us to be the masters of our own lives. Let us occupy everything under the skies. I and we represent power and the state...." That was how a wave of elation rose in

the hearts of all. Standing at their head were the communists and activists of worker and peasant origin faithful to the leader. The developments betokened the overwhelming superiority of the revolutionary forces.

The reactionaries and their henchmen, however, attempted to turn against them by winning over the vacillating strata at any cost. Seeking to estrange the communists from the people, they heaped malicious abuses on them, circulating baseless rumours. They even ganged up to stir an anti-popular commotion.

At that time, the politically unawakened people of some sections did not know that these were the slanders and desperate ravings of rogues driven to the wall. Those people were deceived by the villains, and some of them even got involved in disgraceful business against the people.

Meanwhile, no small number of entrepreneurs sought to feather their own nests by exploiting fellow countrymen; the religious men and intellectuals were unawakened. Even the evil custom of flesh traffic remained in the dark corners of society.

These things inevitably put a spoke in the wheel of national construction which should have been pushed along through a nation-wide movement. The great leader Comrade Kim Il Sung displayed energetic activity to politically awaken all strata of the people in a short time and unite them in one stream of national construction.

"I Am a Communist"

It was November 26, 1945. The beloved leader Comrade Kim Il Sung was addressing a meeting of the youth at the Pyongyang State Theatre, showing them which way to follow.

Just then an official hurried on to the stage with a clouded face and conveyed to him the urgent message that certain middle school students, deceived by reactionaries, had started a disturbance in Sinuiju. It was an alarming news, but the leader got through with his speech. Later he left for Sinuiju by air.

His heart was sore when he acquainted himself with the situation on the spot. The disturbance itself was a problem. But, still more painful was the fact that the students who should have taken the van in the struggle for social progress, were thoughtlessly causing a riot, falling a prey to the false rumours and instigation of a tiny handful of exploiter classes and their groupings.

The day after his arrival in Sinuiju, the leader went to the playground of the Tong Middle School where students and people assembled. A mass meeting welcoming him was expected there, but danger lurked everywhere. Reactionaries were on the streets. Blackguards with revolvers hidden under their cloaks were prowling about the backlanes. Who knew what sort of dirty business the reactionaries were up to by sneaking into the crowd on the playground?

The leader, however, walked on with perfect composure. He never thought of his personal safety on the rugged path of revolution.

Passionate speeches welcoming the great leader were delivered. But, when the representative of the Communist Party came forward to speak, dissident elements who had wormed their way into the crowd, brawled at him, demanding that he should step down. He was forced to leave the platform by their boisterous clamour.

The great leader who had been watching this got up, and slowly approached the rostrum. There was a burst of cheers "Long live General Kim Il Sung!" Murmurs of admiration filled the air. Presently, silence reigned over the vociferous crowd like woods after a wind had died down. Eyes full of trust and expectation were riveted on him. Then a student asked the leader:

"Dear General, which road is our liberated country following now?"

The question revealed ideological immaturity and confused political views.

The influence of the pernicious propaganda persistently carried on by the Japanese imperialists against communist ideology, the vile propaganda of the reactionaries slandering the ideal of communism, identifying it with the Leftist utterances of certain factional elements about the confiscation of all private properties, the claim of the reactionaries that the capitalist system under which people with money and power suppress the poor masses was a system for the welfare of all people—all this had confused the students and had deprived them of their reason.

With his thorough grasp of the situation, the beloved leader Comrade Kim Il Sung made a speech that brightened the depressed hearts of all people. He pointed out that our people had waged a protracted anti-Japanese struggle, not yielding to the Japanese imperialists, and finally accomplished the historic cause of national liberation through the 15-year-long hard-fought anti-Japanese armed struggle. Then he indicated a

clear road to be followed by liberated Korea.

"Then, which path should liberated Korea take? She should take the path of building an independent and sovereign democratic state which will bring freedom and happiness to our people.

"Today our people are faced with the responsible and difficult task of establishing a Democratic People's Republic, a genuine people's state.

....

"The united efforts of the whole nation are necessary for us to build such a new state. A democratic Korea cannot be built by the efforts of a few persons, but only through the endeavours of the entire people. In order to carry out the great historic task of building a new Korea, all parties and groups without exception should fight boldly on in cooperation with each other, united closely under the banner of democracy."

These words clearly showing the path which Korea had to follow, brightened the troubled hearts of the people.

A surge of emotion swept the meeting. Like the crew of a wrecked ship hearing the whistle of the approaching salvage boat, the crowd was plunged into a tumult of excitement and joy.

The great leader went on to note that the enemies were now most afraid of the unity of our people, and explained that the reckless commotion stirred up by students in Sinuiju was, in the final analysis, an offspring of the vicious manoeuvres of the reactionaries.

At that moment, a man standing near the platform stuck up his hand and asked:

"General, are you also a communist?"

It was an absurd question. But the leader knew only too well why the man asked it. He slowly ran his eyes over the students who were waiting for his answer with bated breath. With a broad smile on his face, he declared in a resonant voice:

"Somebody asked me just now: General, are you also a communist? Yes, I am a communist. Communists are true patriots fighting unswervingly for the complete independence of the country and the happiness of the people. If a man called a communist does not love his country and nation, he is not a true communist. I am not the kind of communist who looks up to foreign countries but one who relies on our own people and fights for the benefit of the Korean nation and people.

"We must distinguish real communists from sham ones."

A dead silence came upon the place. Clear signs of awakening and repentance could be read on the faces of the people. (If General Kim Il Sung whom all people revere is a communist, communism must be good. How foolish we were to have been misled into a hasty, mistaken conclusion by the malicious gabble of the reactionaries and the bad words of the pseudo-communists!) Everyone seemed to be bending low with self-reproach.

The great leader went on to recall that in the dark days when the survival of the Korean people was at stake under the brutal rule of Japanese imperialism, the Korean communists, the true patriots, waged a 15-year-long anti-Japanese armed struggle with arms in their hands, solely for the liberation of the country and the happiness of the people.

The students were moved to the depths of their being when they heard him recounting how heroically the Korean communists fought, never yielding, in the hailstorm of bullets or in prison or on the gallows of the Japanese imperialists.

Having completely gripped the hearts of the crowd, the leader showed them the noble ideal of the Korean communists on building an endlessly prospering paradise for the people on the soil of the homeland. Everyone who loves the country and the people and loves democracy should dedicate all his energy and talent to the building of a new democratic motherland, he appealed.

Like a hot wind that brings a thaw to an ice-bound river and makes it flow in a rushing torrent, the speech of the great leader welded together the tightly frozen hearts of the audience so that they could run towards the ocean of revolution. The whole place changed into a whirlpool of emotion and excitement. The air was again rent with the cheers "Long live General Kim Il Sung!" The people cried "Long live General Kim Il Sung!" at the top of their voice again and again, waving their hands.

With a smile on his face, the leader raised his hand in acknowledgement of their cheers.

It carried a great persuasive power, indeed. The students who had stirred a thoughtless racket just a while ago, duped by reactionaries, came over to the side of the revolution before they knew it, and sent cheers to the great leader, the sun of the nation, leaping in excitement.

Comrade Kim Il Sung, the beloved leader, with the most patriotic and popular traits of the Korean communists, closely united even the

students who had vacillated because of political ignorance, and powerfully led them along the highway of building a new country.

A New Road Shown to Once Downtrodden People

Those students were not the only ones whose ideas of the true road of life were vague. There were some people who had been humiliated in an inhumane manner in the past, but they were living a life little different from old, not understanding the real meaning of liberation and not sufficiently awakened. They did not know clearly who defended their interests and who undermined them, and hesitated to join in the struggle for their genuine democratic rights and freedom.

The great leader put his heart into the guidance of these people to a worthy life. He set Party organizations on the move and undertook a wide range of mass-political work. He himself went among the masses to educate and guide them.

The leader felt sick at heart when he saw that those people most humiliated and held in contempt in the past days were still going astray, failing to find the road of a new life. He took off his precious time to brighten their depressed hearts, any time and anywhere.

When he encountered people living a filthy and gloomy life, not discarding the old ways, he would take care to save all of them so that they stand as masters of the new country and new society, whatever category they might belong to.

One day not long after his triumphal return to the homeland, while passing through the Kyongsanggol of Pyongyang, accompanied by a woman official, he learned that there still remained licensed and unlicensed prostitutes, which struck a pang in his heart. Among them were wretched women who had sold their flesh in poverty and were still there, as if they were unaware of the liberation of the country.

While others felt buoyant, as if they were on the wings with the liberation, those women were gazing at the world with sad eyes, tied to that squalid den.

Many people passing by them wore a nonchalant air, accustomed, as it were, to see them in that state.

But, it was too much for the leader to see that such a dark corner and such a misfortune still remained in the liberated country.

He told the woman official:

"You have started a women's movement. But, did you know that licensed and unlicensed prostitution still remains here? There is no liberation for them as yet. You should have shown concern for them and combated this accursed practice, shouldn't you? These women are at the bottom of the social scale. They are totally deprived of the elementary rights of women and humanity.

"You should awaken them. They are the most humiliated women who should fight to regain all their rights. They must be emancipated to be free people. They should be taught and guided to join in the work of building a new country in which they also would live a life worthy of humanity.

"You should bring forward all problems of the women and struggle for them, shouldn't you?"

Listening to the leader, the woman official felt pangs of remorse at having neglected them in misfortune, herself being a woman and supposed to be engaged in the women's movement.

There soon came steps to clear away licensed and unlicensed prostitution. *Kisaeng* girls who had tasted the bitterness of humiliation in the underworld, were freed by the beloved leader in the liberated country. But this was not so with all the girls. Some were still living as in the past in the clutches of the greedy procuresses.

The leader could not bear the sight of such people in the liberated country. He strove to lead them all to the bright world.

This happened one day.

The fatherly leader Comrade Kim Il Sung was at work in the office when scores of women requested for an audience. They turned out to be Pyongyang *kisaeng* girls who, tricked by a procuress, came to "protest" against the decision of the state to abolish prostitution.

The leader saw to it that all of them were led into a spacious hall on the first floor and be seated. The *kisaeng* girls just did not know how to behave themselves, overwhelmed with emotion, learning that General Kim Il Sung himself was going to meet them.

When the leader entered the room, they all stood up and greeted him. But they remained standing, their heads bent.

He glanced round their faces with commiserating eyes for a good while and told them to take their seats.

He asked them what their request was.

Silence reigned over the room. The girls seemed to lack the daring even to breathe. None of them had the courage to stand up and speak.

Then a *kisaeng* girl rose hesitantly and murmured in a voice hardly audible: "Dear General Kim Il Sung, we'll be left without a means of livelihood tomorrow. And we don't know where the next meal is coming."

A sad smile passed over the face of the leader while listening to her. He took pity on them who had led the *kisaeng* life, thinking they were fated to it, and he was sorry that they did not discard that idea even after the liberation.

Looking around at the girls, the fatherly leader said in a passionate voice:

"Do you mean *kisaeng* business is the only means of earning your bread? A *kisaeng* is a plaything of others. She is treated as subhuman. Why do you like it?"

His words rang in the ears of the *kisaeng* girls as a reproach: You experienced all humiliation in the past. Why do you want to live that way even today when the country is liberated?

They felt a lump in their throats. They were deeply grateful for the kindness of the leader who took them close to heart and showed concern for their mortifying lot. Hadn't they been humiliated and toyed with ever since they were sold off for money?

The leader went on to say that a good singer might go to a musical troupe, a good dancer to a dance troupe, and anyone who wanted a family life might keep a home. That is, opportunities of a decent life were offered to them all. And he censured the procuress among them, asking her how it was possible she could find no other business than flesh traffic. He sternly told her not to do such a wicked thing.

The teachings of the leader touched the hearts of the *kisaeng* girls deeply. Hot tears trickled down their cheeks, their past miserable life coming back to their minds and a dazzlingly bright future spreading before their eyes.

Truth to tell, they were the most wronged women. Everything went black before their eyes when they were forced into prostitution by poverty and sold off for money. But they soon became inured to the misfortune and resigned themselves to it, thinking they were fated for it till the end of their lives. But, today, they were treated like equals for the first time in their lives by the beloved leader. They looked up to the leader. A happy

smile beamed over their faces, a smile born of the joy of rebirth.

The great leader, on the other hand, saw to it that suitable jobs were offered to the women who wanted to enter a new life, breaking with the old. Thus, the prostitutes who had been sold off for money to become playthings, whom even their parents and kinsmen had dismissed as dead souls, abandoning all hope of rescuing them, started their lives afresh as proud working women, guided by the warm hand of the leader.

The leader took care to deliver from ruin and disgrace and lead into new ways even the elements who had acted thoughtlessly, instigated by reactionaries, and the women of the underworld, forsaken in society. This is only a tiny speck of his love and care for all the compatriots. In it we can see his deepest love for the nation, his determination not to leave any unclean backlane or shady corner in the liberated country.

4

Two Journalists from Seoul

The south Korean people were suffering under the military administration of the high-handed US imperialism. The excitement of the August 15 liberation faded away like a short dream on a spring day. The US military government which took the place of the Japanese imperialist government-general, again cast the shadow of bayonets all over the southern land. The people felt a more horrible darkness in the land where the US imperialist aggressors lorded it over and the traitors of all shades were at loggerheads in power struggle.

The people's committees set up at all levels at the will of the people, were brutally suppressed, the patriots again shed blood, and the south Korean people were driven to the bottom of miseries by all brands of evil laws and harsh decrees cropping up like toadstools every day.

The people of the southern land, left without the means of livelihood, rose in a struggle against the US imperialists and their stooges. Like one who pines for light in utter darkness, they looked at the bright northern

land, and their hearts were filled with reverence for General Kim Il Sung, the sun of the nation.

When the popular sentiments were turned to the General, the US imperialists could not conceal their uneasiness. MacArthur, the then commander of US forces in the Far East, told a south Korean politician:

"General Kim Il Sung has made a triumphal entry into Pyongyang. Take countermeasures quickly, otherwise he would seize the whole of the Korean peninsula. But don't think he, who crushed the Japanese Empire, would confine himself to communizing the sphere up to Cheju Island. Many small nations are looking up to him as the Saviour. The ex-American President Hoover had said this long ago."

True, the leader spent many sleepless nights, leaving the window facing the south open, his mind heavy with worries about the south Korean people who were experiencing all misfortunes and hardships at the hands of the US imperialists. He put his heart and soul into bringing bright life to the south Korean people, too, by driving away the US imperialist aggressors at an early date.

The US imperialists threw a tough cordon of bayonets along the 38th parallel. But it could not stem the influx of people of the southern half into the north. Through Kaesong, Ryonchon and Tongduchon, they were coming over to the north at the risk of their lives, across steep mountains, under the cloak of darkness. Among them were workers and peasants. There were also scholars, writers and other intellectuals, and students. Though it was a rough, risky path, their hearts beat high with hopes as at glowing daybreak. They were coming to the embrace of General Kim Il Sung, the sun of the nation.

The newspapermen also started on their journey northward.

They belonged to paper *Seoul Sinmun*, one a rather tall man and the other a man of thickset shoulders. They crossed the 38th parallel in a heavy snowstorm on December 27, when the year 1945 was coming to an end, and arrived in Pyongyang, the democratic capital, on the 29th. They came to see the fatherly leader and convey to him the warm greetings of the compatriots of the south suffering in darkness.

The great leader Comrade Kim Il Sung readily received them, taking time off his busy schedule.

"...I'm Kim Il Sung. You have made a long, hard journey to come here. Sit down here, please."

Finding themselves before the great leader who gladly met them, speaking with such modesty, the journalists, throwing to the winds their professional habit, shed hot tears like children embraced in the bosom of father after many years of a vagrant life. One of the journalists suppressed his emotion with great effort and said words of greetings:

"General, how many hardships you've borne fighting the Japanese imperialists to liberate the country!"

The journalist was conscious that these words of greetings were too insignificant for the great leader who saved the lives of the compatriots and the destiny of the country. But, they were so deeply excited that they could not find more proper words.

But the great leader gave a modest answer:

"The suffering of our fellow countrymen languishing under the diabolical tyranny of the Japanese imperialists was far greater than mine. While fighting the Japanese imperialists, the suffering and misery of our compatriots were constantly in my thoughts."

Hearing these words, the journalists hung their heads. How patriotic and loyal he was to humble himself so low before the nation after accomplishing unparalleled feats! The fifteen long years he had spent in battles through storms and blizzards! Could there be any greater hardship than that in this world? The leader who had undergone indescribable hardships unknown to mankind was feeling sore about the hardships experienced by the people....

Emotion took possession of the journalists at this great love.

Laying his hands on the shoulders of the journalists, he asked them in detail about the situation and living conditions of the people in south Korea. They told him about the increasing suppression of people and outrages by the US troops and the uneasiness in which the people lived there.

His face clouded, apparently expressing his anxiety. He could hardly repress indignation when he heard of a young man who had fallen a victim to white terrorism while defending the signboard of a people's committee, and the families of war victims being forced at the point of the bayonets of the US troops out of a house formerly owned by the Japanese into which they had moved and left without shelter.

Now, the journalists told him what they came for.

"The south Korean people move this way and that, because they are not clear which road liberated Korea should take. They believe that only you General can put forward the correct line of Korean revolution. Upon leaving Seoul this time, we were requested by the people that we should call on you General to learn in detail which road Korea must follow. Which road should Korea choose in the future and how should we fight, General?"

Saying that what road Korea should take, was a very important problem, the great leader explained in plain language the situation, the revolutionary stage and the political line.

"For long years our country was under the colonial rule of Japanese imperialism and the present society of Korea is strongly impregnated with Japanese imperialist and feudal remnants. That is why our liberated people must carry out the anti-imperialist, anti-feudal democratic revolution and advance along the road of building a Democratic People's Republic.

"To this end, a democratic national united front representing all patriotic, democratic forces of various strata must first of all be formed on a firm basis."

After expounding thus the basic problems, like a thoughtful teacher eager to teach as many things as possible to his dear pupils, he detailed the character and duty of the anti-imperialist, anti-feudal democratic revolution, combining it with the specific conditions of Korea, and taught them principles and ways of forming a united national front.

The journalists felt a warmth of happiness. They had a fancy that they had studied and lived all these years for this glorious day. They felt themselves the happiest journalists in the world, their eyes glistening with tears.

When the leader stopped talking, the journalists made him one more request.

"Would you please let us have your photograph, General?"

"What is the use of my picture?"

"It is the earnest wish of the south Korean people to see it."

When they asked for it again and again, the leader, modest as he is, promised he would inquire if any existed.

When the journalists rose from their seats, the leader warmly took their hands and told them that since they would inevitably greet the New Year in Pyongyang, they should come to him again on the New Year's Day.

After the journalists were thus honoured with the reception by the leader, they attended New Year's parties and met several veteran anti-Japanese fighters. Then they were again received by him around the time of midday meal on January 4. He called them to his home, afraid lest they should feel homesickness, welcoming the New Year away from home.

Entering the leader's room the journalists could not but doubt their own eyes. The table, the bookcase and the brazier in the middle of the room—all were so unornamented and simple. The journalists felt lumps in their throats at the sight of the leader's room in that state.

He received them very cordially and sat with them around the brazier. He was so hospitable that the journalists felt as if they returned to their old home where they had romped in merriment in their childhood. Snow was falling outside the window. But, it seemed as if the room was filled with intoxicating fragrance of a balmy spring day in the flowering season.

Presently, luncheon was served.

The leader invited the journalists to sit closer to the table. Overwhelmed with gratitude, they told him that they had had their luncheon. But the leader pressed them, saying they must haven't had it.

"Forgive me for serving you distinguished guests with this humble meal. But please help yourselves.... This is the way I live."

When they heard the leader say "This is the way I live," simple and modest words familiar to the ears of the Koreans, the journalists felt afresh the happiness of all the Koreans who were living under his care.

Wine was then brought in and he personally filled the cups of the journalists. Before raising them in company with the leader, the journalists readjusted the hems of their clothes and silently hung their heads as if to memorize the glory of that moment not to be erased till the last moments of their lives.

The beloved leader told the journalists in tender voice:

"I hope you'll take the van of the revolution, back in south Korea. Being journalists, you should not be content with objective reports. You should lead the people to the road of revolution ahead of the times. Be that kind of journalists...."

He received the reporters with such warmth and gave them these earnest teachings, regarding them who had come facing dangers, as a mission carrying the ardent desire of the south Korean people, as fighters who would sow the seeds of revolution among the south Korean people. Lumps stood in the throats of the reporters who keenly felt his warm love and support for the south Korean people suffering under the military government of US imperialism.

Time flowed, and the journalists bade the leader farewell. The leader expressed deep regret at the parting. His bright smile could hardly conceal the regret and pain he felt sending them to the land of ordeal and thinking of the south Korean people. He must have felt the same regret at so many partings. Now he was watching the reporters leaving reluctantly in snow after saying time and again words of farewell greetings. Like a mother leaving her sons, he felt sorry at the sight of them walking away, their ungloved hands thrust into the trouser pockets.

Before departure that day, the journalists, quite unexpectedly, received thick fur overcoats and fur shoes sent by the leader. Overwhelmed with emotion, they bowed their heads, speechless. In the south no one had ever cared for them walking about in unlined clothes in cold winter. While going hungry and shivering in cold, they had blamed it on fate.

Choking with emotion at the warm fatherly love, the journalists buried their faces in the fur overcoats and wept silent tears, thinking of the fellow countrymen in the south being tossed about by the rough waves of life, not yet embraced in the bosom of the leader, due to the US imperialist aggressors.

In the warm and soft fur overcoats and shoes, they felt the caresses and affection of the leader.

Back in Seoul, they were warmly received by the progressive reporters of *Seoul Sinmun* and conducted to a press campus by the Pagoda Park. Many reporters were assembled there. The two journalists were left bewildered for a moment under a pellmell of questions about their emotions and impressions at meeting General Kim Il Sung, the

General's political line, the social system of north Korea and the like. One reporter blamed them for having gone without a cameraman.

One of the journalists back from Pyongyang produced the portrait of the fatherly leader from under his coat where it had been kept with great care.

The room seemed brighter all of a sudden. All those present adjusted their clothes and sat facing the portrait of the leader. The great sun that should shine eternally in the skies of the homeland was throwing its rays into every heart while they were looking up to him.

Determinedly repulsing the harsh persecution and obstruction of the reactionaries, the two journalists had the august portrait of the leader printed in place of honour of *Seoul Sinmun* dated January 10, 1946. Also published there was an article by them, which read:

A dimpled smile, gentle eyes and the light of genius glittering in them. He is our hero General Kim Il Sung. ...During the period when our people were sunk in misery under the oppression of Japanese imperialism, the presence of General Kim Il Sung was, as his name indicates, the sun and hope of the nation. How many youths were encouraged by his name and rose up in the great struggle!... Let me present the appearance of the General in detail. Sunburnt brown complexion, short, modern-style hair, the gentle double-lidded eyes, dimples appearing with a smile—he is such a perfectly handsome youth. His height is about 5.5 feet, and he is not so fatty. His continental, unreserved and cheerful character and his modest and bright demeanor make people feel as if they have been his old friends. It is hard to tell where his ambitious spirit and valour are hidden. Though not piercingly sharp, his eyes flash when he turns them right and left; auspicious signs linger about his eyebrows... sonorous, powerful voice, these are... characteristics of his person. He formed the guerrilla army at the age of 18 and started the anti-Japanese struggle. From that time the General's activities harassed the Japs to such a degree that they hurled 15 divisions to cope with General Kim's army....

He deeply loves the people, particularly the young ones; he meets everyone with good grace, listens to attentively and answers questions with kindness.... General Kim Il Sung is now in the embrace of the people as a simple citizen. How his youthful intelligence and courage will be reflected in the development of our nation must be a matter of concern to Korea....

The article went on to outline the leader's political line and way of struggle and recounted his fervent love for the south Korean people.

The paper carrying the noble image of the leader went round from hand to hand. Those who could not obtain the paper felt deep regret and those who got it kept it like a treasure.

A large crowd of citizens thronged before the notice board outside the newspaper office on which the paper carrying the portrait of the leader was pasted up. The enemy brandished bayonets at them, in an attempt to disperse them. But they were powerless before the onrushing waves of the crowd. The newspaper office was deluged with letters of readers. They carried their profound reverence for the fatherly leader and their solemn pledge to follow him. The people felt boundless happiness at the mere sight of the portrait of the leader and turned out with redoubled courage in a struggle against the US imperialist aggressors and their stooges.

A Sports Mission Crossed the 38th Parallel

Whenever he met and saw off people from the southern land, the great leader Comrade Kim Il Sung felt a painful wrench at the widening north-south gulf, at the heightening barrier on the 38th parallel built by the US imperialist aggressors. He bent every possible effort to pull down this barrier.

Intending to tighten the bonds between the two parts of the country through sports, to begin with, he decided to recover the traditional "Pyongyang-Seoul skating contests". Skaters of Pyongyang and Seoul had competed every winter from the 1930's alternately in one of the cities. But entering the 1940's this event was suspended with the last games in Pyongyang under the Japanese imperialists' tyranny.

If the contests were to be resumed, Seoul would be the venue this time.

One early morning in late January 1946, 36 skaters of Pyongyang left for Seoul in winter hail. While sending them off, the leader's thoughts ran towards the southern land where our own compatriots were living.

From the moment they crossed the 38th parallel, braving the obstructions of the US imperialist aggression troops, the compatriots of the south accorded a warm welcome to this sports mission sent by the leader. A great many south Korean sportsmen and journalists came up to Tosong to meet them and Seoul Railway Station was engulfed in a sea of people. Many south Korean publications gave top priority to the news,

calling the skaters from Pyongyang "a heroic mission which broke the 38th parallel". Seoul citizens, particularly young people hugged them and danced with joy.

Amid enthusiastic cheers of the crowds, the skaters took part in figure skating and ice hockey games at the Changgyong Park in Seoul and in speed skating contests on the Soyang River in Chunchon. Watching the youths of the north and the south displaying their youthful mettle on the skating rink, the spectators felt national pride anew and blessed the morrow of a reunified Korea which would brilliantly effloresce under the guidance of the leader.

Every evening many south Korean young men and women came to Pongsam Hotel in Seoul where the Pyongyang skaters were quartered, carrying parcels of rice cake, candy and eggs, and asked them to tell stories about General Kim Il Sung. When the games were going on on the Soyang River, an old man living in the suburbs of Chunchon came and tightly held the hands of skaters from Pyongyang and said, tears trickling down his cheeks:

"Seeing you youngsters sent here by General Kim Il Sung, my mind goes to my son. He had envied you young men living in the embrace of the General. But he died while fighting Yankees, shouting 'Long live General Kim Il Sung!' Back in Pyongyang, please tell the General that the south Korean people are waiting for him, feeling as if days are so many months."

"Pyongyang-Seoul Skating Contests" drew large crowds of spectators every day. But this was not because they were specially attractive. It was because the people were stirred to excitement and joy at hearing from the Pyongyang skaters the tidings of the leader building a new country and at having a reunion with compatriots from the north sent by the leader across the 38th parallel.

On March 25, when this excitement was still fresh in their hearts, the compatriots of the south received a batch of footballers from Pyongyang again dispatched by the leader. The traditional "Pyongyang-Seoul Football Games" were to be resumed.

The compatriots of the south enthusiastically hailed the games. The press highlighted the news under headlines: "Demonstration of the United Strength of Koreans Aspiring after the Country's Reunification and Independence Rather Than Being Games," "Renewed Excitement after Liberation! 'Pyongyang-Seoul Football Games' Hits City's Fancy."

This is how the great leader Comrade Kim Il Sung let the young people of the north and the south meet and have sports in his efforts to dispel the tragedy of territorial division and make a breakthrough on the way of reunification. National reunification was an earnest wish of the fatherly leader, which he did not forget for a day, nay, for a moment.

He Summons Forsaken South Korean Students

It was on August 30, 1946. Two shabbily dressed men were sitting before the leader.

They were a teacher and a student expelled from the Seoul Law School as it was closed by the US imperialists. They came to see the leader.

Hearing that they arrived in Pyongyang on the fifth day after their departure from Seoul, the great leader said they must have had a hard time travelling in the heat of those days. He told them to take off their coats and even put fans in their hands.

"Well, you've come for the problem of the students expelled from the law school?..." the leader asked them.

"Yes. They all want to come to the north, unable to study under the Americans."

Hearing this answer from them, the leader said with a light nod:

"It's a very good thing that you hope to study in the northern half.... Who would look after, if not we, those students expelled by the Americans and their stooges?"

The leader said this with the heart of a parent taking care of children who have been expelled after suffering at others' hand for a long time. If circumstances permitted, he would have enrolled all the miserable students of the south in democratic institutes.

"Thank you, General!" The two men said in unison, choking with emotion.

At this the leader said with a smile:

"No, that compliment should be presented not to me, but to the workers and peasants who have striven to set up the first institutions of higher learning for children of workers and peasants in our country."

At that time the secretary came in and told the leader that people were waiting for him in the conference room.

Only then did it occur to them that they were keeping the General while the inaugural congress of the North Korean Workers' Party was on.

They rose from their seats, feeling sorry for having delayed the important meeting. But the leader kept them seated and told the secretary:

"I'm sorry that the attendants of the congress are waiting, but they'll excuse us if they are told that I am a bit late on account of these comrades who made a difficult trip here from Seoul."

Telling both the visitors that the students of the Law School might be accepted to the university which would soon be opened, the leader asked them to take the trouble to recross the 38th parallel and fetch the students and teachers deprived of the campus.

He then instructed the secretary to issue them travelling expenses, provide them with all conveniences and tell the stationmaster at Pyongyang to help them in making a trip. Seeing them off outside the porch, he said:

"Good-bye till we meet again. Be careful on the trip."

They made a deep bow to the leader who gratified their wish to come to Pyongyang for their study.

The student of the Law School was to leave to fetch fellow students. Arriving at Pyongyang Railway Station he was struck with another exciting scene. A "special train" consisting of nothing but the locomotive, which had been provided by the leader for his urgent trip, was waiting for him there. He left for Seoul immediately.

A half month later, 90 students of the Law School safely crossed the 38th parallel to be embraced in the bosom of the leader whom they had longed in their dreams to see.

The great leader was deeply pleased when he received the report about their arrival and summoned their representatives to his office. He said:

"Now you have come to the northern half as you wished. You have nothing to worry about, study to your heart's satisfaction, and become able workers for building a new country."

Glancing at each of them in turn with trustful eyes, the leader asked:

"What courses of study do you mostly prefer?"

Hearing the answer that most of the students desired to major in social sciences including law, the leader lightly shook his head and said that, of course, those subjects were important, but what was badly needed for building our country onto a rich and powerful independent state, was technical personnel.

Many of them, as taught by the leader, majored in natural sciences at Kim Il Sung University and the Teachers' College, and a number of teachers who came with them took up teaching at Kim Il Sung University and other institutions of higher learning.

Thus, those who had been wandering about the streets in Seoul, their opportunity for learning lost, entered the road of scientific studies in the embrace of the fatherly leader.

The great leader General Kim Il Sung embraces in his broad bosom everyone from south Korea and looks after and guides them and trains them to be the pillars of the country and revolutionary fighters, with the affection of a parent who particularly loves sons who underwent much troubles. The bosom of the fatherly leader is, indeed, as warm as a spring day and as benevolent as a vast fertile land.

Chapter II

GIVING LAND AND FACTORIES

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The eventful year was over. Only half a year passed since liberation. However, people and land changed beyond recognition and were still changing daily in the north.

This change reflected a new democratic Korea where efforts were being made so that the workers, peasants and other working people who had suffered maltreatment and humiliation, oppression and exploitation in the underworld, were turned into masters. On February 8, 1946 President Kim Il Sung, the sun of the nation, set up the Provisional People's Committee of North Korea, a genuine people's power, adding lustre to the country's features.

The people had the beloved leader Comrade Kim Il Sung, as its chairman, who had made them masters of the country, and extended the greatest honour and thanks to him. The leader, feeling himself highly responsible for the country's destiny, continued to apply himself wholly to building a democratic Korea.

Having led the arduous struggle for setting up the revolutionary Party and the people's power, to a shining victory, he was in a position to take a rest with easy mind, but he kept spending busy days. True, the people cast off the plight of statelessness, but there was no tangible change in their socio-economic position as yet. Capitalists and landlords were still harassing and exploiting them as always. In such a state, the leader could not rest even for a moment.

He set forth the task of carrying out democratic reforms quickly and developed vigorous struggle for its implementation. Having defeated formidable enemy, the Japanese imperialists, and liberated the country through the protracted armed struggle, he now tackled the task of freeing the people from colonial remnants and feudal subjugation and, through this, building up a firm revolutionary base in the north.

Land to Tillers

The fatherly leader loved the people uniformly.

However, he first conferred the benefit of democratic reform on the peasants. The reason was that Korea remained a backward agricultural country for long in the stage of feudal society and then was reduced to a colony of the Japanese imperialists, and, accounting for the overwhelming majority of the population, the peasants were being sweated like a beast of burden under the yoke of centuries-old feudal landownership. Furthermore, the agrarian revolution was essential not only for the sake of peasants but also for the democratic development of the country.

The history of the Korean countryside was a bloody history of murderous plunder on the part of the exploiter class by means of land and peasants' staunch struggle against it. The cry of the ancestors for land set the descendants' blood tingling in their veins. Every mountain, every field, every region and every inch of land was associated with sad stories of landless peasants. Though they toiled for existence like serfs from generation to generation, they had to live on thin gruel and grass roots. They had their tumbledown huts deprived of because of debts. Some starved to death and others, abandoning their native place, dispersed like clouds. This was all because they had no land of their own to farm. Birds moved to other groves when their nests were destroyed, but the case was different for the landless peasants. They had no other place to settle down.

The history of the leader's family represented a miniature replica of this misfortune. His great-grandfather acquired a cottage as grave keeper for Li Pyong Taek, a landlord, and eked out a meagre living as a tenant farmer.

The situation was the same in the generation of Kim Bo Hyon, the leader's grandfather. Unable to see his family members going hungry, he once picked green beans in the field to make porridge of them for a meal. Informed of this, the cruel landlord seized the bean plot bearing the sweat of the tiller for reaping the crop before paying the rent. This led other landlords to claim higher rents and take back the rest of his plots under lease.

Born into such a poor peasant family, the leader himself suffered the wretched plight of the Korean peasants and witnessed all their miseries on the tortuous path of revolution.

The beloved leader President Kim Il Sung talks with peasants in Hyangmok-ri, Ryongyon Sub-county, Chunghwa County

The deprivation of landownership, he concluded, is at the root of all miseries of the peasants. Hence, he formed a firm resolve to give land to its tillers, and regarded the fulfilment of this resolve as his obligation, his mission. He thus carried out agrarian reform in the guerrilla bases at the time of the anti-Japanese armed struggle. After liberation he first set to the agrarian reform.

It happened one day in late February 1946 when the great leader accompanied by his retinue visited a small village in Sijok Sub-county, Taedong County in South Pyongan Province.

The local folk came out to welcome the leader at the entrance of the village and showed him to a big tile-roofed mansion for a neat and tidy room.

Seeing at the first glance that it was a landlord's house, the leader said: "There is no need to be indebted to the landlord who would be not so pleased to see us.... Let's go to a house of our peasants."

Then he stepped into a shabby-looking straw-thatched house with low eaves. A cramped gloomy room with clay walls whose surface cracked like cobwebs, a patchy mat spread on the earthen floor, and an unshapely earthenware bowl in a corner. All these bespoke the long-standing wretched plight of the householder, a landless peasant.

The leader sullenly looked at the earthenware bowl for a moment. It contained boiled pumpkins and potatoes.

Still wearing a sullen look, the leader asked the aged householder:

"You seem to suffer from the shortage of food.... Will you not be short of potato seeds?..."

The master of the house was at a loss for reply.

The fatherly leader said soothingly in a tender voice:

"... Now let's build a decent life. You've been badly off, you grew grain laboriously on the tenanted land, and you've been deprived of it by the landlord. Now try to be well off with your own land."

The master of the house felt somewhat awkward in the presence of the great leader who was adored by the whole nation, but he took every word of his to heart.

Looking round the peasants, the leader went on to say:

"...The state is going to distribute the landlords' land to peasants. Originally, land belonged to the peasants who tilled it. But things were upside down. The peasants who grow grains by the sweat of the brow all the year

round, have no land, while the landlords who spend their time doing nothing have a lot of it.... We must put the wrong things right."

His words stirred up a wave of violent emotions in the minds of the peasants.

Hearing General Kim Il Sung give them land, they could hardly believe their ears. It was their lifelong desire, also cherished by their ancestors, to own land to plough, but it seemed to them like plucking stars from the sky. Now this desire of theirs would come true and they would farm in a world without any landlords. What a surprise! The peasants were beyond themselves with too great a happiness.

"Thank you, General."

These simple words of theirs carried the unanimous gratitude of the peasants across the country.

That day, the leader had a long talk with the peasants, enquiring of them what amount of land an able-bodied peasant could take care of, how much yields they could produce, whether they could tell which plot of the landlord's was good or bad. They quite well knew everything concerning the land—the fertility of each plot, its yields and the like. They were literally a walking dictionary of land. The faces of the peasants talking about land looked pathetic as if remembering their innocent sons thrown into prison.

They knew every plot of the landlord's land so well. How much they must have longed to make it their own! How much they must have sweated on it!

The leader thought that if such peasants were roused in a movement, the agrarian reform would be carried out smoothly.

He also visited many other villages and had heart-to-heart talks with the peasants to hear their views on the agrarian reform. In one village he himself trod the dry and paddy fields together with peasants to survey the soil.

Having thus acquainted himself with the actual conditions of the countryside and established the principles for the agrarian reform, the great leader announced the historic Law on Agrarian Reform on March 5, 1946, the gist of which is as follows:

1. To confiscate all the lands of the Japanese state, Japanese nationals and organizations, the Korean traitors to the nation, the lands leased out continuously, and the land of the Korean landlords and religious bodies that owned more than five *chongbo;*

2. To redistribute all the confiscated land so that it would be distributed to the hired, landless and land-short peasants as their perpetual possession in proportion to the number of their family members and able-bodied persons in their households;

3. To cancel all the debts of the hired and other peasants to the expropriated landlords, confiscate houses, draft animals, farm implements, facilities of the landlords, and distribute most of them to the hired and landless peasants;

4. To carry on confiscation and distribution of land without compensation;

5. To prohibit the sale, purchase, lease and mortgage of the land distributed;

6. To transfer to state control orchards, irrigation facilities, forests and some land unfit for distribution to the peasants.

As this law which stoutly defended the peasants' interests was announced, it met enthusiastic welcome from the peasants and the rest of the people. Peasants held meetings in support of it day after day in all parts of the northern half. Democratic parties and social organizations issued statements hailing the Law on Agrarian Reform.

The Name Plate Put Up by Him

The agrarian reform to expropriate landlords and make peasants the genuine masters of land, was carried out with the active participation of the entire peasants.

The great leader Comrade Kim Il Sung directed this work on the spot.

One day in March, 1946, he visited a village in Nae-ri, Sijok Subcounty, Taedong County in South Pyongan Province (now Rosan-ri, Samsok District, Pyongyang City).

He first dropped in at the rural committee to acquaint himself with the progress of the agrarian reform and then went to the house that had belonged to a landlord in the village who had fled to south Korea after liberation. There gathered the people who had served as hired hands or serfs at this house in the past. When the leader was entering the gate, they hurriedly came out and knelt down low. He quickly helped them to their

feet, taking their hands, and told them not to act like that since they had become masters of the country and land.

He entered the room together with them. But these people who grew old serving the landlord, sat on their knees in the room. The leader took their hands, led them to the warmest place in the room, and asked them to sit at ease, saying that at his house he, too, had his grandfather who was bowed with lifelong farm work like them. Being treated as an equal for the first time in their life, they were greatly moved and did not know what to do.

Hearing them recount all the maltreatment and humiliation they had suffered in the past, the leader sunk into a reverie for a while, and then shifted the subject of conversation to the agrarian reform.

A peasant said that they had received land, but their present trouble was that they had no ox, seeds and fertilizer to farm it.

Assuring that the state would lend seeds, fertilizer and farm implements, the leader told them to do farming well without any worry. He also advised them to form oxen-sharing teams to plow land.

Then the leader noticed a village woman who was pacing back and forth at the gate, carrying a large cloth-wrapped parcel in her arms. He invited her to come in. She bowed to him courteously and opened her parcel.

It was boiled potatoes carrying a strong rural flavor. The peasants felt some embarrassment at treating the leader with potatoes. One of them gave a reproving wink at her for having brought potatoes, if at all.

But the leader himself took a potato and started peeling it, saying, "Korean potatoes have a special taste.... When we were fighting in the mountains, we felt like eating them very much." He offered the peeled potato to the peasant named Pak Jang Ban who looked very old for his age. Then he gave potatoes one by one to all other peasants present. Lastly, he took one for himself.

Pak Jang Ban, however, hung his head low and wept, holding the potato in both hands. Suddenly, he buried his head on the leader's lap and burst into a convulsive sob. As a serf he had been driven like a draft animal all through his life. But he was now treated so warmly as a human being by the leader for the time. All those present lowered their heads and wiped their tears. A cloud passed over the leader's face, too. It was the moment when the hearts of the leader and the people melted into one and were

throbbing powerfully for a bright new life, pushing back the dark past for ever.

Silence reigned in the room for a while.

Then the leader asked Pak.

"How much land have you received?"

"Thanks to your favor, I have received as much as 2,200 *pyong*."

"Is it fertile?"

"No, it is a bit arid."

The great leader thought for a while and called the chairman of the rural committee of the village.

"He seems to have lived a life of hardship. But he is given poor land, I hear. He had the hardest time, so let him have good land instead of that poor land. How about it?"

The chairman of the rural committee gave an affirmative reply, repenting of his failure to distribute best land to those who had been most maltreated by the landlords, upholding the leader's intention embodied in the agrarian reform.

The great leader rose to his feet, looking round those present, and told them to show him round the house.

While inspecting the 99-roomed mansion, he caught sight of the name plate of Pak Gyong Sik still hanging on the gate. He stopped there and asked for something to stand on.

Pak brought a wooden box from a corner of the courtyard. Stepping on the box, the leader took away the well-trimmed marble name plate of the landlord and threw it to the ground. It crashed to pieces, as if tolling the knell for feudal landownership....

His eyes flashed in anger while taking away the landlord's name plate. But his face beamed with boundless kindness when he turned to Pak and asked him for a writing brush and ink and a wooden plate. Presently, old Pak brought them. Taking the writing brush in his hand, the leader asked him:

"What is your name? How is it spelt?"

"I'm illiterate.... I'm simply called 'Pak Jang Ban'."

Repeating his name to himself, the leader wrote the name of Pak on the plate in big letters and stepping on the box again, he began nailing the name plate on the gate post of the house.

Bang, bang, bang....

The sound of hammering echoed through the mansion. Pak, who had been looking up to the leader in a daze like in a dream, plumped to the ground wiping copious tears with the back of his mud-smeared hand, his jaws trembling, and cried aloud. Becoming an orphan at the age of eight he hadn't known tears ever since he served as a serf in the landlord's. He thought his tears had been exhausted in his tender years. But he was now shedding tears so abundantly. His tears of sorrow had dried up in that rough world. But his tears of joy found a vent now!

Pak lay prostrate before the leader, not mindful of tears streaming from his eyes.

The leader, his eyes glistening with tears, raised the man and said in a husky voice.

"Be well off in this house better than the landlord."

He told the chairman of the rural committee to bring a peg. Then, taking Pak with him, he went out into the field, treading the muddy footpath which had just thawed.

At the edge of the field he wrote "Pak Jang Ban, 2,200 *pyong*" on the peg in bold letters and drove it hard into the ground.

Then he said to Pak, taking his both hands.

"This plot is yours forever...."

"General...."

Pak shed tears again.

Pak and his wife stood weeping all that night, hugging the gate post on which his name plate was put up and looking up at it time and again. Now the big mansion, land and sky.... came under his possession. He felt his heart throbbing wildly as if returning to his youth under the leader's great favor. What a great strength the leader's affection has produced. It has revived a wilted tree to strike its root deep into the ground and grow to be a sturdy tree!

This story is not confined to Pak alone. All the peasants of Korea became masters of land like Pak Jang Ban and, casting off the yoke of cursed landlordism, rose up on their own land that would shower blessings upon them.

The great leader put an eternal stop to the feudal landownership and landlord system that had harassed the peasants for thousands of years. He met this centuries-old desire of theirs in a matter of 20 days.

Immeasurable was the joy of the peasants who became the masters of land.

An avalanche of letters of thanks and written pledges of allegiance came to Comrade Kim Il Sung, the sun of the nation, from all parts of the country.

People of Mipo Sub-county, Onsong County in North Hamgyong Province, sent him the following letter of thanks:

Your Excellency General Kim Il Sung,

You were the life of our nation when you were in the fields of Manchuria as the man hated most by the Japanese imperialists. The successful national liberation you achieved is not by chance....

The armed forces of the Japanese imperialists have been routed, but in our beautiful 3,000-*ri* homeland, there are still a lot of problems to be solved, which are linked to them. At this juncture, without resting from fatigue, you have promulgated the Law on Agrarian Reform as the responsible leader of the Provisional People's Committee of North Korea and thus solved our land problem, the solution of which we had been desiring amidst sufferings and hardships over a long period of time.

We express thanks to you and satisfaction on your bold law.... Give us whatever orders without hesitation. We will never fail to carry them out....

2

Making Workers Masters of Factories

After distributing land to peasants, the great leader Comrade Kim Il Sung, who has the lofty quality of admitting of no delay for the sake of the people, took historic measures to make workers masters of factories and provide the people with democratic rights and freedoms.

The great leader regarded the working class as the pillar of the country and visited in person many factories to bring home to them that

they were the vanguard of revolution and to awaken them to their mission.

As this was shortly after liberation, most of the factories he visited were in a miserable state. Their equipment and facilities destroyed by the fleeing Japanese imperialists remained scattered, and quite a few workers left their factories, making them more desolate.

It was a sorry scene. Originally, Korea had a small number of traditional workers. Most of the workers were erstwhile peasants who had quit their land and moved into towns due to plunder of the countryside by the Japanese imperialists, or those, young and middle-aged, who had been drafted by the Japanese imperialists from various parts of the country for compulsory labour at the close of the Pacific War. They were rather disposed to think that the defeat of Japanese imperialism saved them from compulsory labour at factories which were concentration camps of death to them. Thus, upon the country's liberation, they dispersed and went to their native places as they pleased, instead of thinking that they should become the leading class of a new state and a new society.

Visiting such factories in different parts of the country, the leader encouraged the remaining workers to restore their factories, helped them take pride in building a new society, and took steps to bring back the scattered workers.

It happened when he visited an iron works in Chongjin. The leader walked into its desolate premise common to other factories.

When he mounted on the stand of a blast furnace in flying ore dusts, a worker came to him.

"What do you do here?" asked the leader.

"I'm standing guard," the worker answered hesitantly, not knowing who was the questioner.

The leader who was standing deep in thought over the wrecked and deserted furnace was very glad to meet a worker guarding it, a post of the working class.

He grasped his hand firmly and praised him, saying:

"You are standing guard? You are guarding this blast furnace? Good! Very good!..."

The worker didn't know why he was so glad to see him standing guard over the idle furnace and what faith and affection his words of praise were carrying. Much less did he know that such an ordinary thing for a worker to guard his post became a meritorious deed when others were still

immature politically right after liberation.

The leader got together the remaining workers of the iron works in one place and gave them the heavy task of restoring by themselves the blast furnace damaged by the Japanese imperialists. He inspired in them the faith that as long as the working class existed it would surely revive the blast furnace though it had no experience and technicians.

His words gave the crestfallen workers courage and strength. Their class consciousness and sense of mission were awakened. Everyone willingly worked on his post and called his dispersed colleagues back to the works.

The news that the leader was calling workers back to their factories spread across the country. Those workers who had returned to their native places to follow the plough, or had been roaming about the streets doing odd jobs, rushed back to their factories.

Having thus gathered the dispersed workers to form the ranks of the working class, the leader took a great historic step which would radically change their socio-economic status.

True, the major industrial establishments previously owned by the Japanese imperialists were transferred to the hands of Koreans after their defeat. But the problem was who should own those enemy properties. Knavish Americans landed on south Korea after liberation and handed out all the enemy properties there to the pro-US, pro-Japanese elements at cheap prices in order to create a dependent economy by forming a group of anti-national comprador capitalists.

But the great leader strictly ordered that none of the properties left by the Japanese imperialist aggressors should fall into the hands of individuals. The former Japanese imperialists' establishments, industrial establishments in particular, were fruits of the sweat and blood of the Korean people, and their falling into the hands of any individuals meant putting a noose of exploitation and oppression again around the necks of workers.

If workers were to become masters of the country and factories in both name and practice, they ought to seize the means of production as well as power. In order to liberate them from exploitation and oppression once and for all, and make them masters of the country, it was necessary to nationalize the major industrial establishments, that is, to turn them into the property of the whole nation.

This was just the steady plan which the leader had perceived and weaved into the Programme of the Association for the Restoration of the Fatherland already in the days of the anti-Japanese revolutionary struggle.

On August 10, 1946, he promulgated the law on the nationalization of major industries which clearly stipulates:

"All enterprises, mines, power stations, railways, communications, banks, trade, cultural establishments and so on owned by the Japanese state, corporate bodies and individuals or Korean traitors to the nation, shall be confiscated without compensation and nationalized, that is, made the property of the Korean people."

This law on transferring major industries to the ownership of the people carried more than a legal meaning. It also carried the great grace of the leader to build a democratic independent state on liberated Korea, promote the people's well-being and, particularly, liberate the workers from exploitation and make them proud masters of the country.

Indeed, the nationalization of major industries enforced by the fatherly leader was a historic event of liberating the Korean working class that had been at the bottom of social scale despite its creation of all wealth, from oppression and exploitation and making it the master of the country, the vanguard of the revolution, taking the means of production in its hands. Our working class might be likened to the Hercules who had been fettered in a hell but was now mounted on a steed drawing his sharp sword. Now, no aggressors nor plunderers could enslave our working class again.

It was an age of workers. At that historic moment the hearts of all workers swelled with boundless gratitude for the fatherly leader. They learnt the real meaning of his quality as the great leader of the working class.

A New World and Blooming Democracy

The leader's affection for factory and office workers was deepening daily as warm spring brought forth flowers.

He did a great favor to improve their working conditions and afford social security.

The most progressive labour law was promulgated on June 24, 1946. Proclaiming this law, the great leader Comrade Kim Il Sung clarified its aim as follows:

"...The Labour Law... aims at radically improving the working conditions of factory and office workers, enhancing their material well-being, eliminating the vestiges of imperialist exploitation in industry and achieving the democratic emancipation of the working class."

The promulgation of the Labour Law was an auspicious event which brought about another change in the social life of the factory and office workers. It stipulated eight-hour working day for factory and office workers, equal pay for equal work for male and female workers, and holidays with pay and social insurance for their benefit. Thus, the factory and office workers came to enjoy democratic rights in their working life, and their work places were turned into a cradle of happiness.

After making workers masters of factories and improving their social position, the great leader continued his on-the-spot guidance to look after every corner of their working life. At a newly commissioned factory he would praise the workers for their successful rehabilitation of the factory, grasping their oil-smeared hands, and encourage them by proposing mechanization of all production processes in the future when the country became rich and powerful. At another factory, he would check the working conditions, asking if there was a bathroom, service pipe and creche and examining the state of their facilities, if any; and he would take necessary measures.

One day the leader visited the reconstruction site of the blast furnace of the Hwanghae Iron Works. It was crowded with workers laying firebricks. Looking round the site, the leader caught sight of a woman worker who was trimming firebricks. He stepped towards her.

The woman was going about her work dexterously, not noticing the leader's presence. Only at his words of compliment did she rise hurriedly to her feet. It was a surprise to her.

He clasped her grimy hand unhesitatingly and then took her other hand. It hurt him to see her hands with callous corns in the palm.

He kindly asked her whether she didn't find it hard to work to such an extent.

"...."

She could utter no words, her head hanging. At this boundlessly happy moment she could not help her vision being blurred, haunted by scenes of her bitter working life under Japanese imperialist rule. To

support her many little children, she'd have to work as hard as men as firebrick maker for eight long years without a day off. Her palms bled and callused thick with repeated pestling of fire-proof materials in moulds. That is how she had become second to none in making firebricks. But the Japs had paid her half as much as men simply because she was a female worker.

Those were damned unjust times. Factory meant hell for workers. They could be likened to a "speaking animal" or a "breathing instrument". Driven like prisoners, they had to drudge 12-16 hours a day, getting a good whipping from the employers. Even plump women and sturdy men had contracted various kinds of job-related diseases, sank to the ground at their work places, or dropped out of work as the disabled, getting older than their years. But now held in the warm embrace of the fatherly leader, the once forsaken workers came to sing the bliss of labour. Labour became a matter of honour for them and the country. Society advanced and the country flourished through the labour of each.

The female worker whose hands were now in the leader's, too, was having a share in building a new Korea as a workteam leader. Her bitter past reflected in her chapped, gnarled hands, intensified her gratitude for the favour of the leader who saved her.

She simply wanted to speak of her gratitude and loyalty to the leader who was holding her hands. But she was so happy that words failed her. Instead, hot tears trickled down her cheeks and dropped on the leader's hands.

The fatherly leader Comrade Kim Il Sung also called at rest homes to know how the working people benefited from the Labour Law.

One day he visited Yangdok Rest Home to attend its opening ceremony for the first team of holiday makers from different parts of the country. It was a rest home whose site was chosen by him in person on the eve of the promulgation of the Labour Law. At that time he proposed to turn the place endowed with an effective hot spring and fine scenery into a big fine rest home for our working people, saying that it now became the possession of our working people, though in the past it had exclusively served the Japanese and the rich as their pleasure ground and money-making place.

Thus there rose a rest home and its opening ceremony was arranged for the first batch of our once maltreated working people.

Model workers from various parts of the country arrived at Yangdok by train, each bearing a big flower on his or her breast. Local inhabitants came out and warmly welcomed them, presenting bouquets. On receiving such enthusiastic welcome for the first time in their life, the holiday makers felt embarrassed. And their joy and emotion were immense when they came to know that the beloved leader whom they had so yearned to see, would come there to congratulate the first batch of rest-home visitors. Welcoming him, they moistened their cheeks with tears. They thanked him, shouting "Long live General Kim Il Sung!" time and again at the top of their voices.

Attending the opening ceremony, the leader clasped hands with rest-home visitors, one by one, and kindly asked them where they came from, how old they were, and what they did. Then he seated the oldest and youngest workers in the front row.

Expressing great joy on observing the memorable opening ceremony together with them and putting them up all as masters of factories and the country, he told them to have good rest there to their heart's content for greater exploits in future. He explained his plan to build a lot of rest homes, sanatoria and relaxation centres on scenic spots of our country for the recreation of more working people who were devotedly striving for the rehabilitation and development of the national economy.

The democratic reforms carried out by the favor of the beloved leader Comrade Kim Il Sung included the Law on Sex Equality promulgated on July 30, 1946 and the signal measures to democratize judicature and education.

The Law on Sex Equality was, for instance, a historical step which disposed of such deep-set vicious feudal practices as "respecting man and despising woman", "wife should be submissive to husband" and "three duties woman should fulfil" as well as such evil capitalist practices of holding women cheap as prostitution and flesh traffic.

Considering the emancipation of women accounting for half the population as one of the basic problems of revolution from the time the leader set out on the road of revolution in his early years, he had paid deep attention to this problem in those trying days.

Whenever he saw women in the guerrilla base enjoying the sex equality practised there, and women guerrillas fighting shoulder to shoulder with men with arms in their hands, he felt sorry for the failure to

bring such happiness to all the women of Korea.

In the days of the anti-Japanese armed struggle, he once saw a poor Chinese woman who could not even walk freely because of her bandaged feet. (Chinese woman had their feet bandaged when young to make them small according to the old evil practice.) This reminded him of the wretched plight of the Korean women and he said to the women guerrillas present:

"What freedom, what joy or what worth is life for a woman who is even unable to walk about freely? This is not a malpractice revealing the bitter fate of a Chinese woman alone. Our mothers and sisters in our native lands too are subjected to the similar absence of rights and humiliation under Japanese imperialist rule and because of evil feudal practices.

"This is a big malady of the outdated society. The insult to women's rights is a disgrace to the whole human society and human beings. All people can by no means lead a happy life under the old social system. To achieve the well-being of the entire people and women's social emancipation, we must build a new society and deliver women from the feudal shackles."

Now the leader put into effect his lofty idea of women's social emancipation by promulgating the Law on Sex Equality.

Labour and power, wealth and bliss—all in the world were placed in the hands of women. Putting their shoulders to one wheel of the revolution, our women became masters of a new society on a par with men.

The democratic reforms carried out by the leader were indeed a grandiose social revolution, equal to the fulfilment of a historic task which brought social and class emancipation to the nationally liberated people; it also meant victory for his great affection which brought the people's independence to a higher plane.

3

Heaps of obstacles and difficulties cropped up in the way of laying the cornerstone of a new country and arranging a new life. One of them was the shortage of cadres. This problem posed an urgent task for building a new Korea in those days.

Originally, there were a very small number of Koreans who had got higher education under Japanese imperialist rule, and most of them were of propertied class origin at that. Their ideological trends were varied. Greeting liberation, some threw themselves into building the country while some others crossed and recrossed the 38th parallel to see which side to take, the north or the south, and yet some others turned their faces away from worldly matters, saying they had nothing to do with politics.

Hence, some functionaries tended to leave intellectuals out in the cold. The great leader Comrade Kim Il Sung, however, considered that even the wavering intellectuals would present no problem if they were given proper education. He was convinced that old intellectuals, though most of them hailed from the propertied class, had anti-imperialist, democratic revolutionary spirit and national conscience and patriotism because they had suffered bitter national discrimination at the hands of the Japanese imperialists. Thus, in his speeches delivered at many meetings, he stressed time and again the mission which the intellectuals had to perform in building a new country. He met them separately and arranged places of useful work for them.

When the leader valued intellectuals like this and assigned them to important positions, vicious factionalists discredited them behind their backs and even dismissed them, accusing them of being "pro-Japanese" or "unreliable". Dealing blows at such rash moves, he recalled the victims, healed their wounded minds, and put them again in the revolutionary ranks.

"A Party Member Ought to Be Bold"

There was a qualified engineer who had majored in electric engineering at Waseda University. Greeting liberation, he, as a son of a landlord, intended to go to south Korea. But deeply moved by the leader's speech delivered on his triumphant return home he resolved to stay in the northern half of the country and joined the Worker's Party to follow the leader. Then he came to work at the responsible post of the Electric Department in the Provisional People's Committee of North Korea.

But he made a big blunder. In those days north Korea supplied electricity to south Korea as a measure proceeding from fraternal love. But some people in charge of power transmission were bribed by the enemy into stealthily supplying more electric power than the fixed amount. He ought to have found out this and straightened it out in time, but he failed to do so. Moreover, when the case had come to light afterwards, he treated it clumsily, allowing the persons involved to flee to south Korea. His error was serious. Taking into account his family background and past history, it was taken up more seriously. Some narrow-minded people suspecting and shunning the whole of the old-time intellectuals who had received higher education under Japanese imperialist rule, tried to define his error as an intentional action against the state.

This threw him into despair. He only cursed himself and was awaiting punishment.

One day he was called by the Party Central Committee. Following the man who came for him, he went to the Party Central Committee office, ready for any penalty. Shown into a room, he was surprised to find there the beloved leader Comrade Kim Il Sung waiting for him together with a few cadres. A meeting was called there to consider his case, as he was informed afterwards.

He, as told by the leader, sat down opposite him, hanging his head. Feeling guilty about his error which gave much anxiety to the leader, he was even unable to breathe properly.

The leader looked compassionately at him sitting crestfallen. His error was really grave. At its face value, he deserved to be forsaken as a good-for-nothing. But the leader did not do so. That person had wavered between north and south right after liberation before he settled down in north Korea. Such vacillation was possible with him who was a son of a landlord and had served the Japanese. That was why the leader had gladly embraced him when he had come forward to serve the working class. But the leader was very sorry that this person had committed such an error. Politically immature intellectuals like him might tumble over a stone or fall into a ditch, stepping amiss. They should be helped to rise to their feet or saved from the ditch, instead of being forsaken, and should be taught how to walk the road of revolution. It is simple to forsake people. But it is the blackest tragedy to the victims. They will lose all opportunities, and ruin their future. The same is true in the case of the person in question. Where is he to go when rejected? If he goes to south Korea, he may sell his technique to Yankees or capitalists and secure temporary comfort. But can that be a life worthy of a true man? No, it is philistine self-destruction, degradation and crime. Wherever he goes, he would suffer disgrace. Private pleasure and comfort in return of the betrayal of the people can not escape the contempt and curse of the nation.

The fatherly leader could by no means let him fall into such an abyss.

The leader kindly asked him who could not raise his head:

"Have you parents, Comrade Li?"

"Yes, I have." He replied on the spur of the moment, still in the depth of despair.

"Where do they live?"

"In Seoul."

Asked these unexpected questions, irrelevant to his error, Li kept his head lowered.

The leader laughed a hearty laugh, easing the atmosphere. Then he asked whether Li had reflected on his error. His soft and gentle voice was laden with the concern with which he considered Li's error as his own.

The leader's encouragingly generous approach to Li made him feel more guilty. He would have felt better if he had received a serious reproof. In a tearful voice, he started repenting himself falteringly and unburdened himself to the leader.

"General, born into a family of a landlord, I had lived in clover not knowing how corn is grown. When I grew up I went through a university and then worked at a Japanese office. I come from the propertied class. With such a background, I'm not qualified to work as a responsible official in people's power.

"You, the leader, have placed faith in me and entrusted me with weighty duty. But I have failed to work well and only caused you trouble by committing an irredeemable crime against the country. In every respect I am not in a position to work at an important post of the government. Please dismiss me from the post of head of the Electric Department. I'm ready to receive any punishment."

The fatherly leader attentively listened to him. Hearing him out, he said in a rather excited tone:

"You ask me to dismiss you...? Well, where will you go when dismissed?"

Li was at a loss for reply for a moment, not knowing the meaning of this question.

"I mean whether you will stand by the working class or the propertied class."

"General, where am I to go? Having received your love so much, where should I go? I will remain, dead or alive, on the side of the working class."

"On the side of the working class...."

Thus repeating Li's words, the leader rose from his seat. This made Li raise his lowered head. At the moment all of his anxiety was dispelled, giving way to happy feelings. The leader whom Li had thought to be angry with him was beaming at him. Recalling his feelings at that moment, Li said later:

"In a twinkling I felt quite easy as if the heavy burden of all worries had been relieved from my heart. I will not forget to my last day the leader's bright smile beaming on me at the time."

The leader, pacing to and fro in the room, said:

"You have asked me to remove you from the post of head of the Electric Department blaming your class origin, but you are greatly mistaken. When the country was liberated you hesitated whether to serve the working class or the landlords and capitalists, and then, pushing aside all kinds of temptation, you took the path of serving the working class, didn't you? So we admitted you into our Party in disregard of your past record. Who will oust you? That will not do....

"Your error is serious. But I have no mind to dismiss you finding fault with your family background because of this error of yours. How can I dismiss you when you intend to go with the working class in the future too, as

you said just now? Where to apply your qualified technique? No one but you should settle the problem of electricity in our country."

The leader, staying his steps behind Li, laid his hand on his shoulder and went on to say:

"Comrade Li, your behaviour doesn't become a Party member. Do you see what I mean? You are not bold. One may make a slip or an error in work. You must not lose heart because of your error.... A Party member ought to be bold...."

At this Li felt a lump rising in his throat and drooped his head at a loss for reply though he thought he ought to pledge his allegiance to the leader. On that occasion he hardened his resolve to devote his all to the revolutionary cause of the working class led by the great leader.

He was faithful to his pledge. It happened a few years later during the strategic retreat in the war. Li evacuated to Kanggye at the time. One day he was notified by Comrade Kim Chaek that the leader entrusted him with an important task.

The Kanggye district was suffering inconvenience from power failure. It had received electric power from the Changjingang and Pujongang Power Stations, both of which were now under enemy's occupation. To secure electric supply for Kanggye there was no other way but to go to Maengjung-ri near the enemy-held area and arrange connection there with the power transmission line from the Supung Power Station. This important task was assigned to Li by the leader. Some people doubted if he was equal to the task considering his past record. However, the leader designated him as the very man for the job.

The fatherly leader instructed Comrade Kim Chaek to give Li a revolver for self-protection, get five guards and seven-eight linesmen to accompany him, and send them all by car. Encouraged by the leader's deep trust in him, Li pledged himself to fulfil the task without fail even at the cost of his life.

It was a job risky to life. Li had to work hours on a pylon in broad daylight in face of the swarming enemies. Once spotted by them, that would be the end of it. But he could not fall back.

Together with the linesmen he climbed the pylon. It was really a bitter battle to work on the top of the pylon where the temperature fell to 20-30 degrees below zero. Moreover, to arrange connection they had to pull up the heavy transmission line with the help of rope without a winch. The

hardship defied all description. They worked hard for days on, and at last succeeded in connecting the line leading to Kanggye with that from Supung.

Li describes his joy at the time in these words:

"The moment I completed the work beset with hardships on the pylon, I shouted hurrah in spite of myself and shed hot tears at the thought that the electricity would throw light over the operational map for the leader and the people in the Kanggye district would feel joy on seeing the electric light."

Full, Steadfast Trust

This story goes back again to the past, not long after the great leader Comrade Kim Il Sung liberated the motherland and returned to Pyongyang in triumph. A sociable, impetuous youth called on the leader.

He had already made the acquaintance of the leader before. As a son of a big landlord in Ryongchon, North Pyongan Province, he had once served as an airplane pilot in Japan. He greeted liberation in south Korea and then came to Sinuiju nursing the great ambition to form an aviation society there to guard the sky of the new motherland. He wanted to have his plan approved by the leader.

The leader met him, and his lively disposition and ambitious spirit appealed to him. Being a son of a landlord and a reputed pilot under Japanese imperialist rule, his class origin and past career were bad. As everything depends on how one makes up one's mind, the leader put faith in his patriotic initiative. Complimenting him on his good idea, the leader told him to get together erstwhile airplane pilots and those wanting to become pilots.

In those days, anti-Japanese feelings ran so high that the pilot who had served for Japan could not avoid being blamed as the "pro-Japanese". So it was a great trust reposed in him by the leader that he who had once taught an aviation school in Japan was entrusted with such a duty. The leader highly appraised his ardent patriotism and ambitious spirit.

His trust in that young man was not confined to this. When an aviation society was formed with him as the central figure, the leader met its members in person, heard of their work for hours and gave pointers for their activities.

Towards the end of 1945 when the leader went down to Sinuiju, the

youth taking a lorry with him, called at the leader's quarters.

"General, I've come for you. Our lads in the aviation society are eager to see you. Let's go to the society."

The behaviour of this lad who turned up unexpectedly embarrassed the leader's retinue. His coming with a lorry for the leader itself was rude, and the way he addressed the leader sounded insolent. But the lad was simply happy to meet the leader. He pressed on, smiling all the while.

Not minding his behaviour, the leader gladly accepted his invitation with a smile. The leader, not riding his car, sat in the driver's cabin of the lorry which the youth had brought.

Earlier, the leader asked him whether he had joined the Party.

He replied that he was eager to join the Party but, taking into account his class origin and past record, refrained from applying for admission.

Hearing this, the leader said:

"If you are to guard the sky of the motherland as an airman, you must become a Communist. Work well, then you will be admitted to the Party."

Encouraged by the leader's words, the youth unhesitatingly asked him to stand guarantee for his admission to the Party. It was a presumptuous act, but not minding it, the leader readily complied with his request. Later, as he had promised, he saw that the youth was admitted to the Party.

On the day of his joining the glorious Workers' Party of Korea, the youth shed hot tears, moved by the leader's great trust and affection. These were tears of loyalty, tears of gratitude to the leader who enabled him to say good-bye to his shameful past forever and serve the country and the people as a true man. He lived, never forgetting the emotion and resolve of the day. Upholding the leader's intention, he took an active part in building the air force of the Korean People's Army and then worked at an important post of the Air Force Headquarters during the Fatherland Liberation War.

But he was discharged later from military service unexpectedly.

The leader came to know this fact long afterwards. He sternly criticized those who had wrongly settled his case, and straightened out things.

One day, five years after his discharge from service in the air force, a functionary from the Party Central Committee came to him and conveyed the leader's words of great sympathy with him.

Because of his tight schedules, the leader hadn't long known the misery suffered by that man. Now he told the functionary to restore his Party life, to begin with, and get over the misunderstanding.

The leader's faith in his men was firm and steadfast like this. Once joining hands with one, the leader keeps an unswerving faith in him in any adversity and leads him to the end.

Informed of the leader's words now, the man was unable to stifle his emotions and broke into tears, though he was a man without tears. Only once he had showed bitter tears in vexation when he left the army taking off the uniform after twenty years' service. But today, given the most priceless political integrity, he shed grateful tears, not bitter tears.

The fatherly leader's favors to him were consistent. One day in July, 1973, an officer of the Air Force Headquarters called on him and conveyed the leader's following instructions to the Air Force Commander:

"How good his resolve to guard the sky of the motherland generation after generation is! He has the only son to succeed him, so let's see that his son is admitted to the aviation school.... The appointed time for the registration of students has passed. But, if he is given specific guidance, he will catch up with others. Let's have his father's desire realized without fail by admitting him to the aviation school."

A few years earlier, on the leader's instruction a responsible officer of the Air Force Headquarters had visited him to see how he was living. At that time the man told his visitor that he felt like piloting a plane again but he was too old to do it and so his remaining wish was to repay the leader's favors even a bit by making a pilot of his only little son when he grew up.

The leader did not forget this and sent a person to advise him to send his son to the aviation school. Such was the leader's steadfast faith in the old-time intellectuals. Under his great love, they could lead a worthy life as builders of a new country.

4

To Lay the Foundation for Democratic Campus

On meeting anyone, the beloved leader Comrade Kim Il Sung always stressed the need to promote educational work. Because knowledge was strength and it was impossible to build a new country and plan a bright future without it.

In his speech delivered at the mass rally of the inhabitants of Taedong County, his native place, in honour of his triumphant return home on October 28, 1945, too, he called on them to set up schools for education of the rising generation.

People there told him their intention to set up a middle school. At that time there was no middle school in their county. Only one primary school was there in a sub-county which had an enrollment of some two hundred though there were several thousands of school-age children.

He discussed with them then and there the way to set up a middle school. Told of the possibility of using some houses in the neighbourhood for school buildings, he rose from his seat, urging them to inspect those houses on the spot.

But a member of his suite impatiently asked him to return, saying that it was late and urgent matters were awaiting him for solution.

But the leader said: "No, let's go and see. They are so enthusiastic." Then he urged the local inhabitants to go with him.

He made his way along a country lane overgrown with grass, putting off urgent matters. He did it because the people there were so enthusiastic about education and also because he himself regarded the education of the rising generation as the most important work. There goes a saying, "Ignorance is devil." What misery and tragedy the unlettered sons and daughters of our workers and peasants had suffered because of the Japanese imperialist policy of keeping Koreans in ignorance! It was urgent to remove the scales from their eyes and to give them intelligence. Only

then would they be able to display national spirit and wisdom to the full and bring about national prosperity.

In the vicinity of Chilgol station there was a building which the Japanese imperialist aggressors had erected for an electric company but had left unfinished before liberation. The leader walked up to this building and, pushing his way through grass there, looked round it and its perimeter, and talked about making it a school by mobilizing the masses. He pointed out the need to arrange a large playground there for the students for exercises and playing to their heart's content. He even personally selected the site for a well.

None of those accompanying him had the idea that water was indispensable to the school, though they had planned to build it. It was only the leader who paid attention to this problem. He said:

"You have missed the most important thing. When hundreds of students have classes here, a lot of water will be needed. From old times our ancestors first fixed the place for a well when they selected housing site. It is ideal to have water pipes laid in the school, but there is no place for water to be pumped up and reserved. So sink a well."

The leader left the place after giving such detailed on-the-spot instructions. Even after that, he was deeply concerned with the construction and administration of the school and showed every solicitude for it. In those hard times when everything was in short supply, he sent there a lorry, lathe, pump and other materials needed for building the school.

Thanks to such deep concerns of the fatherly leader and the enthusiasm of the local people, the middle school was set up there in a matter of one month.

When the school house was completed and everything was ready for its opening, the leader met teachers of this school. Checking the composition of its enrollment, he exhorted them to admit all children who wanted to study, irrespective of age and stratum, and named the middle school Samhung (Three Prosperities), in the sense that they should be brought up as fine personnel provided with knowledge, virtue and good health.

In this way the first middle school of Taedong County came into being. This is just one instance. Thanks to the untiring energetic guidance and deep concern of the beloved leader, schools mushroomed all over the country after liberation.

The beloved leader also paid deep attention to providing teaching aids and school fixtures for education and the supply of school things to students.

Even paper and pencils were short in those days. There was not a single home-made pencil as the Japanese imperialists hadn't built any pencil factory in Korea during their colonial rule. They had shipped black lead and timber, abundant in Korea, to Japan for the production of pencils, and they shipped pencils back to Korea for sale.

To solve the problem of pencils, the leader placed the production of pencils on the agenda of the first meeting of the Provisional People's Committee of North Korea.

The newly established government had to settle many highly important matters, but priority was given to the production of pencils. This was so because education of the rising generation and training of national cadres were vital to the prosperity of our nation and the well-being of all the generations to come. Having had schools set up across the country, the leader found the greatest pleasure in seeing children grow up to be reliable pillars of the country.

He was always pleased to see proud sons and daughters of the working people of the land entering school gates with their chests thrown out, though as a ruined nation their parents had suffered maltreatment and contempt everywhere in the past. His pleasure might be likened to that one gets when he sees the trees planted on bare mountains grow green and thick all over. For this reason he often bent his steps towards schools.

Once he went to Pyongyang Primary School No. 2 when the first state graduation exams were under way in all schools.

Arriving there early in the morning, the leader stepped towards the entrance hall, accompanied by a few suite members. A little girl of 10 or so, wearing an arm band on duty, raised her hand in Children's Union salute.

Acknowledging her salute, the leader entered the hall and, looking round its dim interior, started to make his way towards the corridor when the girl demanded: "Please register before entering." It was so unexpected that his suite members were quite at a loss what to do.

"Register before entering?..." Repeating the girl's words with a smile, the fatherly leader turned round and went back to the girl on duty.

Casting a satisfied look at the little girl, he made a broad smile and said: **"Well, let me register. Registering is binding."** With this he took the

register and pencil produced by the school girl.

"Put the date of today here, please." She said, putting her finger on the first column of the register.

"It is the fourth of July, isn't it?" So saying affectionately to the girl, he filled the date column. Then, straightening himself, he asked her what to write in the next column. In an upright position she replied that the name of whom he wanted was to be entered.

The leader wrote **"headmaster"** there. Putting her finger on the third column, the little girl asked him to write there what was his business. "Well, all right." So saying, he wrote, **"to see the state graduation examination".**

Carefully eyeing each letter he wrote, she slightly shook her head, dubious of his admissibility to the examination hall. Then she asked him to write his official title and name in the following column.

"I should write down my work place and name!..." Thus saying with genial smile on his face, he did as asked by the little girl. The moment he drew himself up putting aside the pencil, she started back in astonishment and looked up to him. She read the register once again as if she could hardly believe her eyes. There were written in clear and large hand, **"Kim Il Sung, Chairman of the Provisional People's Committee of North Korea".**

An indescribable emotion and joy assailed the little girl. "Dear General!" That was all she could utter. She was half happy to see the General she had so much revered and half ashamed of her failure to recognize him in the dark entrance hall.

The leader was happier. (These little ones are already proving the worth of their learning. In the past they cried, denied the chance of learning. But now since liberation they have come to study to their heart's content to know their rights and duties and how to guard their school. What a nice thing!) Kindly stroking the hair of the little girl who was standing at a loss what to do, he praised her: "You are quite bright, quite bright...."

The great leader was shown by the headmaster into the room where pupils were taking examination. He saw some of their examination papers and put short questions. Casting his eyes at the map of Korea drawn on examination paper by a pupil, he asked him what was the population and the area of Korea.

The pupil replied in a ringing voice that she had the population of thirty million and an area of 220,000 sq. kms. The leader said he was right and, looking round the pupils, added: **"You must know your country well. To this end, you must study hard and master the mother tongue, arithmetic, history, geography and science in particular. Then you will make a good contribution to building a democratic state in the future. Do you get it?"**

The pupils gave the unanimous, vigorous answer, "Yes!"

Setting Up the People's First University

While pushing ahead with the hard work of establishing primary and middle schools across the liberated land, the leader launched the great work of erecting a university.

At the meeting of students and young people held in Pyongyang on November 3, 1945, marking the 16th anniversary of the Kwangju Student Incident, he said to the educational workers present there:

"In order to build a new Korea, large numbers of our own cadres are needed. They are essential for building the nation and developing the national economy and culture. At present we are very short of cadres. Training of many cadres is one of the most urgent problems posed by the conditions prevailing in our liberated country.

"We must train the cadres needed for building of a new country with all possible speed. To this end, we must build numerous primary and secondary schools and, at the same time, establish institutions of higher learning. However, the present situation in our country precludes the setting up of many colleges and universities at once. To begin with we must build a university.

...

"The sons and daughters of working people must be enrolled in the university, those who were denied the opportunity of learning in the past under the vicious colonial rule of Japanese imperialism. Before liberation the sons and daughters of the workers, peasants and other working people could not go to school, no matter how eager they were, because they had no money. Now that the country has been liberated, they are keen to study to their hearts' content. These sons and daughters longing to get an education should be allowed to enter the university, and thus satisfy their desire."

It was really a revolutionary measure. It seemed like dream that a university formerly attended only by the offsprings of the privileged and

rich would be accessible to the sons and daughters of workers and peasants right away, not in a distant future.

Today we have over 170 institutions of higher learning, and 8.6 million children and students accounting for over half the population are enjoying free education at state expense. What a sharp contrast between the past and the present! But right after liberation it was a tough job to set up a university; the situation was complex, many obstructers stood in the way, and economic conditions were difficult. Instructors and management personnel had to be recruited, and it was not easy to provide textbooks and laboratory facilities. Above all, university buildings and hostels were indispensable for the accommodation of students.

Despite all these difficulties, Comrade Kim Il Sung firmly resolved to establish a university with our own efforts at the earliest possible date, and made it public.

He couldn't go back since the new reality demanded our own new cadres. Firmly convinced that there was no other way but to grapple with problems arising from necessity, defying all adversities, the leader personally stepped up the preparations for a university, though he was busy leading all state affairs. Difficulties cropped up in his way one after another, though they were expected. First of all, factionalists were dead set against the erection of a university. They claimed it to be "infeasible" and "premature", babbling that "a university can be run only in a civilized country with a lot of scholars and educators and experience" and that "there is no other way but to send students to progressive countries to learn from their experience".

However, the leader, repelling all this idle talk, energetically led the work, mobilizing the strength of the patriotic people.

On July 8, 1946, he proclaimed the founding of a university on the decision of the Provisional People's Committee of North Korea. Thus a university was to come into being.

Though it was opened, its students had to study in makeshift classrooms. Heartily sorry for them, the leader selected the broad area around the Ryongnam Hill abutting on the Taedong River as the site for the university and, taking with him the designers, scholars and others concerned, gave detailed on-the-spot guidance from the start of its construction.

He also fixed the sites for the main building to be built soon, library,

The respected leader President Kim Il Sung converses with peasant Kim Je Won who was the first to donate rice to the state out of patriotism

hostels and even houses for instructors, taking into account the perspective plan for the extension of the university. It was indeed the splendid blueprint of a grand university town.

When the foundation of the main building was taking shape on the Ryongnam Hill as the biggest project ever tackled after liberation, the whole country turned out to assist in the construction of the people's university under the wise guidance of the leader. Those with strength contributed strength, those with knowledge devoted knowledge, and those with money donated money.

Around that time farmer Kim Je Won in the Namuri Plain, Hwanghae Province, bent with lifelong sharecropping, donated to the state the rice he harvested on the granted land, leaving the amount enough to feed his family for one year. That was motivated out of patriotic spirit. Following him, many farmers willingly took part in the patriotic rice donation movement. The leader highly appreciated their fidelity to the nation and used the donated rice as funds for the building of the university. That could be done only by Comrade Kim Il Sung, the sun of the nation.

Thus, the excellent university building rose and the young people coming from all parts with high ambition, were trained there into the native cadres of a new democratic Korea. The solid cornerstone of the cultural revolution was laid in this way.

From the beginning, the great leader paid attention to building up this university as people's centre devoted to the education of the sons and daughters of workers, peasants and other working people. But the trouble here was that the sons and daughters of revolutionary martyrs or workers and peasants lacked basic knowledge indispensable for higher education because they had been unable to learn in the past.

Taking this into account, the leader arranged a preparatory course in the university to give them basic knowledge at an earliest possible date. Besides, taking their family circumstances into consideration, he saw that stipends, uniforms, daily necessities and school things were issued to them free of charge.

The leader also devoted deep care to building up the teaching staff of the university. In the northern half of the country there were only small numbers of intellectuals eligible as instructors at the time. The leader highly valued those intellectuals who were scattered over the country. He

believed that they had the anti-imperialist revolutionary ideas and patriotic spirit as intellectuals of a colony though they had received higher education under Japanese imperialist rule.

He gathered all of them and dispatched messengers to south Korea to look for instructors and scholars and fetch them to the north. In response to the leader's call many instructors and scholars came to Pyongyang from the south across the 38th parallel. He met those coming from various parts of the country in person and boldly entrusted them with educational work of the university.

Thanks to Comrade Kim Il Sung's energetic guidance and deep concern, our people came to have a genuine people's university bearing his august name in a matter of one year after liberation.

Love Associated with the National Anthem

The great leader Comrade Kim Il Sung put great efforts into developing our national culture.

After liberation, an important problem was how to orient and develop national culture. Writers and artists were merely engaged in disputations, failing to reach an agreement.

Meanwhile, the US imperialists occupying south Korea, were spreading decadent reactionary bourgeois culture there in pursuance of the policy of obliterating national culture, while trying to penetrate it into the northern half through the media of propaganda. On the other hand, the anti-Party, counterrevolutionary factionalists insisted on so-called "pure" literature and arts, clamouring that "democratic national culture should not be class culture" and "literature and arts should keep aloof from politics".

At this very juncture the great leader stressed the need to remove the evil aftermath of Japanese imperialist colonial rule and create new national culture and arts conducive to fulfilling the democratic revolutionary tasks and educating the masses of the people in patriotism and democracy. He taught the writers and artists to spurn all the reactionary creative methods employed by bourgeois literature and arts and take the excellent socialist realism as their only creative method.

After outlining the right orientation of our literature and arts, he enlisted writers and artists in their respective organizations of the General Federation of the Unions of Literature and Arts, and provided proper conditions for their creative activities and living.

And with his outstanding ideas on literature and arts evolved in the days of the anti-Japanese revolutionary struggle and with his rich experience accumulated in those days, he gave unstinted guidance to the creative activities of writers and artists. Despite the numerous claims of state affairs, he found time to attend the trial performances of plays and concerts, read novels and verses of writers, and see the drawings of artists, so that he could give his precious counsel to them.

On September 27, 1946, he called a poet and several writers to his side. Telling them about the need to create the national anthem and the march of the People's Army, he set specific orientation for composing the national anthem:

"Ours is indeed a beautiful country. It is washed by the sea on three sides, the mountains are grand and majestic, and grain crops and fruits of various kinds are thriving in the fields. Our country abounds in mineral resources and treasures, too.

"Our people boast a 5,000-year long history, and they are a resourceful people with a brilliant culture....

"From ancient times our people drove back the foreign invaders and defended our land at the cost of their blood. The anti-Japanese guerrillas, in particular, took up arms and fought heroically against the Japanese imperialist aggressors for 15 long years. The working people of our country freed from exploitation and oppression have taken power firmly in their hands today and are making every effort to build a prosperous new country.

"The national pride and dignity of the Korean people who have such a beautiful country and glorious traditions of struggle must be incorporated in the song."

From that day the poet, bearing the leader's teaching in his mind, addressed himself to setting words to a national anthem. He went into the midst of reality to feel the throbs of a new homeland under construction; he toured the country to feast on its beauty, climbing Mts. Kumgang and Myohyang. But the words of the song he composed had too many defects to meet the leader's lofty idea. It was because the poet failed to penetrate into the leader's profound patriotism. Conscience-stricken, he rewrote and polished them time and again. But the excellent national anthem we have today owes its completion to the leader's repeated guidance.

In June 1947 a national anthem was submitted for discussion in the

conference room of the People's Committee of North Korea in the leader's presence.

The leader took up the words of the song one line after another for discussion, and led it with the minutest care. Advising that the last part starting "Our people ever were renowned and sage," should be sung as a refrain, he remarked:

"Since our country has a long history with a resplendent heritage of culture, how can we be content with singing it once? It would make it too dull. A refrain would not only effectively improve the rhythm and harmony of the music but also add to the solemnity of the song as a whole, and inspire the singer with national pride and self-confidence."

Thus came into being the words of the national anthem as our people sing today. It goes like this:

Shine bright, you dawn, on this land so fair,
The country of three thousand ri,
So rich in silver and in gold you are,
Five thousand years your history.
Our people ever were renowned and sage,
And rich in cultural heritage,
And as with heart and soul we strive,
Korea shall forever thrive!

This song throws every one, singer or hearer, heart and soul into the sublimity of the motherland and the depth of patriotism. Singing this national anthem and the *Song of General Kim Il Sung,* the Korean people have advanced, looking forward to a bright future. On the waves of this advance also rode our happy writers and artists who took the path to a new hopeful life, thanks to the leader's favour.

5

A regular revolutionary armed force of one's own is essential for building a sovereign, independent state and guarding the country and people. Particularly in Korea divided into two by the 38th parallel, an artificial barrier, the building of a regular armed force had a vital bearing on the destiny of the nation, because the US imperialist aggressors, occupying south Korea, were watching for a chance to fall upon the northern half. That was why, after liberation, the great leader Comrade Kim Il Sung vigorously stepped up the preparations for reinforcing and developing the Korean People's Revolutionary Army founded during the anti-Japanese revolutionary struggle, into a regular armed force, braving all difficulties and hardships.

Right after liberation cadres were wanted in every field, but the leader posted many fine cadres, hardened in the flames of the anti-Japanese revolutionary struggle, in the People's Army as its backbone, attaching importance to its building.

Like this, he laid the foundation of the People's Army with the anti-Japanese fighters prepared politically and militarily as the core, while recruiting patriotic-minded young people of worker and peasant origin. Always stressing the need to build a regular revolutionary armed force in the light of the internal and external situation, he urged the anti-Japanese revolutionary veterans he himself had reared to fight with a high sense of mission as they did on Mt. Paekdu in the past.

Keep Your Military Uniform On

It happened right after liberation when the great leader set to erecting a military-political school for cadres of the regular armed force.

One day a young anti-Japanese fighter who was assigned to the Pyongyang Institute (a military-political school) called at the leader's residence some days before his wedding.

When he said good-bye to him after settling his business, the leader firmly gripped his hands as usual, regretting the parting.

Handing him some money to use in arranging his new household, the leader said:

"The country is still in needy circumstances. Drink a toast between your friends in a manner as simple as you guerrillas did in the past."

"I understand!"

Feeling a lump in his throat at the leader's warm solicitude, the young fighter gave a vigorous answer. But he had a favour to ask of the leader. He was going to breach it, but shyness got better of him and he turned round.

The leader already knew what was on his mind.

"Well, what is it you wish to say?"

The young fighter turned round again, his face flushed. Scratching his head, he faltered out:

"Comrade Commander, well... the material for a suit of clothes...."

The leader laughed a hearty laugh, saying that's nothing. Passing his hand over the young fighter's back, he said kindly:

"...But, as you know, our struggle is yet to be fought. There is no rule against wedding with military uniform on. In my opinion, you had better have your military uniform on on the wedding day.... If the bride is displeased because the bridegroom doesn't wear a suit on the wedding ceremony, I think you'd better not marry such a girl.... How do you like it?"

Realizing how foolish he was, the young fighter remained standing there, his head dropping.

The leader went on in a rather serious tone:

"I am ready to let you have everything you want. I should like to present you with a greater thing than a suit material. However, we should fight more arduously in future. You should not take off your military uniform even for a moment. You should bear this in mind."

"I understand, Comrade Commander!"

The leader was happy to see the bridegroom accept his opinion willingly and sincerely, and told him to see Comrade Kim Chaek without fail as he had told him to make all arrangements for the wedding.

The leader could have readily carried out the young fighter's wishes to put on Western clothes on his wedding day instead of his military uniform. He knew those wishes were strong because he had never had

civilian clothes on since the anti-Japanese armed struggle. But he was a serviceman who should always keep himself alert and ready. He was his man who ought to become a pillar of the regular army, his precious soldier who ought to be true to his lofty mission as a revolutionary armyman.

Taking an amiable look at the receding figure of the man walking with vigorous stride, the leader wished him to understand this great expectation of him.

While educating and looking after the anti-Japanese fighters in every way to make them prove their worth in building up the army, the leader also gave concrete guidance to the work of erecting a military school and training centres as the foundation of the people's armed forces. To select the site for the Pyongyang Institute, he travelled across steep mountains, even missing his lunch. When building a Security Officers Training Centre he paid meticulous attention to all the details down to the bedrooms and dining tables of the trainees.

In October, 1946, he visited the construction site of Building No. 1 of the Security Officers Training Centre. Saying that the trainees might have many an inconvenience in the training centre, leaving their warm food and bedding at home, he gave earnest guidance in arranging their bedrooms and dining room well. He even paid close attention to the tables and chairs to be installed in the dining room. Trainees were making oblong tables and benches, each available for eight. The leader suggested that a square one should be made to seat four face to face. Then, he added, it would be firmer in structure and enable the trainees to see, while dining, who fancies what food, who eats up his portion or leaves rice in his bowl, who has a salty tooth, and who has a hot tooth.

Thus saying, he looked round the accompanying officers of the training centre, wearing a benevolent smile as if picturing to himself the trainees taking meals in a homely atmosphere.

Pinning Red Flowers on the Breasts of Crack Shots

It was some days after the opening ceremony of the Pyongyang Institute.

That day, too, the fatherly leader visited this institute to look after the life of its students.

They were doing parade drill in the ground. Various was their attire. Former workers and peasants were recruited from different parts of the

country. Some were wearing hemp clothes, some old Western style trousers and *chogori* (Korean coat), and some were lumbering to and fro with rubber shoes on. One could not repress a bitter smile at the diversity of their attire which reminded one of their wretched plight in the past. But there was an inaccessible dignity about them marching vigorously, their footsteps pounding the ground.

The leader gazed affectionately at them. Now another column passed by him singing the revolutionary song lustily.

His eyes fell on a young student clumsily marching in big Japanese military shoes.

The leader called him over and asked with a smile:

"Your shoes seem to weigh several kilograms. Don't you feel them heavy?"

The young student replied, chest out:

"No, I don't feel them heavy. I'm hardened to them."

A cloud passed over the leader's face as he examined the shoes. He embraced the student closely.

Whenever he had seen young guerrillas in worn-out shoes at the time of the anti-Japanese armed struggle, he had looked forward to the day of the liberation of the homeland when all youth and children could wear good shoes. The country was liberated now. But it was in such a needy situation that he was even unable to provide this young student with a military uniform and a pair of shoes. This thought greatly upset the leader.

He told the student persuasively:

"Bear it now. You must bear it in the present situation of our country. You are now sixteen years old. When you reach some thirty, you will have a really good time. Then all our armymen will have good uniforms and shoes. They will be able to wear them of their own choice, all made of our own material.

"To build such a sovereign, independent state you must study hard and become fine cadres."

That day the leader was unable to take his mind off the students' miserable attire in his car on the way back and even after returning to Pyongyang. How it would be nice to have new military uniforms and shoes for those who march vigorously, their eyes sparkling with a proud joy in shouldering the new country! The thought kept the leader awake till late at night.

The respected leader President Kim Il Sung poses for a photograph with cadres after presenting them with the first automatic rifles produced in our country

Later, despite the country's strained circumstances, he took steps to issue new uniforms to the students of the Pyongyang Institute. Many things were lacking and many difficulties cropped up on the way of creating the regular army, but he surmounted them all, one by one, through his energetic efforts.

One April day in 1947, he went to a Security Officers Training Centre which was having a shooting practice that day. Walking up to the trainees doing practice in sighting before shooting, he said, "You are in high spirits. Are you sure to hit the targets?" They all stood at attention and were at a loss for a reply.

"Today I'm not going to test you. Informed of your good drilling, I have just come to see it. Have confidence and show an example. Let me see your perfect marksmanship."

He saw how they took sight and then took up a rifle and showed an example of sighting, and said:

"In order to attain good marksmanship you ought to make it the routine of your life to do practice in sighting with burning hatred towards the enemy, and when sighting you must consider the aim the very enemy. At the same time, you should understand the working of your weapons and handle them with confidence...."

That day they demonstrated their outstanding marksmanship.

He was pleased more than anyone else when one entire squad hit the target without so much as a single bullet missing in the shooting with submachine guns. He sat down to talk with them and asked one of the trainees whether he had ever used a rifle during Japanese imperialist rule. The trainee confessed that he had formerly been unable even to pick up a rifle, afraid that it might explode, yet now he was reluctant to part with his gun even for a moment, and whenever he was handling a rifle, he made it a rule to sight as often as possible with it so that he could handle it more skilfully.

He was very pleased with the excellent marksmanship of the young trainees who first handled rifles at the training centre, and encouraged them in these words:

"You are right! That is just the answer I expected. With firm conviction that you can discourage the enemy from attempting another attack, you should treasure your weapons like the apples of your eyes, and know them in their minutest details."

That day, the trainees demonstrated their fine marksmanship not only with the use of sniping weapons but also with trench mortars.

The leader pinned red flowers on the breasts of excellent shooters of trench mortars, with his own hands, praising them for their good marksmanship.

The result was excellent. Everything was reassuring. Now the Pyongyang Institute reminded one of a young fledgeling taking wing from its nest into the blue sky.

Before the mind's eye of the leader passed the majestic view of the revolutionary armed force which had grown into a modern regular army.

February 8, 1948, the memorable day for the Korean people came at last. That day Pyongyang witnessed a military review and march past of the ground, sea and air forces of the Korean People's Army, the heir to the glorious Korean People's Revolutionary Army, in the presence of the great leader Comrade Kim Il Sung, its creator, which demonstrated its might before the world.

Young sons and daughters of new Korea in new uniforms and new arms passed with vigorous gait to the solemn march. Whenever the columns of men and officers of the People's Army passed before the platform in a stream giving shouts of hurrah the people raised enthusiastic cheers, tears rolling down their cheeks. What a disgrace and sacrifice the Korean people had long had to suffer without having their own army to guard the country and their lives and property! The shouting people were choked with excitement at the sight of the so-longed-for army of their own, marching proudly.

The leader too was filled with undescribable emotion. What a long path he had trodden braving a host of difficulties since he had created the Korean People's Revolutionary Army with the fine Korean youth in the forest of Antu! He was extremely excited at the sight of the stately columns of soldiers marching in grand style before him with bristling bayonets giving thunderous shouts of "Hurrah", the simple sons and daughters of workers and peasants who had once worn hemp clothes and Japanese military shoes, and, among them, the soldiers with whom he had shared his bowlful of parched rice powder on the arduous march and those members of the children's company whom he had led by the hand on the march, who now became the solid core of the army. And he warmly praised them for their majestic appearance.

The Korean People's Army, the invincible regular army carrying forward the brilliant traditions of the anti-Japanese revolutionary struggle, marched forward in fine array, demonstrating its might.

Chapter III

NOBLE FIDELITY, ETERNAL LOVE

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1

At one time the official residence of the great leader President Kim Il Sung was a house at the foot of the Haebang Hill, a house too simple and ordinary for head of state. It served rather the needs of the people, but not his. On Sundays and red-letter days university students and worker-peasant representatives came there. Occasionally, veteran anti-Japanese fighters visited with their families whom they had found after dozens of years of separation. There was also a poet who came to recite his verses to the leader in praise of the anti-Japanese armed struggle.

The leader gladly received all visitors, spent pleasant time with them, and gave them good advice. He was happiest when he had friendly talks with people.

While dedicating all his life to the revolution and construction, he spent even his little spare time for the people. Thus, his residence became a "house of love" with doors wide open for all.

A House of Love

On August 22, 1946, the leader's residence was visited by a new batch of seven workers and peasants who had come up to Pyongyang as members of a tourist team. The team was made up of 700 members coming from different places of the country on the occasion of the August 15 Liberation Day.

The beloved leader Comrade Kim Il Sung was very happy and satisfied to see those who had become masters of the country and were travelling to see various aspects of life of their motherland on the way to prosperity, although they themselves had undergone the sufferings of a stateless people until yesterday. So, he attended the official function arranged for them at which he explained what they should do in the future. He even hosted a state banquet to encourage them. Still unsatisfied with all this, he invited some of them to his residence as he wished to spend at least one night together with them.

This happened on the day those worker-peasant representatives were packing up at their hotel for their return trip. Called unexpectedly by the leader, they were overtaken by deep emotion. For they thought it was already too much to have had the opportunity of seeing big factories, enterprises and farm villages new to them, and attending the big meeting and banquet for the first time in their lives as members of the tourist team formed by the leader himself. But now he invited them to his residence.

They went by bus to the leader's residence towards the evening.

Respected Kim Jong Suk warmly welcomed them at the gate. As is generally said, a cordial hospitality offered at one's house is manifestation of its mistress' kindness. The welcome accorded by Kim Jong Suk was really hearty.

She personally brought water in a washbasin to each of them urging them to wash their faces and feet.

Overcome with her kind and warm treatment, they felt at ease without realising it and washed their faces and feet making noise as if they had been in the yard of their own house.

After a little while the leader returned home. As soon as he got off the car, he shook hands with everyone of them, asking kindly:

"You've arrived earlier than I."

Overwhelmed with deep emotion when they saw him whom they had longed for, waking or sleeping, and furthermore, saw him at his residence, they were at a loss what to say. Then, he led them into a room, himself entering first.

Affectionately looking around the party, he asked them about their native places and living conditions there in detail. Then he said with a bright smile on his face:

"Well, Pyongyang isn't worth seeing now, but it will change its look in next five years. Many big buildings will be constructed and new streets laid so as to turn it into a big cultural centre in our country. By building modern towns and villages throughout the country we will turn our motherland into the best land to live in in the world. When you visit here again, you will find yourselves in quite a different city.

"This time you have visited the Kangson Steel Plant. Though small in scale at present, it'll also become a large, prospective plant in three to four years. Now the Songrim Iron Works is pouring out a large amount of molten iron. So, farm work, too, will be done by machines in the future...."

While listening to his words full of confidence, those worker-peasant representatives pictured before their eyes the bright future of the country, rich and beautiful.

Presently respected Kim Jong Suk entered to set the table. The meal was a nice one consisting of boiled rice mixed with tasty peas, beef soup, chicken and others. Looking at the table, a peasant representative from North Hamgyong Province recalled what he had heard from a Women's Union cadre who had participated in a meeting of the Central Committee of the Women's Union a year before. According to her, when she paid a visit to Kim Jong Suk at home, she happened to see the dining table at which the leader had had a meal together with his driver. The meal served for him consisted of boiled rice mixed with millet and side dishes—bean sprouts, *kimchi* and shrimp pickles. Recalling her story, the peasant representative felt ill at ease, thinking that the leader served an excellent meal for the guests, while his daily meals were frugal.

"Food isn't prepared well, but please, take much and enjoy yourselves to the full."

Thus saying, Kim Jong Suk poured wine into the glasses for everyone. Feeling a lump in their throats, they remained silent.

Smiling, the leader made them cheerful by saying:

"Comrades, you must rest well and work well. Come, have a drink."

After conversing with them kindly for about an hour the leader told them that he had to leave the place on an urgent business in spite of his wish to spend that evening with them, and instructed them to have a good rest there before starting tomorrow.

When the leader went out, Kim Jong Suk came in and helped them to dine with all kindness.

Late at night, the visitors went to sleep. It was well past midnight that the leader returned home. Before going to bed, he came to their room quietly and even looked after their beddings.

The representatives rose early in the morning and went out into the yard, looking for brooms.

"What are you looking for?" The kind voice of the leader came from under a poplar tree ahead. He must have been sleepless nearly until dawn, they thought. But he had already cleaned the yard and was now reading a book under the tree. Every event was really touching.

After a while he had breakfast with them and bade them farewell,

saying that he must leave earlier for it was the hour of going to work.

"Comrades, go back and work well in good health," he said.

As the time came for departure and the representatives were going to leave, Kim Jong Suk came out in a hurry. "Please take these for your lunch though you may get better meals on the way," she said, and handed a lunch box wrapped in white paper to each of them.

Moved by her scrupulous care and sincere hospitality, they received the lunch boxes with trembling hands and could not even speak words of gratitude. They felt deeply in their hearts the noble-mindedness of the leader and Kim Jong Suk flowing out of their popular simplicity and unbounded kindness and their underlying warm love for the people. The great leader and respected Kim Jong Suk had such beautiful minds that they bestowed unlimited bountiful favours upon the people. They regard it as their mission and happiness to give their love to the people, they find pleasure in giving to the people everything wherever they go, in a mountain or in the plains. As they have a sea of treasures in their hearts with which they can brightly illuminate and influence the world, they embrace all the people in their bosoms, providing them with happiness and letting them sing beautiful songs.

After bowing deeply to respected Kim Jong Suk the worker-peasant representatives parted with her. Each felt as though the lunch box bearing her sincerity were growing heavier.

Milk Ration List Made by Him Personally

One spring day in 1947, the leader invited Kang Rin Su, his elder cousin on his mother's side to his house and said:

"Brother! I have called you because I want you to undertake a difficult task. Now my colleagues are working hard day and night for complicated nation-building. Many of them are in failing health. So, I have decided to improve their nutritive conditions. I will give you five milch cows. Please produce milk from them and supply it to my colleagues.

"I ask this favour of you, unable to assign this delicate task to anyone else."

In fact, in those days, less than two years after the liberation, the living conditions of the people were not yet good, and even those of the cadres were little different. Under such circumstances they, standing in the van of national construction, had to work day in, day out, without sleep,

pressed with such mountain-like loads of work as establishing political power, carrying out democratic reforms and building the national economy. As a result, their eyes were blood-shot and their lips cracked.

The leader was very sorry for them who had gone through all kinds of hardships and difficulties with him in the protracted anti-Japanese revolutionary struggle, crossing steep mountains and moving through rough plains. Even now, after liberation, they were working day and night, losing their health. That was why he thought out a plan to supply them milk as a nutrient. He assigned this irksome yet important task to his cousin, a close relative.

The cousin had never done such a job in his life, and hesitated at first, wondering whether he would be able to do it. But moved by the leader's desire, he gave the affirmative reply.

A few days later some guardsmen went to the cousin's house, carrying five milch cows and timber for a shed by truck. From then on, the cousin, following the leader's intention, studied how to feed and bring up the milch cows, and get more milk from them. He visited many places to learn from others' experience.

For the first two months things did not go well. But after the passage of three to four months, he could obtain some milk. When he came to get about two *mal* a day, he felt great joy over his success, over the accomplishment of the leader's will. Soon he reported to the leader. Much pleased to hear it, the leader thought of how to distribute milk. He laid a sheet of white paper on the table, picked up his fountain pen, and pictured in mind one by one the faces of his dear comrades working hard, tired as they were with heavy tasks. Putting on a benevolent smile, he slowly began to write:

Milk List

Kim Yong Bom . . . . . one *toe* (one-tenth of one *mal*)
Kim Chaek . . . . . one *toe*
Choi Yong Kun . . . . . one *toe*
Choe Hyon . . . . . one *toe*
... ...
Kang Rin Su . . . . . one *toe*
Kim Il Sung . . . . . half a *toe*

Receiving the "milk list", the cousin scarcely held back his welling tears. The leader allocated one *toe* of milk for others but a half for himself. That "milk list" was a song of love for his revolutionary soldiers.

During the Arduous March in the days of the bloody anti-Japanese war, the General, not caring about himself exhausted from hunger lasting for days, distributed the last bowlful of parched-rice powder to the young soldiers with a paper spoon he had made. In the period of small unit activities, when the enemy closed in from all directions, the General wrote the names of the members of a missing small unit on each of the fifty paper bags containing the venison powder. With such great affection flowing like a big river, he now provided the food of revolution for his revolutionary comrades, embracing them in his bosom. The milk sent by the leader was turned into an eternal life-giving water which would never dry up and flow into the hearts of the entire people as well as the cadres.

The "milk list" tells, and will always tell, the people that our leader invariably shared the sweets and bitters with them and cared more for his comrades than for himself. Our dear children take milk every day at nurseries, kindergartens and schools, and our diet and our lives become affluent as the days go by. This, we think, comes from the fatherly affection of the leader who personally made the milk list, a song of love.

The General and Ryo Un Hyong

One February day in 1946, a guest came into the great leader's office room, guided by his aide. He was Ryo Un Hyong, President of the People's Party of Korea who was known as an "orator" and an "excellent politician" in south Korea.

There was full justification for his coming to the north to visit the leader, crossing the 38th parallel. In south Korea the US imperialists and the right-wing reactionaries suppressed patriotic political parties and people, even intimidated and persecuted the middle-of-the-road parties, and, what was worse, the Pak Hon Yong clique, hand in glove with them, engaged themselves in divisive and destructive manoeuvrings against the patriotic forces.

Ryo Un Hyong's political activities, too, faced difficulty. However, because he could not find a clear-cut way for national salvation, he did not know how to cope with the situation. Being confident that it was none other than General Kim Il Sung, the sun of the nation, who could give a clear answer to the question, he came directly to see him this time.

The fatherly leader received Ryo Un Hyong very warmly and for many hours told him about the political situation of north and south Korea in an analytical way and about the road which the country should follow. Ryo Un Hyong was deeply impressed by the leader's lofty character and excellent political views.

When the time for dinner came, the leader said with a generous smile:

"Well, will you come and dine with me at my house? If you had informed that you were coming, we would have been able to prepare a special dinner for you. You came without notice, and so it is your fault."

Ryo Un Hyong could not restrain warm feelings, impressed by his kind, unceremonious treatment. Looking at him happily, he said unreservedly that he had thought he might be taken to a noodles house or a hotel.

"We won't be able to treat you so well as in a hotel. But you must come with me. You know well that in our country custom forbids letting one's guest stay at a hotel!..." The leader said, and led the guest to his house.

From the time he entered the gate, Ryo Un Hyong was looking around. He could not conceal his surprise. The house was far removed from the luxurious thing he had imagined. It was clean, but everything was too simple. His surprise was only natural because he had lived in a society where high position and power are directly related with wealth and luxury. The people's leader is different, indeed. A look of admiration came over his face. When shown by the leader into the room, he felt it more keenly at the sight of the furniture and other things there. Presently, lunch was served. There were no special dishes on the table, an ordinary table without mother-of-pearl inlay. Ryo Un Hyong sat at the table with greater reverence, facing the people's great leader peerless in the world with a look of respect and happiness. He shared the table with the leader. Overwhelmed by his simple character and the friendly domestic atmosphere, Ryo Un Hyong took off his coat, feeling at home and said openmindedly:

"After hearing you, all my doubts and misgivings have been completely dispelled. I am beginning to see clearly the course of development of our country. Frankly speaking, I have met with a lot of famous statesmen not only of south Korea but also of foreign countries. But this is the first time that I have met a statesman like you. Believe me!

This is not just a compliment; I am speaking from the bottom of my heart. A bright prospect for the future has been opened up for our country because of you...."

Looking back over his past life, he admitted that he had committed many mistakes in spite of his subjective desire to serve the country and the people, and expressed his determination to do everything in his power to apply the leader's instructions.

His call on the leader left a great impression on him. He got fresh strength, feeling that he had returned to youth from senescence. Back home in south Korea, he fought well to the end of his life following the leader's great will.

An evidence of his respect for and trust in the leader can be seen in the activities he undertook after he returned to south Korea.

When asked in a press interview what was the greatest impression he had received from his audience with General Kim Il Sung, he answered:

"What impressed me most is that General Kim Il Sung firmly believes in the strength of the Korean people. His reliable and fair stand is that the Koreans should carry out the Korean revolution. Belief in the might of the Koreans, not the foreign forces—here precisely lies the key to reunification and independence."

When the US Military Governor asked him about the objective of his visit to Pyongyang, Ryo Un Hyong answered sharply: "I went to Pyongyang on an urgent matter for discussion with General Kim Il Sung. In my house, I am free to enter any of its rooms—the upper room or the down room. Why do you Americans interfere in it?"

Blessed Sisters

After Ryo Un Hyong had visited the leader's residence, his two daughters came to this "house of love" on July 6. On their father's earnest advice they abruptly dropped out of Rihwa Women's University in Seoul and came over to the leader's residence refusing to accept the US Military Government's inducing offer to go to the United States for study.

Regarding the leader as their real parent, they visited his house.

When they arrived, the leader was out in a locality, and they happened to enjoy first the love of respected Kim Jong Suk.

"Come in please. You have taken so much trouble to make a difficult journey. Both of you are so alike that I can't tell the elder from the younger....

"The General went to the country on official business. Before leaving, he said time and again that when you arrive, you should be made to attend school from our house...."

She helped them wash their faces and showed them into the room which had been arranged in advance for them. She was very delighted to meet them and looked after them with loving care. She treated them so affectionately that the two sisters never felt awkward with her.

Informed of their arrival, the leader's grandmother who was staying at the house came out to meet them. When they made a bow on their knees to grandmother Li Bo Ik, she said with a benevolent smile, "When did you learn a Korean bow?"

While living at the leader's residence like one family, the two sisters attended school full of hope. Textbooks and school things had already been prepared for them. When the fatherly leader for whom they had so eagerly been waiting, came back, he said, "Oh, you have come. Well come, well come. Come near, please."

The fatherly leader was so much delighted to see them that they quite forgot the words of greeting they had long kept in their minds, and simply jumped for joy, taking his arms like children.

Letting them keep his arms in their hands, the leader continued to say: "As requested by your father, I think I will give you good education. How do you like studying? Interesting?"

"General! It is difficult, so we barely catch up with others."

"Difficult.... Then, you should work harder. Study harder with perseverance!"

"Yes," they replied.

"You miss your home, don't you? It is already one month and more since you left your home. You must be missing your father and mother badly?"

"No, we don't miss home."

"Yes, you do. You are separated from your parents for the first time. But your father is fighting well now. Therefore, you must work hard for the sake of your father as well. You must study militantly like builders of a new society." Thus he spoke to them words of encouragement.

On August 15, the first anniversary of liberation, the two sisters

visited Mangyongdae, accompanying the General's grandmother. On entering the house in Mangyongdae they bowed to the grandfather. He met them with an air of great satisfaction and was pleased to see them as if they were his real granddaughters.

Looking around the family members, the grandfather said: "As I've received a precious bow from the girls, they should be entertained to rice cakes at least."

After a while, rice cakes were really served. Receiving the cakes bearing the sincerity of the family, the girls felt a lump in their throats. It was at that moment that the leader entered the yard. They stood up and adjusted their dress, feeling as if they were greeting the most sacred hour in the world, and looked with reverence at the leader making a bow to his grandparents to congratulate them on the red-letter day.

On seeing the two sisters standing in the yard, the leader asked them to enter the room and amuse themselves more. At that the younger sister said pluckily:

"General! The room is hot."

"Hot? All right. Then, go up to the loft.

"May we go up there?"

"Of course. Climb up by that ladder."

They climbed into the loft standing in a corner of the yard. Here the leader must have studied, sung, and seen a rainbow rising in the sky above the Mangyong Hill in his childhood. The sisters were thrown into a great swell of emotion on the loft interwoven with the legends of his noble qualities. They felt honoured and also timorous at the thought that they were in Mangyongdae, the spiritual birthplace of the whole nation, in the house where General Kim Il Sung, the sun of the nation, was born.

At that time the leader's voice was heard from below.

"Come, take these melons! Melons of Mangyongdae are very sweet...."

Smiling brightly, he sent four big melons up to the loft. Seeing his smile shining brightly like the sunrays of a spring day, the smile which seemed to be caressing their minds with warm affection and bringing all the happiness on the earth to them, the sisters suddenly fell in a state of complete absence of ego and were plunged in joy, feeling as if they were flying over the fairy land which they had pictured in their dreams. Handling the melons, as tempting as a lump of aromas of Mangyongdae,

they could not hold back their welling-up tears. Even the love of the real parents could not be so kind and warm as this.

The fatherly leader coddled up the two sisters and later sent them abroad for study. His trust in Ryo Un Hyong who was vigorously fighting in the south was expressed in his warm care for his daughters. The leader regarded a person fighting for the same cause as his comrade and intimate friend, irrespective of whether he was an old acquaintance or a man he had met for the first time. And he considered his children his own. This was a quality inherent in the leader who shared the joys and sorrows of his comrades-in-arms. It made them never yield or waver in any adversity. They fought valiantly, drawing strength from the belief that, in case they fell in fighting, the leader would lead the struggle left unfinished to a victorious end and bring up their children with a loving care ten or one hundred times warmer than theirs. Ryo Un Hyong, too, remained single-heartedly loyal to the leader until he lost his life due to the vicious intrigues of the US imperialists and their henchmen.

The leader's house of love where many fighters and people were called in and embraced by the leader, was a house of revolution where he devoted even his private life to work. Like his native home in Mangyongdae, it was a spiritual native home of the people.

2

The leader was happy as the nation's affairs went on successfully and the people's faces grew brighter with happiness. But, in a corner of his heart, he was nursing a painful thought. Even for a moment he could not forget the bereaved families of his revolutionary comrades-in-arms who had fallen in battle amid the cloud of fire and a sea of blood during the anti-Japanese armed struggle.

On that memorable day, October 14, 1945, the leader told his uncle and aunt that the bereaved families of the revolutionaries must be sought as quickly as possible. The aunt then asked, "Don't you know where your

younger brother Yong Ju is? How happier we would be today if you came with your younger brother...."

The leader, too, did not know the whereabouts of his younger brother. He said he should seek his brother soon, but it was all the more urgent to find many of those people to whom he had been indebted in the days of the hard struggle and the bereaved families of fallen revolutionaries.

Hearing these words from him, all the persons present became silent, keeping a straight posture. They were deeply touched by his lofty revolutionary fidelity to comrades-in-arms.

One winter night in the year of liberation when the first snow was falling, the leader stood by the window of his office room for a long while, staring into the darkness. He seemed to be thinking of the snow falling over the graves of his comrades-in-arms who had died under the foreign skies remembering their motherland. He said to his aide who was approaching him carefully, **"The sight of the first snow in the homeland makes me awfully miss my sacrificed comrades-in-arms."**

The more he missed the martyred revolutionary comrades, the more firmly he made up his mind to find out and look after their bereaved families. His heart was always heavy with the thought of their bereaved families, but a mountain load of work had allowed him no time to search them. Now that the tremendous work of democratic reforms had been accomplished and the people's regime established to undertake the task of carrying out the socialist revolution, he resolved to seek and care for those bereaved families full scale. He could not delay any longer this work which linked the blood veins of the revolution.

The School for the Bereaved Children of Revolutionaries in Mangyongdae

In March 1947 the beloved leader Comrade Kim Il Sung saw to it that the People's Committee of North Korea adopted a decision on the organization of a preparatory committee for the founding of the Pyongyang School for Bereaved Families of Revolutionaries (the Mangyongdae Revolutionary School). Pursuant to the decision, a revolutionary school was set up to rear and teach bereaved children of the revolutionary martyrs, while the work of finding them out was going on actively.

The leader dispatched many persons not only to different places in the country but also as far as northeast China. Then, in order to choose the site of the school he went out to Mangyongdae in company with the members of the preparatory committee for the founding of the school. He stopped the car at the foot of a low hill near his native home and climbed it in the midst of thick young pine trees.

Mangyongdae was scenic everywhere. It would be good to lay the foundations of the school at any spot there. But the leader failed to make a decision at once, looking round this ridge and that to find the best spot.

This aroused doubt among his comrades who had traversed the course of bloody battles under his command. Whenever he took up a position for crushing thousands of enemy troops and horses and whenever he fixed a billeting site or a base, he chose it at once, after a glance, with a keen insight. They had never seen him so hovering in indecision.

At last he stopped on the sunny side of the hill and was lost in deep thought. Then looking around his suite, he suggested that though he thought the place was good it would be better to consult his grandfather and uncle who had long lived in Mangyongdae.

That day he dropped in at his native home and had a long discussion with his grandfather and uncle about the site of the school.

A few days later, he visited Mangyongdae again. Now he, together with his grandfather, made the rounds of the Mangyong Hill and its foot and after deep consideration fixed the spot he had picked up the other day for the site of the school.

He stopped at the school site and looked for a while at the place nearby where the Sunhwa School had stood in the past. There were signs of deep meditation on his face as if he was listening to the sound of the bell of the Sunhwa School which his father would use to ring for awakening the people of this country and opening up the path ahead of them. The school which was to rise at this sacred place of revolution before long, would ring out its bell vigorously as successor to the solemn sound of the bell of the Sunhwa School. Its ringing would speak forever of the fatherly leader's warm love and revolutionary fidelity.

Bereaved children and families gathered from different places, and the revolutionary school arose. Now the leader took pains to pick up a good person as the rector of the school. Who was it that would love the orphans like his own children? Who was it that would devote his whole life

to rearing the reserves of the revolution, sharing sweets and bitters with them?...

After meeting many people, the leader selected a cadre active in a locality. He was a good man who was advanced in years and virtuous by nature and it was thought he might have a deep affection for the children, sharing their feelings. Moreover, he had no child with him. The leader picked up this childless person, mindful that if he had a child who would follow him, calling "Papa, papa!" it would raise the envy of the bereaved children who did not have their parents as they had fallen in battle.

The leader was very pleased to have found out such a person and soon appointed him the rector of the revolutionary school, saying:

"It was very difficult to select the rector of the school who would bring up his students like his own sons and daughters....

"Rector! I hope you will take a good care of your students and train them to be fine revolutionaries without fail. And, mind you, love them like your own flesh and blood."

This remark was rather the request of a devoted parent entrusting his beloved child to a teacher for the first time than the words spoken when appointing a cadre. Hearing the leader's earnest instruction full of affection, the rector was too moved to answer properly.

Now, an important issue was to build up the revolutionary school well. When the students came together, the leader provided a temporary school building for them. He often came out to the construction site of the revolutionary school and concretely guided all work from the laying of its foundation to the levelling of the playground and the placing of windows in the boarding house.

On October 12, 1947, came the day of opening the revolutionary school. The students had eagerly looked forward to this day. The playground was crowded with students, bereaved families of revolutionaries, veteran fighters, and the people.

When the fatherly leader whom they had longed for, waking or sleeping, mounted the platform in the rays of the morning sun, there was an outburst of cheers of hurrah and shouts of welcome rocking the sky and the earth.

The leader first proposed to offer a silent prayer for a while in memory of the revolutionary forerunners who had been killed fighting for national liberation and freedom and happiness of the people. Then, he

looked around the faces of the students for a while, silently, as if to see the figures of the sacrificed revolutionary soldiers in the faces of their children, before he began to speak in a quiet voice:

"You are the sons and daughters of the revolutionary fighters, the most worthy patriots of our nation who died fighting to the last moment of their lives, shedding their blood for their country and people. Therefore, you are precious assets to our country, whom our people value and love."

He spoke about the thirty-six-year long aggression by the Japanese imperialists and the lofty exploits and heroic death of the anti-Japanese revolutionary fighters, and stressed that this revolutionary school was set up to meet the last wishes of those martyrs.

"Your parents who had been fighting together with us, were killed to our deep regret before they could see the country liberated. In their last moments they asked us to educate you, their sons and daughters, after the country's liberation and to bring you up to be faithful servants of the people, although they could not live to see the country's independence and liberation. So, as soon as we returned to the homeland, we searched for the bereaved children of the revolutionary martyrs and built this school to educate you."

Hearing this, the bereaved children and families shed hot tears profusely. The veteran fighters who had fought perilously under the command of the leader, were also lost in deep thought, tears standing in their eyes, the benevolent and gentle feature of the fatherly leader floating before them. In the grim days of the anti-Japanese armed struggle the leader himself had worn summer clothes in winter and worked in a cold log cabin while providing the Children's Corps members with wadded clothes and beddings and letting them study and grow in the best house in the base. He had personally organized a juvenile company with the bereaved children who followed him, pledging themselves to avenge the murder of their parents, and had led them to grow into ardent revolutionaries.

The opening ceremony was followed by a colourful athletic meet. The leader, too, spent a pleasant time among the students. What was particularly impressive in the athletic meet was the game of man-finding.

In the game, the children running from the starting line picked up one of the sheets of paper each lying on the ground on the way and called out the person whose name was written on it to run together to the goal line. The sheets mostly contained the names of cadres. Spreading the folded papers, the children called the names of cadres at the top of their voices,

jumping up and down in front of the platform. Just as impatient as the children, the fatherly leader stood up and pulled the arms of cadres, shouting, "Comrade Choi Yong Kun, be quick! Comrade Kim Chaek, you'll lag behind. Hurry up!" Seeing the cadres running, taking the children by the hand, he clapped his hands and laughed heartily.

Thus passed one day. The leader looked around the cadres accompanying him and stressed again that, in order to rear up these children as pillars of the country, they should visit the school more frequently and look after them more carefully.

Acting as Father and Mother

When the problem of supplying uniforms to the students of the revolutionary school was raised, the fatherly leader called the functionaries concerned to his side more than once, and gave instructions on the use of bright-coloured woolen fabric. He even prepared himself a design for decorating the cap and uniform with red stripes symbolizing the inheritance of the revolution.

He was also at the school on the day the bereaved children received new uniforms. He sat before the piles of new clothes and called them up one by one. Though they had longed for the General, awake or asleep, some of the children did not dare to step forward to him, and hesitated. Their torn hemp clothes exposed their shoulders and their sandals were worn out. They could not show themselves up before the General.

Reading their minds, the leader fell in a gloomy mood, and personally approached them to stroke their heads and pat them on the shoulders. Then he personally changed their rags with the new uniforms. Early in the days of the anti-Japanese revolutionary struggle he had embraced in his bosom the children trembling with cold and starvation in the deep valley of Mt. Maan, and provided them with new clothes, even spending the money he had been given by his mother. Now here he gave the bereaved children the new uniforms bearing his love so that they could live forever happily with full hope, without knowing cold and hunger.

The children were choked with tears, feeling the warm affection of the fatherly leader. On that happy day tears came to their eyes like morning dew on flower petals and rolled down their flushed cheeks.

It happened on the afternoon of the day when the opening ceremony of the revolutionary school was held. As the function took place in the

presence of the leader, the school was drowned in deep emotions and excitement. On that day came the relatives of the children to share the joys with them. Some pupils met their grandmothers who came from distant places and others their mothers, aunts or uncles on their mother's side. Sitting together with them, they were telling stories about the bitter past and the present happy life.

However, the students with no kinsfolk gathered separately in a room. Cakes and apples lay before them, but no one touched them.

The fatherly leader entered that very room. Thinking of their feelings of loneliness, he decided to spend his precious time with them. All the students burst into tears, throwing themselves into his embrace.

The leader passed his hand over their heads and wiped their tears one by one. And he put cakes and apples in their hands and said repeatedly as follows:

"Don't weep. Why don't you eat? I am your father."

"Father!" A little child held in the leader's arms called in a loud voice, and sobbed failing to find more words.

To soothe the feelings of these students he deliberately cracked jokes with them or told interesting stories for a long time, not leaving the place until all became cheerful.

At the Mangyongdae Revolutionary School, there was a girl by the name of Sun I who came from Haeju. One Saturday afternoon, Sun I was learning a new song when she received a happy news. The leader called her to his house to pass her weekend with him.

It was late in the evening that she arrived at the leader's residence by the car sent by him. When he returned home late at night, the leader held her in his arms and said. "Sun I, you have grown beyond recognition! When I met you first in Haeju, you were this much in height." Thus saying, he raised his hand up to Sun I's shoulder.

After enquiring in detail about her school life and tidings from her mother in Haeju, the respected leader told Kim Jong Suk to bring the flower-patterned wrapping cloth which he had carefully kept. Placing it before Sun I, he asked whether she remembered it.

(Oh, the flower-patterned wrapping cloth!) Sun I nearly gave a loud cry. It was the wrapper which had been used to present a bunch of fragrant flowers to the leader expressing the loyalty of the Haeju citizens to him on the day of emotion two years ago when he had visited the city for the first

time. She had never thought that the leader had been keeping it carefully until that time.

At the mass rally of the city held at that time, the leader was informed that the little girl who presented him with a bunch of flowers was the daughter of a revolutionary who had been shot dead by the enemy.

After the meeting, he met her to speak words of consolation, and, deeply concerned about her, told her to study in Pyongyang. When Sun I came up from Haeju, the leader sent her to the Mangyongdae Revolutionary School, and now he called the owner of that flower-patterned wrapper to his residence.

However, the moment the leader saw Sun I, his face became clouded because she looked pale as if she was having an illness. He asked whether she was sick. But Sun I shook her head, answering she was well.

"Well, sleep at our home tonight, have a good time here tomorrow, and go to the school in the morning after tomorrow." Thus saying, he took sleepy Sun I in his arms and put her to bed.

Sun I slept fast till the morning when she woke up. To her surprise, she found a doctor in white gown sitting beside her and the leader standing behind him. The leader told Sun I to get up and consult the doctor. The result was that something was found wrong with her pleura.

"Then she should be sent to hospital at once to cure her disease."

Hearing what the leader said, Sun I told him repeatedly that he should not worry about her because she was well. But after much persuasion, he induced her to go to a special hospital.

Some time later, Sun I completely regained her health and left the hospital. The leader was very delighted to see her and, holding her in his arms, said:

"Well, you have now become fully well again. The only thing you should do from now on is to study well. Will you go back to the school or live in my house for good? You may study here as well."

These words touched her heart deeply, but she told him that she would go back to the school, thinking that Mangyongdae was also in his heart.

The leader allowed her to go as she wanted to. He said that she should come to his house without fail during vacations or weekends. Then he helped her into the car.

In this way the respected leader Comrade Kim Il Sung acted as

father and mother for the bereaved children of revolutionaries.

Spending the New Year's Day among Bereaved Children

On January 2, one year, several student representatives selected from every class gathered in the room of the rector of the Mangyongdae Revolutionary School.

The rector said in an excited voice:

"Now the fatherly General is at his native home in Mangyongdae. He calls you to come quickly to his side, saying that he cannot go back without meeting you."

The students were beside themselves with joy and rushed to his native house at one stretch, raising a shout of joy. Hearing the footsteps of the students entering the yard, the leader came out to the earthen veranda.

"You've come! Come in please, the weather is very cold...." Thus saying, he took them by the hand and led them into the room even before they could make a bow to him. When the students took their seats in the warm room, the leader shouted towards the kitchen.

"Bring in noodles for these children. They're delicious."

A voice came from the kitchen that side dishes to go with noodles were not so good.

"There are pickles made of whole cabbages, aren't there? They are the best for noodles." He said with a loud laughter.

The students said that they could not eat any more because they had had a hearty meal for the red-letter day.

"But you did not eat noodles, I am sure. They say that a person has another stomach for noodles." Thus saying, he urged those in the kitchen to serve the noodles quickly.

Presently, the noodles were served. The students felt embarrassed eating noodles in the presence of the leader. And as the room was narrow, they awkwardly handled their chopsticks sitting face to face with each other like the ribs of a fan. Looking at them, the leader said with a boisterous laugh:

"Use your brains. You can take noodles, the bowl in hand. One student may have his bowl in hand, and the next one on the table. It is inconvenient because you are huddling together."

Only then did the students know how uncomfortably they were sitting, and they resumed, some holding their bowls in hand and some

placing them on the table.

The leader gazed at them as they ate, while adding beef shreds and stock to their bowls.

It was another New Year's Day. The fatherly leader called students of the Mangyongdae Revolutionary School to his residence to spend the New Year's Day. After having a meal with them he took them to the next room where he personally played on the organ, letting them sing a song. The song goes in part:

Flutter your scarf
Ablaze with the morning glow of the motherland
... ...

The voices of the boys and girls singing to the tune of the organ played on by the leader were laden with the feelings of happiness over which they were unable to hold back their tears.

The leader continued to play on the organ. He played revolutionary songs and songs about the building of a new country. The tune of the organ sounded happy in harmony with the voices of the students.

By the time their singing was over, it was midday. The fatherly leader took a nap together with the children. They were fast asleep in the embrace of the leader. A smile often came to their lips as though having pleasant dreams.

The fatherly leader received congratulation from numerous honoured guests and important persons present at a banquet; he received telegrams of good wishes from many countries of the world; a gala performance was given at every theatre. But, what gladdened him most was to spend the red-letter day together with the bereaved children of revolutionaries.

The reserves of the revolution in this land grew and are growing in this manner. Though they, born in unhappy days, had had a hard time amid the furies of rain, wind and snow, after losing their parents, they grew up healthy like fresh sunflowers growing fast under the rays of the sun, from the time they were embraced in the bosom of the leader.

Thus brought up, they all have become faithful soldiers of the leader to serve the country as heroes, innovators, armymen, scholars, etc. The blood of Juche boiled in their hearts.

The beloved leader President Kim Il Sung visits the Mangyongdae Revolutionary School (January 10, 1960)

One day the leader visited the Mangyongdae Revolutionary School along with a foreign guest. At that time, too, little children of the primary course clung to his coat.

The leader asked:

"Don't you urinate in bed?"

At the moment a child, pointing to one next to it, said, "This child passed water in bed last night." The bed-wetter was flushed with shame. When the leader said that children of their age might do it, the child barely raised his head.

But a child stepped forward before the leader and said boastfully:

"I do not wet the bed."

Then the children boasted, telling the same thing one after another. What lovable children they were! The leader was still laughing.

The foreign guest felt it very strange that the leader was playing with little children without noticing the lapse of time. The leader told him:

"The fathers of these children had fought with us. Though fatherless, these children are not orphans. They are bereaved children of revolutionaries. Hence, this school is fundamentally different in nature from the orphanages in other countries."

Indeed, our bereaved children of revolutionaries are growing up healthy in the midst of love as warm as the sunshine the like of which is not seen anywhere else in the world.

3

The fatherly leader always thinks of the events of the past, present and future, as an integral whole. Even in the case of affairs of the past, he keeps them in his mind like those at present if they have a bearing on the work for the country or the work of revolution. No one is busier than our leader. But he remembers all his old soldiers and has been looking after their families for tens of years.

The General and O's Family

One day in February, 1948, the leader went out to the Mangyongdae Revolutionary School and met a recruit.

When he asked whose son he was, the boy, close to tears, answered he was the son of O Jung Song.

"...You've grown so much, eh?! Let me have a look!"

Overcome with a thousand emotions, he asked him about many things. Then, he, pointing to his car, asked him to go and wait for him there and not leave the place so that he might go with him to his house.

Greatly excited, the leader watched the student riding the car before giving instructions to the rector and teachers, and instantly started for home.

Back home with the student, he asked him about O's family till late at night and was sometimes lost in deep meditation as if he had gone back to what had happened in the past.

The student was the grandson of old man O Tae Hui who was still living in northeast China. The boy's seventeen relatives—his father's elder brother O Jung Hwa, his father O Jung Song, his father's younger brother O Jung Yong, his father's sister O Jung Bin, his uncles O Jung Hup, O Jung Son, O Jung Bo, O Jung Hyop and others—all died heroic death fighting against the Japanese imperialists.

The leader suggested him to quickly bring his grandfather and other members of the family, saying quietly:

"They have grown old, living in hardships all their lives. We should let them live in peace for the rest of their lives at least...."

Then he called his aide and said:

"...Start for northeast China tomorrow. They are old. You must fetch them here carefully."

Next day, the leader dispatched the aide to northeast China together with the student and told him to bring them straight to his house.

Fifteen days later old man O Tae Hui, father of O Jung Hwa, returned to the homeland along with his large family. When the old man arrived at the leader's residence together with his third younger brother O Chang Hui (father of Comrade O Jung Hup) and other members, the leader came out in the yard and welcomed them warmly.

"Grandfather! Grandmother! How are you all? How much trouble have you taken making a long journey?"

He met the elders of O's family like his real parents.

When they entered the room, led by the leader, the children sat around him, rapt with joy. But the women, the daughters-in-law in particular, who had lived only in maltreatment and suffering, were unable to hold back their surging emotion and began to sob. When their sobbing grew louder, old man O Tae Hui felt sorry and said:

"They are crying because, I think, they are so glad to see you, General."

"People weep not only when they are sad but when they are happy," the General said, and after looking out of the window for a while, apologized saying in a low voice:

"I am very sorry for the failure to look after you, elders, earlier, because I'm busy, though I have always been thinking of you."

At this remark big tears coursed down the wrinkled face of old man O Tae Hui.

Silence prevailed over the room. After a while, the leader's sad voice broke the silence:

"Grandfather! The thought of your family members who fought together with me, often keeps me awake at night.

"Today these children remind me of them more painfully.

"We have lost really excellent people."

The old man, deeply appreciating the pain of the leader, fell in thought and failed to say words of consolation.

"General! Do not be so dejected over it. I offered some of my sons and daughters to the country, but instead, I have got tens of thousands of fine sons and daughters born by our people."

When the old man said this after a spell, the leader remained silent for a few moments before saying:

"I must thank you for taking it like that."

During their conversation the women, too, stopped weeping, and listened to what the leader was saying. The children looked up at the leader with their eyes glistening like the morning stars.

After looking round the children, he said, **"Now we must bring these children up well so that they fulfil the wishes of their fathers."** He obtained the consent of their grandparents and mothers to his wish to send all of them to the school for bereaved children of revolutionaries. Then he sat

closer to old man O Tae Hui and said:

"Grandfather! I hope you will live near me. If you are far away, I can hardly visit you often. How about your moving and settling down in Pyongyang? ...You agree with it, don't you? ...I will try to get a house in my neighbourhood."

Tears of emotion again gushed from the eyes of the bereaved families feeling lumps in their throats at the thought of the love and favour of the leader who was so much solicitous as to call them to the liberated homeland and make so many children fostered under the care of the state and, still not satisfied with it, wanted them to live in his neighbourhood so that he could meet them every morning and evening.

Afterwards, O's family lived a boundlessly happy life under the paternal care of the leader. Time flowed, and old man O Tae Hui was already in his ninety summers. On his ninety-first birthday he said this to all the family members present:

"In our family, seventeen members were killed by the enemies. But you should not think that they are dead. If you translate the General's aims into reality well, they are as good as alive...."

Everyone's physical life has its limit, but the political life given by the fatherly leader is eternal. It is an eternal life which will be kept in bloom to the remotest generations.

This was the truth conveyed by old man O Tae Hui who lived to a great age of 90 under the leader's care.

A Long Search

The fatherly leader Comrade Kim Il Sung made tireless efforts to look for so many bereaved families of the fallen soldiers and bring them to his side. As a result, to his great joy, the number of bereaved families enjoying an honourable life under his warm love and care, increased as the days went by. But, as this joy increased, the leader was more anxious about the bereaved families which were still missing.

There were not a few of bereaved families whose whereabouts had become unknown even to their relatives in native places. It was because they had wandered about aimlessly, mistreated by the enemy on the charge of their parents, husbands or sons and daughters having fought for their country. So, the leader was keeping the memo-book containing the names of the fallen soldiers whose bereaved families were missing even

after the lapse of dozens of years following the country's liberation. Some families remained unfound even for thirty to forty years and thus the search for them was considered nearly hopeless. Nevertheless, the leader did not give up the idea of looking for them, and tried patiently.

He would ask questions about the bereaved family of a revolutionary at meetings of local workers; going down to localities for on-the-spot guidance, he would earnestly get the functionaries there to search for a missing bereaved family by tracing rumours; and he would examine the family documents of local workers far into the night. When he got information that there was somebody having a name similar to that of a sought-for person, he personally sent an aide to inquire into it. In this way, some bereaved families were found ten, twenty, or even thirty years after liberation.

Kong Guk Ok, daughter of Comrade Kong Yong, too, was found just that way in 1967.

When the Conference of Representatives of the National Federation of Peasants' Associations of North Korea was held in February 1946, the fatherly leader Comrade Kim Il Sung called the representative from Pyokdong County, North Pyongan Province, and explaining that in his county there might be the bereaved family of Comrade Kong Yong who had died a heroic death in the struggle against the Japanese imperialists, earnestly asked him to look for them and report the result to him.

Comrade Kong Yong was engaged in the revolutionary struggle under the guidance of Kim Hyong Jik, the outstanding leader of the anti-Japanese national-liberation movement in our country. After the death of Kim Hyong Jik he looked after the leader's family both materially and morally, while wearing a mourning dress for three years. Later, he continued his revolutionary struggle under the guidance of the great leader. His family moved from Fusong to Pyokdong for ensuring Comrade Kong Yong's revolutionary activity.

But when the leader began to look for them, they could not be found in Pyokdong as they had moved to another place. The leader, however, did not lose his heart but continued the search for them. While giving on-the-spot guidance to Pyokdong County in October 1957 and July 1960, he inquired in detail into their whereabouts. In July 1964, he went there again for on-the-spot guidance and gave earnest instructions to the responsible workers of the provincial and county Party committees to find the

bereaved family without fail.

To alleviate the concern of the leader who had long been impatiently looking for the family, the functionaries there sent people to the area along the Amnok River around Pyokdong County and to other parts of the country as well to meet any one with the surname of Kong. Thus they finally found the bereaved family at Kanggye, Chagang Province in August 1967.

The leader's joy over the news knew no bounds.

On the day of meeting Comrade Kong Yong's daughter Kong Guk Ok, the leader closely looked at her as she appeared before him, and found the image of Comrade Kong Yong in his daughter. Warm tears came in his eyes and he shouted, overjoyed, "Hey there, you have come at last. You are really Kong Yong's daughter."

Kong Guk Ok, too, unable to hold back the welling-up tears, sobbed aloud, wrapping her face with both hands.

Feeling sorry for having made her cry unintentionally, the leader soothed her by saying: "Stop crying! I'm sorry that I first showed tears to you."

This meeting took place more than twenty years after liberation, nearly forty years since he had parted with Kong Yong.

Mother Ryom Bo Bae, who had offered her husband and son and all other precious things to the revolution, was also found after long years of search.

The great leader came to acquaint himself with mother Ryom Bo Bae when he was acting in the Changbai area commanding the main force unit of the Korean People's Revolutionary Army. Mother Ryom Bo Bae's house was located in the Dadeshui valley. The leader stopped in at this house many times.

Whenever mother Ryom Bo Bae had a visit from the leader, the sun of the nation, she regarded it as a boundless glory to her and displayed all her sincerity, preparing a dish of potato-starch noodles, his favourite food, though she was leading a very poor life. Appreciating her sincerity, he ate the simple food with gusto.

Mother Ryom Bo Bae's family also devotedly helped the Guerrilla Army. Even under the strict surveillance of the Japanese imperialist military police they kept assisting the guerrillas, pounding rice in a water mill for them.

Indeed, her family dedicated their all to the leader, to the liberation of the country.

Her eldest son, Jong Gun, a guerrilla, died a heroic death in battle in January 1938 and her husband Kang also died in October 1939 as a result of the effects of torture by the Japanese police.

The great leader took a special care of this revolutionary family. He gave her money so that she could provide padded clothes for her children who were wearing hemp clothes even in a rigorous winter. When old man Kang was in bed, after having got beaten to a mummy by the Japanese imperialist scoundrels on the "charge" of helping the guerrillas, the great leader himself found time to procure a bear's gall for his treatment.

When he returned home in triumph, he sought mother Ryom Bo Bae continually without forgetting her even for a moment. During an on-the-spot guidance to Ryanggang Province in May 1958, he put out at the gathering of the provincial cadres his memo-book in which the names of the anti-Japanese martyrs were recorded and asked whether there were any of their bereaved families living in the province.

A functionary present told him that mother Ryom Bo Bae was living in Pochon. Very glad to hear it, the leader sent out his car at once.

He awaited her coming impatiently in the special train where he was staying temporarily. He rose to his feet every time the sound of car came from the city far off.

It was a good while before the car came back. When mother Ryom Bo Bae was going to take the train, the leader went down towards her, shouting "Mother!" with both his arms outstretched. She called "General!" and failed to find more words. An impressive moment!

The leader pulled her up nearly holding her in his arms. In the train, the leader, holding her rough hands in his, began to say, "Mother..." but got stuck up. His voice was in tears. After a good while he went on to say:

"...Your son died, and so did your husband.... But you mother, and I, get together like this today.... The sight of you...."

Drops of his warm tears fell on the backs of the mother's hands which he held. How could so kind-hearted a person as he keep back his tears when he met mother Ryom Bo Bae after thirteen years of search?

Mother Ryom Bo Bae, too, could not restrain her tears. However, afraid that excessive excitement would be harmful to the leader's health, she stammered out: "General, if you go on like this, I will go back." And

then she turned her face to hide her tears.

The leader clasped her hands more tightly, and said:

"Mother, I won't.... Now won't do it." But hot tears still rolled down his cheeks.

Mother Ryom Bo Bae also burst into sobs after all. She had held back her tears even when her son had fallen in battle and her husband had died unfairly. Now, in the presence of the leader, her pent-up feelings found an outlet and tears fell fast wetting his sleeves.

Holding her shoulder with one arm and drying her tears on the handkerchief with the other hand, the leader seated himself with her on the chair.

Now calming himself down, he said, stroking her hands:

"Mother, why didn't you let me know that you are living here? You know how eagerly I've been looking for you?"

After telling her of the great effort he had made to find her, the leader said he now felt relieved since he had found her, and put on a smile.

Indeed, the leader took ten or twenty years to find bereaved families without forgetting them even for a day. Thus, he could find out those whose whereabouts were unknown to him and even those whose names and native places were unfamiliar to him, and embraced them all in his benevolent bosom.

Comrade Cha Gwang Su was a revolutionary martyr who fought courageously to the last moment of his life, following single-heartedly the great leader's ideas from the early days of his revolutionary activity to the early period of the anti-Japanese armed struggle. He had a posthumous daughter, but the leader did not know her name and address. For more than four decades the leader had persistently sought her with great concern. Eventually in February, 1968, he found her as a photograph of Comrade Cha Gwang Su was dropped by chance by her. Her name was Cha Yong A.

The fatherly leader called her to his residence out of a simple desire to see the daughter of an old revolutionary martyr whom he had missed more and more with the passage of time. Shown by the aide into the leader's residence, Cha Yong A walked along the corridor, but stopped short at the moment the door of the leader's room was opened.

"Where is she? Let me see!"

The loud resonant voice of the fatherly leader touched Yong A's ear

The respected leader President Kim Il Sung with mother Ryom Bo Bae, member of a revolutionary martyrs' family (May 11, 1958)

rims, but she could not approach the wide open door, and stood motionless as if rooted to the spot.

"Where is she? Where is the daughter of Cha Gwang Su?"

On hearing his excited voice again, she stepped towards the door.

Just then the leader came out of the door, halted there, and slowly took off his glasses to look at her with deep emotion.

"You are sure to be Cha Gwang Su's daughter. Surely you are.... Where have you been till now?..."

"Father!"

The moment she saw the fatherly leader, she called out her father in a choking voice.

She had wanted to see her father even in dream, but she had had none to call "father" although she was getting on to forty. She threw herself on the doorsill and sobbed aloud.

Though she had not seen her father since her birth, she had missed him so much that she had always kept his photo as small as a coin with her for scores of years. Now she came to meet the fatherly leader and receive his parental affection. All her past yearnings and sorrows surged within her, making her feel as if her heart were breaking.

Her shoulders were shaking hard while she was clasping the doorpost. The leader took her silently into the room, tears standing in his eyes also.

Yong A continued sobbing on the chair. The aide came up to her and whispered that she should not do it

"Leave her alone.... Let her cry her fill. ...She is crying because she is missing her father. When has she ever cried freely?..."

Thus saying in a sad voice the leader slowly approached the window. There he fell in deep thought while looking at countless stars in the nocturnal sky with white snowflakes flying in the wind.

In the mid-1920's, when Cha Yong A now a mother of three children was not yet born, her father Cha Gwang Su came to Jilin as a fiery youth in his twenties with a great ambition for the revolution. He was in search of a true teacher, a revolutionary leader. The leader warmly embraced him in a street of Jilin. That, too, was a starry night.

In the early days of his revolutionary activity when white terrorism was rife, the leader shared life and death with him, now riding on a carriage, now walking through a blizzard-ridden wilderness. But im-

mediately after the founding of the Anti-Japanese Guerrilla Army, Comrade Cha Gwang Su died in action in command of a small unit. Time passed, but bitter memory of him never left the mind of the leader.

The fatherly leader slowly stepped back from the window, saying: **"Your father was a revolutionary. He fought well.... I can't forget your father!"**

He came to the side of Yong A who was wiping her tears, and resumed his story.

"Recently, for a few days I have missed your father more. ...But why have you come only now, eh? Where have you been? Twenty years have passed since liberation.... I brought all those like you from all parts of the country to give them education at the Mangyongdae Revolutionary School.... It had been difficult for me to find you, but you could have called on me!"

He had a talk with her until late at night. Reluctant to part with her, he clasped her hands tightly, and said:

"Daughters like you are the core elements of our Party. ...Remember that I am your father."

And he earnestly told her to study hard to carry forward and glorify her father's unfulfilled revolutionary will.

Like this, the beloved leader Comrade Kim Il Sung found out families of the fallen soldiers over a long period of time and became their real father. Still, he continues to keep on him the memo-book bearing the names of sacrificed soldiers and their families.

Waiting On an Old Soldier's Mother like a Son

The fatherly leader Comrade Kim Il Sung looks after the bereaved families of revolutionary martyrs with such deep care that he takes the place of their sacrificed parents, sons or daughters.

Arranging their houses near his to take better care of them, he personally visits them frequently. On holidays he would call them to his residence to have a happy time together.

When there is a patient among them, he would personally phone for a doctor or tend him or her at bedside for long hours.

And he attends at his residence on the parents of a soldier who remained alone after losing all the family to the enemy, as if he is their own son. Even while doing all these favours, he still remains uneasy, thinking that, however sincere, he cannot be as good as the real son.

Chang Gil Bu, mother of Comrade Ma Dong Hui who had protected and defended the great leader at the risk of his life as his faithful soldier, could lead a really glorious life under the utmost care of the leader even though she was left alone after her son, daughter and daughter-in-law had devoted themselves to the revolution.

On returning home in triumph, the leader brought mother Chang Gil Bu to his residence and lived together with her like one family.

Despite the claims of his busy life, the leader found time to enjoy with the mother, relating to her how Comrade Ma Dong Hui fought in the Guerrilla Army and how a new country was being built. And he tried to know everything she wanted, and displayed devotion greater than that of her real son. Besides the leader's solicitude, she also got the utmost care of respected Kim Jong Suk.

Mother Chang Gil Bu spent really happy and joyous days at the leader's residence.

However, the deeper grew the love of the leader and Kim Jong Suk for her, the more mother Chang Gil Bu began to think thus: "It is boundlessly obliging of the leader that he intends to wait on me in place of my son. I'm happy with him close by me. But, whenever he sees me, he thinks of his fallen soldiers. How can I torment his heart instead of helping him?" This thought often led her to make up her mind to leave the leader's side.

While living together with the leader, mother Chang Gil Bu came to know that he was thinking much about his men who had fallen in the days of the anti-Japanese armed struggle and feeling very sorry that they had left this world too early to see the good society of today. True, she saw him frequently reflect on Comrade Ma Dong Hui with heavy heart. On such occasions, her mind went to the event which had occurred on the day of her arrival at the leader's residence.

That evening the mother had supper with the leader. He filled a cup with wine and put it in her hand. The mother said she could not drink, so he drank it himself. He placed both hands on her lap, and said in a quiet voice:

"Now that I have met you, I think more of Comrade Dong Hui. It is really

sorry that he had gone without seeing this new society after which he so much aspired.

"Mother, Comrade Dong Hui cut off his tongue himself to keep the secret of the revolution and laid down his life without hesitation....That's why I think more of him."

In December 1937, Comrade Ma Dong Hui came to the homeland for underground work, but was arrested by the enemy because a hireling had passed on secret information. At that time the headquarters of the revolution where the leader worked was located only a few dozens of *ri* away from the enemy. Comrade Ma Dong Hui knew too well that the headquarters would be thrown into danger if he, worn by torture, spilt the beans in delirium. So he cut off his tongue himself and defended the headquarters of the revolution with his very life.

The leader filled a cup with wine again, as if to allay his grief.

Grabbing his hands, mother Chang Gil Bu said:

"General, you should not be so dejected. You should take care of yourself. What shall we do for the dead?"

"Mother, I miss Dong Hui. I've lost many precious people, precious comrades...."

Mother Chang Gil Bu tightened her grip of the leader's hands before saying:

"I think it very splendid that my son died an honourable death without curbing his will instead of living licking the hands of the Japs."

The leader put down the cup slowly and grabbed the mother's hands.

"Mother, thank you. I am very grateful to you for your words."

Thus saying, he tried to cool his excitement.

Whenever she recalled this event, mother Chang Gil Bu thought of how to reduce the care of the leader who could not get sleep because of the fallen soldiers.

One day the mother told the leader that she would go down to her native place to live there.

The leader asked the reason and stopped her. But she said she simply wanted to live in her home village. As she persisted, the leader, though very sorry, had no other way than to accept her request.

The next morning mother Chang Gil Bu presented herself before the leader after making preparations for the journey.

His face was clouded. His heart was simply in pain. It ached when he

saw the lonely mother who had lost her flesh and blood to the enemy in the hated world, the mother who had not slept in peace even for a moment due to the nagging of the Japs and had got old without having good food and clothes, the mother who was now leaving before having her troubled thoughts soothed fully. Even if she would live in her liberated native place, she would not be free from hardships, living all alone.

The leader was sorry that the mother could not understand his mind.

He stood in silence for a while and then put some money on her lap for travelling expenses and said "Good-bye mother" under his breath. Then hurriedly he turned on his heel and went out.

"He must be angry with my obstinacy." Mother Chang Gil Bu felt a surge of warmth in her heart and stepped towards the window quickly.

At the moment the car carrying the leader began to move. He was seen drying his eyes on a handkerchief.

That day the leader did not even take a meal, feeling sorry for having sent off the lonely mother.

After mother Chang Gil Bu went down to her native place, the fatherly leader often asked the local cadres to take special care of her and wrote to her.

Even in the grim days of the Korean war when the whole country was covered with gun smoke and towns and villages were drowned in the sea of fire, he extended warm solicitude to her by taking her to a safe place in the rear.

When the mother grew older and found it hard to live alone, the leader brought her again to Pyongyang and provided her with a house in a quiet, refreshing place.

The leader frequented her house, showing special concern for every aspect of her living conditions. He went so far as to have her awarded the title of the Hero of the Republic, the highest honour of the citizen.

One early winter day in 1971, the leader paid another visit to her home.

That time she was having rest on the bed after selecting castor beans to plant in the courtyard. She ran out without arranging her beddings on hearing the voice of the leader.

The leader told his children who had come with him, to make a bow to her. And he asked the mother why she had not come to his home frequently despite her lonely life.

She replied that she did not do so for fear of d isturbing his busy work, and added that it was hard for her to walk a long distance because of her aching leg which was wounded in the days of the Japanese rule.

With his face clouded all over, the leader reproved her for not informing him about it earlier.

Suggesting again to keep a kitchen-maid or a nurse, the leader said:

"Mother, an old person may get a disease at any time. You must keep a nurse. If you are ill, she'll let us know instantly. If you can't accept my suggestion because of the country's difficult manpower situation, it would be better to keep a nurse who works at a hospital in the day while staying at your house in the evening to serve as your companion, chat with you and prepare your breakfast.

"If you warm up your lunch and use an electric pot to reduce the trouble in cooking your meal, I will be much relieved."

The mother was tongue-tied, overcome by his profound concern.

Some days later a nurse came, and the mother received an automatic electric cooking pot.

Speaking of the leader's warm solicitude to her neighbours, the mother would say:

"They say that there are many parents who owe much to their children in advanced age. But no one with so many children is more blessed than I.

"True, thanks to the leader I am enjoying a long life in place of my short-lived children, happily in the earthly socialist paradise in which they so much wanted to live. Now I have nothing to desire any more."

Mother Chang Gil Bu regretfully died on February 18, 1974.

The beloved leader Comrade Kim Il Sung declared the funeral of mother Chang Gil Bu as national mourning, and he himself became the chairman of the state funeral committee.

It was the first occasion ever since the founding of the Republic that a national funeral was accorded to an ordinary mother.

4

The Wounds of a Revolutionary Soldier Are His Own

The love of the fatherly leader Comrade Kim Il Sung for bereaved families of revolutionaries meant his love for the revolutionary martyrs themselves.

There was no one who cherished and loved his men so warmly as the fatherly leader did. He regarded his men as the treasure of treasures. When a soldier died on the road of revolution, he was greatly grieved, and, unable to care for him any longer, bestowed his love on the bereaved family. If a soldier became disabled by a fatal wound on the road of revolution, he felt deeper sorrow than anyone else's, and looked after him with utmost care. This he did both in the arduous days of the anti-Japanese revolutionary struggle and in the busy period of building a new country after liberation.

The following is a story of the leader's love for a disabled revolutionary soldier.

One day towards the end of 1946, Comrade Pak Dal who was crippled due to the sufferings he had undergone at the Sodaemun Prison in Seoul, was carried to Pyongyang.

He was arrested by the Japanese scoundrels in 1938 while carrying on revolutionary activities in the northern border areas, following the leader in high esteem. At first he was sentenced to death and then to lifelong imprisonment. Thus he lived in prison until August 15 liberation when he was set free.

After arresting him, the enemy put him to murderous torture. As a result, bones were broken, flesh contracted and, worse still, the spine was hurt seriously. He could hardly control himself. After release from prison he received treatment in a hospital in Seoul for one year or so. Then, at the call of the leader, he came to Pyongyang across the 38th parallel.

Grasping both hands of Comrade Pak Dal in his the leader said in an affectionate tone:

"Glad to see you, Comrade Pak Dal! I am really glad to see you return, surviving the Japs' cruel torture. A nearly dead man has come back alive. Very glad!"

"General! Feeling your warm hands now, my mind goes back to December 1936 when I met you for the first time. That time, too, you led me to the heated stove, grasping my frozen hands in yours...."

"You still remember it. We met in Changbai County at that time, didn't we? We meet again after ten full years. Really a long time has passed. When you came to see me at that time, you were in very good physique. But how thin have you become now? I heard you had fallen in your health, but you are too miserable to look at! What has become of you?"

Thus saying, the leader passed his hands over the face, shoulders and breast of Comrade Pak Dal. His hands were trembling. Taking the soldier's pain as his own, he felt it bitter.

Comrade Pak Dal said that as his backbone had been broken by the enemy's torture, he had got his leg's bone cut and grafted to it in hospital after release from prison. Hearing of this, the fatherly leader personally felt the wounds. He could hardly repress his indignation.

"You have undergone the sufferings of the nation. You overcame that cruel torture with your single-hearted fidelity to the revolution. Fancy you having your bone cut out. Will you be able to walk when you get well? In order to cure your disease quickly, it is necessary not only to administer good medicine but also to maintain the general conditions of your body. But you are in a bad state of health.... It is only natural. Fighting the Japs and living in prison, you could not even once eat a bowl of hot soup and get good sleep on the *ondol*-heated warm floor. It is lucky you have returned alive. From now on, let us cure your disease with all sincerity."

Then the leader himself administered a tonic to him and examined his pulse and breathing.

Later, the leader paid every attention to his treatment. He saw to it that he received treatment at the Chongjin Medical College Hospital. When his condition got worse the leader dispatched an expert doctor by plane and even arranged air supply of water melons and vegetables grown in a hotbed in winter.

Comrade Pak Dal could not rise from his sickbed after all because of the fatal wounds he had received from the enemy. Though invalid, he went through the three-year-long Fatherland Liberation War and wrote in his bed for the education of the people. He remained a revolutionary soldier, boundlessly faithful to the leader, to the last moment of his life.

It should be attributed entirely to the great leader's deep trust and ardent love that he could overcome all the trials on the road of revolution, lead a life worthy of the revolution, endure unbearable physical pains, and hold fast to the revolutionary principles to the end of his life.

Indeed, the love of the fatherly leader is the source of a noble life overcoming darkness, pain and death. On the road of revolution, guarded by this love, a revolutionary soldier knows no death.

The leader embraces his men, heroes, in his bosom, in the bosom of the people, and teaches the true meaning of life to all people.

After Finding the Bereaved Family of an Independence Army Commander

The fatherly leader Comrade Kim Il Sung takes utmost care of the bereaved family of every fighter who fell in the struggle for national liberation whoever he might be.

Ryang Se Bong, ex-commander of the "Independence Army", was a well-known nationalist. Though he was a staunch anti-Japanese fighter, he knew little of the ideological trend of the new times and had a limited outlook on the world. He misunderstood the communists and betrayed not a few weak points in struggle.

As was mentioned in volume I of this book, in July 1932, immediately after the founding of the Anti-Japanese Guerrilla Army, the leader, commanding a unit, went to Ryang Se Bong and proposed to him to unite in strength for the struggle against Japanese imperialism. But Ryang, taking all possible consequences into consideration, did not give a ready answer to this proposal for joint operations, though he was struck with admiration by the flawless logical remark and high personal dignity of the leader. Thus, he had to fight in isolation and could not avoid the ensuing tragic end.

Though he was such a man, the leader highly appreciated his life devoted to the anti-Japanese struggle and paid much attention to finding his bereaved family from immediately after liberation.

It was in the autumn of 1946 that the fatherly leader Comrade Kim Il Sung located Ryang Se Bong's family. He sent a person far deep

in the mountain in northeast China, over a thousand *ri* away from the railway, and brought this family back to the homeland.

After her arrival in Pyongyang, Ryang Se Bong's wife was soon received by the leader. Too much moved, she took off her shoes in the corridor and entered the room where the leader was working. Her sight blurred by tears of emotion, she took her seat on the leader's chair.

"You have taken much trouble to make a long journey."

Choked with emotion, Ryang Se Bong's wife could hardly return the leader's greeting.

After a while, she found herself sitting in the leader's chair and started to her feet as if shocked by electricity.

The leader, smiling brightly, seated her there again, pressing her shoulders kindly.

"Never mind, never mind! Please sit down!"

He seated himself in a small chair and went on to say in a soft voice:

"Aunt, it is more than ten years since we met last. You must have suffered much under Japanese imperialist oppression. You were deprived of Commander Ryang by the enemy, and had to live beyond their eyeshot."

"It doesn't mean anything to us, but you...."

She intended to say that the General had taken a great deal of trouble to crush the Japs and liberate the country. But, still choked with emotion, she could utter no more and hung her head.

The leader asked her in detail about her family, about their life, and the state of their health. She managed to answer that she had a daughter and son-in-law and a little son. Then she was lost in thought for a good while before she asked a favour of the leader, seemingly with a determined mind.

"General! May I ask you to find me an opening for a cook in a school hostel?"

She made this request as she had always found it distressing in the past to make a living in the wild world.

After a little thought, the fatherly leader smiled open-heartedly and said:

"Why are you speaking like that? What great hardships did you suffer in the days of Japanese rule? Now the world is for us, I will make sure that your son will study under the state's care and you lead a carefree life."

He paused for a while and resumed in a quiet tone:

"Commander Ryang fought well against the Japs for the independence of Korea. Of whom should the state take care if it does not look after the bereaved families of revolutionaries like you? Don't worry about living at all, but let us give good education to your son and make him follow in the footsteps of his father."

Again carried away by emotion, Ryang Se Bong's wife failed to express her thanks properly. Soon she rose from her seat.

Returning to the house which the leader had arranged for her family, she reproved herself severely, "Why did I not speak properly and only went on weeping senselessly?"

From then on the leader showed meticulous concern for the Ryang Se Bong's family.

He sent his son to the Mangyongdae Revolutionary School, and his solicitude for the family is consistent even today. Under his warm care the son of Ryang Se Bong graduated from the Mangyongdae Revolutionary School and, on the outbreak of the Korean war, he joined the People's Army and fought well as an airman. But, unfortunately he died by accident after the war.

Deeply grieved on his death, the leader met his mother and said:

"...Aunt, I heard of Ui Jun's death in an accident. ...It's really regrettable.... He was very clever.... It's really regrettable...."

The mother hung her head low. Putting his hand on the back of her hand, the leader went on to say:

"Your husband died in the struggle against the Japanese imperialists and now your only son has died an accidental death. It's really regrettable. For all this our sworn enemies the US imperialists and Japanese scoundrels must be charged."

At this, the eyes of Ryang Se Bong's wife began to blaze instead of watering.

Very grateful to her for not shedding tears, the leader gave her the following words of encouragement, again in a very soft voice:

"Aunt! Though your son has died while fighting for the motherland and the people, you must have a strong mind, regarding all the sons and daughters of Korea as your own. You have a grandson. You must live long to rear him well."

The leader called a functionary concerned and instructed him to

provide a cosy separated house for Ryang Se Bong's wife so that she could live carefree together with her daughter-in-law and grandson and her married daughter's family.

Thus, thanks to the leader's concern, they all came to live together happily in the same house.

But another big anxiety fell on this family. The grandson could not walk because of polio.

Once the leader sent for Ryang Se Bong's wife and she went to his residence carrying her grandson on her back. It was at that time that the leader came to know of the child's disease.

Looking at the child on her back, he could not conceal his sadness. Out of pity, he felt the legs of the child; he had to get on its grandmother's back as he was unable to walk even though he was more than one year old.

The leader instantly sent for a doctor and got him to examine the child minutely. He said to the doctor:

"The father of this child, too, fell in action as an airman of the People's Army. He is the only remaining flesh and blood of Commander Ryang Se Bong. Cure him by all means."

His instruction was earnest. A heavy atmosphere reigned over the room.

Afterwards, authoritative doctors got down to the treatment of the child's disease, with the result that his legs gradually gained weight and he began to rise and walk.

The fatherly leader is a really tender-hearted man. He is a father who lavishes his love on a family and is concerned over even their trifling misfortunes. Being such a virtuous man he extended ceaseless solicitude to Ryang Se Bong's family. He made sure that the remains of Ryang Se Bong were brought from China and buried at a good place in the suburbs of Pyongyang.

On the day when her husband's remains were transferred to the homeland, Ryang Se Bong's wife wept and wept, so grateful to the leader's great favour. She called her daughter-in-law, grandson, daughter and son-in-law to her side and sobbed out:

"There is an old saying which goes: 'When a state minister's horse is dead, mourners come to his house, but none comes when he is dead.' What is the use of looking after the dead?...

"However, our leader takes warm care of us and has brought even the

remains of the dead to his homeland. Maybe the soul of the deceased would shed tears of thanks for this solicitude.... You must live up through generations to this favour which cannot be forgotten even after death...."

Ryang Se Bong's wife finished her words and looked up to the portrait of the fatherly leader for a long while.

Chapter IV

UNDER THE BANNER OF THE REPUBLIC

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The First People's Deputy

Few of our people knew what an election was as they had been subjected to maltreatment and oppression generation after generation. It mankind. His plan was to build a society where there is neither exploitation nor oppression and everyone receives according to the quantity and quality of work done, a happy socialist paradise where all people become Juche-type communists and, forming a single harmonious community, help each other under the slogan, "One for all and all for one". In order to build this socialist society, the lofty ideal he had harboured from the first day he had set out on the road of revolution, he had to set up a revolutionary government of the working class as a powerful weapon. To this end, he proposed to hold democratic election, first of its kind in Korean history. Through this election, he intended to develop the provisional people's committee, which enforced the democratic reforms, into a legally-consolidated people's committee.

The leader fixed November 3, 1946, as the election day for deputies to the provincial, city, and county people's committees and led all political organizations to the election work.

was necessary, therefore, to bring home to them their citizenship and lead them to exercise it correctly. And it was all the more important to awaken them politically under conditions in which the enemies of the revolution were making every vicious attempt to bring the election to naught.

The great leader Comrade Kim Il Sung personally went down to towns and rural villages to awaken the people while leading the nationwide work for the success of the election. Simple peasants and conscientious citizens were happy to greet the leader who called on them unexpectedly. The boundlessly unconventional and modest leader would squat knee to knee with them like their old friend or teacher and explain the real meaning of election and the hopeful future of the country in easy-to-understand popular terms till late at night.

It was October 15. Twelve persons came to the office of the Provisional People's Committee of North Korea to meet the leader on behalf of the people of Samdung Sub-county, Kangdong County, South Pyongan Province. Among them were an old man filled with autumnal odour of the land given by the leader and two girl students with rosy cheeks.

"General! In our constituency we have recommended you as a candidate for the South Pyongan Provincial People's Committee."

"As for our Samdung Sub-county, it is a matchlessly beautiful, fertile land with 36 scenic spots along the Taedong River, where all crops grow well and all people are good-hearted. Please accept the recommendation we have made for you on the earnest wish of over 20,000 people of our Samdung Sub-county." The sub-county representatives entreated.

The leader granted their earnest request. His face bore the imprint of deep emotion. Nothing gives more happiness and pride than to receive deep faith from the popular masses.

The two girl students presented bouquets of flowers to the beloved leader. His face was wreathed in bright smile.

A peasant came forward and unfolded a carefully packed parcel. He offered it to the leader saying, "This little trifle expresses our sincerity." It consisted of glossy chestnuts and fragrant mountain honey, the special products of Samdung Sub-county. These carried transparent sincerity of peasants as well as the charm of our mountains and rivers. The whole room was filled with autumnal odour and bright sunrays.

Wearing a smile all over his face, the leader received the gift with both

hands. He expressed his gratitude time and again for this simple present. He would have declined if it was a precious treasure even offered by the people with their best wishes.

An old man who was moved to tears by the cheerful welcome of the leader, asked him without reserve:

"We have come here to take you, General, along. Please, come to our Samdung Sub-county with us. The people there asked us time and again to fetch you, General."

Smiling genially, the leader thanked them repeatedly and with good grace promised that he would go there the day after without fail but he couldn't the same day because of some other business.

The day after, on October 16, the leader paid a visit to Samdung Sub-county, accompanied by a little suite. Around 4 p.m., when the autumn sun was shedding its warm light, his car reached the entrance of the sub-county seat.

People flocked in crowds along both sides of the street adorned with many flags and election mottos. They clapped their hands enthusiastically and shouted at the top of their voices, "Long live General Kim Il Sung!"

The leader got off the car and walked towards the village, waving to the cheering crowds. He made his way, bowing to gray-haired old folks and fondly stroking the heads of lovely children.

But he stopped short at the broad road in the centre of the village. It was carpeted with cotton cloth as long as 300 m. It was the manifestation of the greatest welcome arranged by the villagers.

They had thought over and discussed all night how to greet the leader, how to express their sincerity to him who had conducted the 15-year-long bloody armed struggle to recover the deprived country and save the people tottering on the verge of death, who had distributed land among them, entrusted factories to them, and brought them all the rights and joys. They simply wanted to express their sincerity to the leader. But what they had prepared seemed too small to them. They would present beautiful bouquets to the leader and sing and dance to welcome him. But they felt something important was missing. After much thought they had decided to unroll their carefully-kept white cotton cloth over the road for the leader to walk over. They had no thick, flower-patterned silk carpet. Cotton cloth was all they had by way of a precious thing. Villagers had come out carrying in both hands the rolls of cotton cloth which they had

been keeping for the dowry of their daughters or to make clothes of their mothers-in-law on their 60th birthday.

With the single wish to express their sincerity, they had unrolled the cotton cloth over the neatly cleaned road and had been eagerly waiting for the leader to come.

When the leader stopped, they only wished him to step on the cotton carpet and walk over it pleasantly. They wished him to accept their warm sincerity expressed in every inch of the cotton cloth.

But a sign of bewilderment appeared on the face of the leader as he was looking at the cotton cloth.

It was plain cotton cloth but it carried the peasants' warm sincerity. How could it be compared to expensive silk or satin? Living in poverty for thousands of years, our people had valued cloth most and regarded it as the best gift.

The leader knew this better than anybody else. So, he was deeply moved at their simple sincerity, at their profound respect for him, a well-deserved respect. But it was the precious clothing material of the people. How could he tread on it? Looking back at the chairman of the Kangdong County Party Committee who turned out to receive him, the leader said to him in all seriousness:

"Why did you do such a thing? This is wrong. It is the clothing material of the people. How can I tread on it? Put it away, please."

The county Party chairman was at a loss what to do. He could hardly bring himself to carry out that order. The crowds watched the leader with bated breath. Their imploring glance said: "Leader! Please tread on the cotton carpet wearing a smile as bright as spring sunshine or morning glow! Still ill off, we have prepared this humble thing as a sign of our sincerity. Never mind about our clothing.... Please walk over it, leaving your footprints, the traces of the sun. That is our wish and our pride...."

However, urged again by the leader, the county Party chairman started rolling up the cotton cloth. The crowds were very sorry to see this. They even hated the county Party chairman who was rolling up the cotton cloth without persuading the leader to meet their wish.... But when the leader with a genial smile on his face began to walk over the bare road, every one was moved to tears. They stamped their feet and enthusiastically shouted, "*manse!*"

The leader took off his hat and, waving it back to the cheering

crowds, made his way to the playground of the Samdung Primary School, the venue of the mass rally.

The mass rally began. After the representative of the sub-county people made a warm welcome speech, the respected leader appeared on the rostrum. He first expressed his thanks for the fervent welcome and dwelt on the well-significant tasks before the workers, peasants and the rest of the people, unfolding the radiant prospects of state-building.

After the impressive meeting the leader returned to Pyongyang. But the people of the Sub-county were unable to calm down their excitement and pride, and talked happily about the leader everywhere. That day most of them passed a wakeful night.

A Coal Miner Is Made a Cadre of New Korea

The election day, November 3, dawned. The entire electorate, irrespective of sex or age, rose early and flowed into the polling stations throughout north Korea. The whole land was bustling in a festive mood. It was specially true in the constituency of Samdung Sub-county, Kangdong County, South Pyongan Province, which nominated the fatherly leader as a candidate.

A coal miner said to a journalist:

"Under Japs' rule we had been no better than moles digging earth. But General Kim Il Sung called us the pillars of the country and told us to take the van in building the state. He is the very benefactor who has revived us all."

An old woman of 63, called Hong Song Nyo, told the journalist, holding the ballot in her hand:

"I've never experienced such a happy event in my 60-odd-year-long lifetime. I'm an old country woman bearing only the family name. I had been trampled underfoot by the Japs and landlords. My lot had been worse than that of a wild grass in the courtyard. But the old outcast has come to directly nominate our General as a candidate and join in the work of state-building. Since I'm enjoying such happiness, I shall have no regret if I die now...."

Such feelings were not confined to one coal miner or one peasant woman but felt by all the once poverty- and sorrow-stricken Koreans who became masters of the country in the bosom of the fatherly leader.

Similar scenes took place in all polling stations across the country.

The voters were afire with single-minded fidelity to the leader and vied with each other in voting for the genuine representatives of the people. The first historic democratic election achieved a sweeping success amid the intense delight and burning zeal of the entire people.

On the basis of the successful democratic election, the North Korean People's Assembly and the North Korean People's Committee came into being in Pyongyang in February 1947. Amid the thunderous applause, the North Korean People's Assembly unanimously elected the great leader Comrade Kim Il Sung Chairman of the North Korean People's Committee, the first power of proletarian dictatorship in our country, satisfying the fervent wish of the entire people.

Under the sagacious guidance of the leader, all conferences from the centre to provincial, city and county people's committees successfully wound up their work after organizing the government bodies at all levels in a well-regulated system.

The overwhelming majority of deputies came from among workers and peasants who had once suffered drudgery and ill-treatment. Thus, our people's power from the centre to the lowest local unit was made up of the true, faithful servants of the people.

When the Conference of the Provincial, City and County People's Committees of North Korea was held, there was, together with the great leader, a woman deputy on the platform of the conference. She came from North Hamgyong Province and had many scars on the backs of her big, rough hands. Though not so old in age, she had deep furrows on her forehead and a scar on her face, too. She was a coal miner who had dug coal to eke out a living under Japanese imperialist rule.

Half her life had been spent in the dark pit. She had married in work clothes and was delivered of a baby after pushing the coal cart. Pressed by poverty, put to humiliation and stripped of all rights, her life had been torture itself.

But the leader saved this woman, opened her eyes, and put her on the road of revolution. Thus, she was now seated on the platform as a respectable deputy to discuss the far-sighted plan for the country's prosperity.

She hesitated to appear before the crowd when she became a candidate for the provincial people's committee on the recommendation of the people. She broke into sweat, at a loss about what to speak to

them. The enemies of the revolution sneered at her, saying that she didn't even know how to dress herself and that her hands were as rough as a wooden poker. They made much fuss about a woman coal miner becoming a deputy as if it were a big wonder. However, she believed only in the leader's words that the poorest and wronged people should take the lead in state-building and become reliable masters of the country. Bearing his teaching deep in her heart, she strove hard to carry it out without any vacillation.

Thus, she won the people's support, became a first deputy of the provincial people's committee, and participated in the conference held in the presence of the leader. This pleased the fatherly leader most.

During a break, he called her to his side and praised her highly, saying:

"...Very good. Once a wronged and despised woman, you have now become a master of a colliery and the country. What a good thing it is!..."

The leader asked her about her family and her health. He came to know that she had come for the meeting, carrying her baby on the back. Wearing a broad smile, he said quietly:

"Let me hear you read that slogan put up on the wall of the meeting hall."

She stood up and read it, not so fluently but in clear tone, "Long live the Conference of Provincial, City and County People's Committees of North Korea!"

She added that she had attended adult school right after liberation and was now able to read easy political books.

The leader praised her, time and again, as if she had rendered a distinguished service, and cordially advised her to study harder and do the work of the Women's Union organization better.

At the first break of the second day session, she was standing at a corner of the lounge, with her baby on her back. She was nervous at the thought that the baby might cry before the leader. But the fatherly leader stepped up to her and stroked the baby's head. Then saying, "Let me hold your baby in my arms", he embraced it, and praised its lovely face. He pleased the baby, now swaying himself, now pacing to and fro as a mother would do.

After a while he returned the baby to its mother. Then, producing a parcel lying on a chair of the lounge before her, he said:

"This is a little gift for you. It is no rare thing. It's a blanket. Cover it over the baby so that it does not feel cold."

Overwhelmed with the leader's paternal affection, the woman coal miner could not say even a word of gratitude. She was standing there transfixed. After a good while, she undid the wrapping. It contained a light-blue blanket, a pair of woman's white rubber shoes, notebooks, some cakes of soap, and other things.

She first covered the blanket over her baby. Then, feeling the white rubber shoes with both hands, she looked down at her feet in flat rubber shoes for man's wear.

"General! Have you prepared these new shoes for me overnight, feeling sorry that I am wearing these old flat ones? I've never worn proper shoes so far. Thanks to your favour, I have come to put on these pretty shoes for the first time."

While repeating these words under her breath, she wept, her hot tears falling fast on the white rubber shoes.

Back to her colliery after the conference, she devoted herself to study and production, closely following the leader's will. Particularly, standing in the van of the women's movement, she awakened numerous working women.

Having a bitter past, people of this kind adhere to their class standpoint in any adversity and sacrifice in the fight with devotion for the revolution, regarding it as vital to them. The leader saw this. So, these fighters were most beautiful and precious to him.

2

For the country's independence and its independent development, it is essential to construct a self-supporting national economy which is run with one's own raw materials, one's own cadres and one's own technology. This is the great leader's firm creed in economic construction and our Party's consistent policy.

This was a very tough task for our people who had passed through a protracted feudal society and then a colonial society.

In carrying out this historic task, too, the leader began with the work of activating the workers and peasants, the creators of all wealth and the masters of new Korea.

"Look! Our Workers Are Turning Out Molten Iron!"

The Japanese imperialists were as malicious as they had been until their final rout. On the eve of their defeat, they destroyed major industrial establishments, burned out technical papers, and stole valuables before fleeing.

They severely wrecked the Hwanghae Iron Works, one of the metallurgical bases. They destroyed or blew up all power establishments and machinery and equipment. They cooled the blast furnaces charged with molten iron, reducing them to a huge mass of iron. Spiders spun webs inside them, while magpies built their nests on smokestacks. Fleeing to their den after razing the iron works, the vicious Japs said in a hostile tone: "Korea will be unable to repair these furnaces even in a decade. Her iron ore will remain buried underground."

The workers who had been kept away from the management of the iron works, had no strength to refute this virulent remark. They knew no technique, and the destruction was too appalling.

Well acquainted with this situation, the leader visited the iron works, regardless of snowy morning or rainy evening, to infuse an inexorable fighting will into the workers and teach them the ways to break through all the bottlenecks one by one. The workers rose up to carry out his teachings. By their strenuous efforts, they succeeded in turning out first molten iron from an open-hearth furnace. The leader was very happy to hear this news. He visited the works and said, giving a big laugh:

"Look! Our workers are turning out molten iron.... This is a great victory indeed. It is the first victory our workers have scored in building a new democratic country and the first step forward of our metallurgical industry."

Passing his hand over the shabby, sweat-smeared work clothes of workers as if they were warrior's armour, he reiterated how nice it was to draw out molten iron with our own efforts and wisdom. Then, pointing at the blast furnace standing like a wounded giant over the open-hearth

furnace pouring out molten iron, he called on the workers to rehabilitate it.

The workers were speechless as their eyes riveted on the blast furnace. They were like the eyes of soldiers watching a target through a sight. They were full of confidence that there was nothing impossible if they did as taught by the great leader. Once they had put their shoulders to the rehabilitation of the open-hearth furnace, there was nothing special in it. When one is ignorant of the nature of things, he is afraid of it. But when one masters it, he takes it easy.

From the next day the environs of the blast furnace were turned into a fierce battle site with workers all around with chisels, hammers and axes to cut out coagulated iron mass. While working with high enthusiasm, they at first caused some damage to the body of the blast furnace by mistake. On such an occasion, they would feel the damage like bleeding wounds and carefully mend them one by one with iron plates and firebricks.

The blast furnace was rehabilitated and commissioned on December 3, 1947. That day, the earth and sky shook with the cheers of thousands of workers present at the commissioning ceremony. But it was the fatherly leader who was happiest.

When a worker broke the earthen wall of the iron notch, glowing molten iron flew out of it scattering a myriad of golden stars.

The leader's face betrayed excitement and happiness. It was beaming in the blaze of flowing molten iron.

Earlier, he called the Hwanghae Iron Works the "eldest son" of our industry. Now he saw the capacity of this "eldest son" vomiting the glowing treasure, the precious fruit of the workers' labour.

Presently, most of molten iron flowed out, and reddish lumps of burnt coke and slug flew out and were scattered over the place where the leader was standing. But still in the raptures of happiness, he was watching the skilful work of the smelters.

After the first heat, he walked up to them, wearing a broad smile, and said: "Brave comrades, let me shake your hands!"

He clasped their smeared blackish hands one by one. They had no time to clean their hands with the lower ends of their work clothes or towels.

The leader seemed to take the greatest delight in grasping their

hands. To him they looked most beautiful, though their faces were smeared by sweat and scorched by fire. They were the victors who scaled the first peak of technology by their own efforts.

They had thought that technique was something like an unconquerable sheer cliff. But now they were handling the bulky furnace so easily and presenting iron to the new-born homeland.

Treating them like brave soldiers returning from a triumphant campaign, the respected leader said:

"You are the masters of the furnace as well as our state. You are the valuable treasures propping up our country. Our country had five blast furnaces. You should restore the remaining four, too, with your hands. You can do it faster and better since you have already gained some experience in it. On you hangs the prosperity of our country. Restore the furnaces quickly to produce more iron. Then it will be possible to turn out machines in large quantities and, at the same time, develop light industry and agriculture. This is the only way to improve the living conditions of the entire Korean people at an early date."

After lucidly explaining what an important part heavy industry, metallurgical industry in particular, plays in building an independent national economy, the great leader strongly urged the workers to master a higher level of technique to work in an effective way.

It was not only heavy industry that came up at the time. Under the leader's energetic guidance, the workers in the sphere of light industry, too, were achieving great successes in the struggle to rehabilitate their factories and become the masters of production and technique.

Every great change made at factories would have been hardly conceivable if they had been rehabilitated and operated with the help of foreign technicians. It was a victory that could be scored only by dint of self-reliance. Our workers had to rehabilitate and construct everything for themselves. They thus gained priceless experience, became plucky, acquainted themselves with machines and equipment, and mastered technique to run their factories skilfully. By leading our working class along the road of self-reliance, the leader not only built our industry at an exceptionally rapid pace, but also turned our workers from simple manpower into mighty builders, highly skilled workers.

Sharing Luncheon with the "Old Boiler-man Burning Powdered Coal"

Visiting a factory or an enterprise, the great leader always saw workers before machines and equipment. From their words, appearance and expression, he would visualize their living conditions and read their minds before encouraging them and showing his parental care for them.

He prized most those who were faithful to the revolution and knew how to fight and lead a fruitful life. He fancied a face full of creative passion rather than a smooth and plain one; and an oil-stained, horny hand rather than a white hand placed on the knee. Dear to him were those who worked hard and strove devotedly, those who carried out their tasks in deed, not in word, and found pleasure in their work. That was why he warmly looked after them like his own flesh and blood.

It was on the day of drawing the first heat from the blast furnace of the Hwanghae Iron Works. While praising and encouraging the smelters, the great leader chanced to notice a worker who was proudly wiping the sweat from his face, grinning. He had just stopped the blazing iron notch with earthen material after the first heat.

Prompted by some hunch, the leader stepped up to him, grabbed his hands and examined them carefully. He had been working as a smelter from the age of 16. His big rough hands were ridden with burn-scars, which eloquently spoke of all pain of slavish labour he had suffered under Japanese imperialist rule.

With a clouded expression, the leader watched his face and asked him to turn round. There was a deep burn scar on the nape. It was like a brand put on by the cruel Japanese imperialist filibusters. The leader's hand feeling the scar was trembling. He felt a knife in his heart as he thought of the pain the worker had suffered.

The leader felt sorry for not only the physical pain but also the excruciating mental agony that worker might have suffered. Nothing could console his bleeding heart at that time. The leader was now caressing the wounded heart of the worker while the latter was feeling very sorry for having caused anxiety to the former.

As our workers had tasted all the bitterness in the past, their present labour was a joy to them. They could not have their fill of working. They never hesitated in the face of any difficulty; they broke through it

vigorously. They were fully ready to risk even their lives for the leader who was so pained on their bitter past.

Looking around the workers in silence for a while, the leader encouragingly briefed them on the change of the times and the great task our working class was facing and said: "You have become the masters of your factory. So you should organize all production and work better."

Another thing happened one day in April 1947 when the fatherly leader was giving on-the-spot guidance to the Pyongyang Cornstarch Factory. It was around noon and he decided to take luncheon with people there. A few leading functionaries and many workers of the factory were sitting at the table together with the leader.

The leader asked why the old man of the powdered-coal-fed boiler shop was absent. He looked for the simple worker he was acquainted with. While giving on-the-spot guidance to the Cornstarch Factory on many occasions, he became familiar with this old ordinary worker who, toiling all his life at that boiler shop, had grown hard of hearing because of the terrific noise of the air blower, and earned the nickname of "old boilerman burning powdered coal".

Presently the old boilerman turned up in the dining room at the call of the leader. But he showed a sign of great uneasiness in his work clothes and with his unwashed face and hands. Hard of hearing, he hadn't known who wanted him in the dining room.

On seeing him, the leader rose to his feet, grasped his hand, led him to the table, and urged him to take a vacant seat nearby. But the old worker remained standing there, not knowing what to do. The chair was covered with snow-white cloth whereas his clothes were soaked with sweat and coal powder. "How can I, a lifetime boilerman working with coal, share the table with the great leader?" This thought overcame him. He even took one step back from the chair.

Reading his mind, the leader pulled him by the hand, saying:

"Never mind. The chair cover can be washed. Please, sit down and have lunch."

As asked by the leader, the old worker sat on the chair, but awkwardly.

Smiling genially at the old man, the leader said:

"Your presence has brightened this place further. I am most pleased that you who have led a hard life are here."

He urged the old man to help himself. Taking lunch, the old man's face flushed as if he had returned to his youth.

He thought, "What a place this is!... How on earth could I enjoy such an honour as to take meal just beside the General?"

Simply happy and elated to live and work in the warm bosom of the leader, he kept looking down at his chair and table alternatively. All other workers sitting at the table, too, could hardly repress happy feelings.

An amicable home atmosphere pervaded the place. Everyone dined happily, but the leader was the happiest of all. A benevolent bright smile beamed over his face as he ran his eyes over them like a mother looking with admiration at her sturdy sons sitting at the table on a red-letter day.

3

The Voice of Learning Is Heard Everywhere

August 3, 1947, a village woman, dressed in coarse hemp jacket and skirt, and carrying a heavy-looking baggage on her head, appeared in front of the building in which was present the respected leader General Kim Il Sung. She expressed her firm resolution to have his audience.

A functionary reasoned her more than once, saying that the General was busy and would be unable to take time off to meet her. But she did not budge. She was so obstinate that the functionary had no way but to report this fact. Then the word came, luckily for her, that she was allowed to come in. She was shown in, her baggage being carried by the functionary. She was told to wait for a while in a room.

She was Li Gye San, a peasant woman from the remote mountain village of Okdong in Pyonggang County, Kangwon Province. Born of a farmhand, she had toiled as a kitchen-maid of a landlord from the age of 15 to meet the debts of her family. Coming of age, she had married a farm servant of the landlord. But her husband had been taken to the so-called "Patriotic Service Corps" of Japanese imperialism to lose his life there.

Her life had been full of sorrows and pains. She had worked her fingers to the bone, shedding tears of blood.

After liberation, however, she received a tract of land like others and even a big house by the grace of the beloved General. On the day when land was distributed, she shed tears endlessly, drying them on the hem of her skirt, at the thought of her poor parents and husband who had had a hard time without a plot of land before passing away.

Farming on her own land for the first time in her life, she simply didn't know what it meant to be tired. Her labour paid off with a good return in autumn. She had her yard stacked with a pile of rice bags and a big cellar filled with potatoes. Joy and happiness kept her awake at night. She felt the General's favour was higher than the sky and broader than the earth. She carried on her field work well in the next spring. Now, she blamed herself: "What a loss of face! I've failed to express even my thanks to the obliging General all this while." After much thought, she packed two *mal* of fully ripe wheat and one *mal* of potatoes and came all the way up to Pyongyang to present them to the General, her benefactor.

Hearing that a certain woman came from Kangwon Province to meet him, the General saw that she was shown into his room at once.

Seeing her entering the room carrying a big luggage in her arms, the General rose, laying his work aside, and walked towards her. He grasped her work-hardened hands, saying: "You've taken much trouble to come such a long way."

Repressing her tears with effort, she explained the purpose of her long journey. "General, I have brought some wheat and potatoes from the land you gave me. Though this offering is paltry, please accept it as a token of my gratitude. Until the year before last, I had been a maid-servant. But now, thanks to your favour, I have a house of my own and cultivate my own land to live a worthy life...."

Overwhelmed by her feelings, she could not speak any more.

The General was deeply moved by her words. He looked admiringly at her who was shedding tears of emotion. In her, he saw our peasants who had been subjected to maltreatment and oppression for ages, and were now happy over the first harvest from their own land.

He felt the grains of wheat, each being as compact as a compressed spring, and the fleshy potatoes she brought. They were the crystal of her

joy and sincerity. Our peasants harvested happiness from the land which brought them only sorrow in the past.

Thankful for the woman's desire to share her happiness with him, the General was unable to take his hand off the luggage for a good while.

He seated her whose eyes were still wet with tears of emotion, in a chair. After hearing from her many things about farming and peasants' life in her village, he asked:

"What are you reading now?... Do you read newspapers?"

The woman blushed crimson with shame and, casting down her head, she muttered:

"General, I don't know how to read and write yet."

This answer left the General silent for a while. He felt very sorry about it. She didn't even know how to write her own name. But it was none of her fault. The Korean women had been in a miserable plight; they had been oppressed doubly and trebly as subhuman, let alone getting education. The woman visitor was one of them. This was no surprise. This was story of the past. But the General felt sorry for her. She was now a master of the country and should build a new society. Without knowledge, she couldn't be equal to her task. An unlettered social member couldn't acquire a sense of independence. Ignorance was a big barrier in developing man's independence. Everybody must learn letters and possess knowledge to become a powerful being to carve out his destiny independently and creatively.

Looking at the woman, the General said calmly:

"Each and every Korean must be able to read the letters of our own language. To do so you must learn it."

The woman listened, with her head down, fingering the breast-tie of her jacket. **"You must study too,"** he added. **"You can manage it even now."**

"When you are back home, attend *hangul* (Korean alphabet) school steadily.

"Only when you acquire knowledge, will you taste the real worth of living and be able to work well for the state."

She straightened herself, and answered:

"General, I will study as you told me to."

"Then, make me a promise that you will learn how to read and write in three months and send me a letter in your own hand. What do you say to it? Can you do it?"

He put a quarterly deadline on it. The woman hesitated at first, but in a moment she made up her mind, and gave a clear-cut answer:

"Yes, General, I will do it without fail."

Satisfied with her firm determination, the General said, encouraging her:

"Wipe out your illiteracy and then appeal to all the people to join the literacy movement. Understand?"

"Yes, I'll do it, upon my honour," she replied vigorously.

Having enabled this once poor rural woman to lead a hopeful life in the light of the benevolent sun, the General now led her, standing outside the bounds of civilization, to develop her sense of culture and enjoy its benefits to the full.

From the day of her return home, every night, she called on a teacher of the primary school 2 kilometres away from her home and started learning the Korean alphabet. She spent every spare moment in reading in the field in the daytime. When it rained, she went to work with her book wrapped in oilpaper. She kept her book open while working in the kitchen. To get familiar with the Korean letters, she wrote the name of each household article on a slip of paper and pasted it to the respective object in her house—jar, kettle, window, etc. While feeding the fire at the fire place in the kitchen, she practiced writing with the poker. Other women followed suit, and there soon appeared a *hangul* school in her village, and then a regular school.

Three months flowed by in this way. The woman sat up several nights, writing and rewriting the letter addressed to the General under the agreement. She wrote each word sincerely erasing the wrong or misshapen ones. Her heart thumped with pleasure and excitement as she was fulfilling the honorable engagement for the first time in her life.

On the day of mailing her letter to the General, the peasants in Pyonggang County held a meeting and appealed to the entire nation to launch a campaign against illiteracy.

The General was very pleased to receive the letter—an inspiring written evidence which showed the sagacious nature of our people who longed for enlightenment, casting off illiteracy and ignorance which had long weighed on the back of their forefathers. It was a precious written report that everybody could quickly eliminate illiteracy though they had regarded it as something ordained by fate.

The General immediately addressed a letter of high praise and encouragement to her.

This made her study harder and carry out her work splendidly. Her progress was conspicuous. It is true that once an afflicted woman is awakened, she displays a formidable passion.

The General highly admired her enthusiasm and sent a letter of commendation and gift to her later.

Under his solicitude a village woman in the mountainous region of Kangwon Province thus wiped out illiteracy. This happy news infused a passion of learning into many hearts among the illiterates.

With this event as a momentum, hosts of adult and *hangul* schools sprang up across the country and the voice of learning flowed out of every village. Hundreds of letters of loyalty came to the General in Pyongyang every day from those who abolished illiteracy.

By March 1949, all the unlettered people were able to read and write and, on this basis, strove hard to improve their cultural standards.

This was a great historic event in which our people who had languished in the mire of oppression and benightedness thronged into the highway of civilization, thanks to the great favour of the fatherly General. The time was gone for ever when many unlettered persons had to ask others to read letters for them or were fooled by landlords into putting a seal on false documents with the thumb and became lifetime servants. Since they were now able to read and write, they could chalk out their happy future and acquaint themselves with all the worldly logic. This was another great victory. The world became bright. The people, the most powerful beings in the universe, opened their eyes.

"Only When You Have Knowledge You Can See What Lies Ahead"

The great leader Comrade Kim Il Sung was also greatly concerned about enhancing the level of thinking and consciousness of the working people.

This posed a very urgent question as the old ideological remnants implanted long among our working people by the Japanese imperialists persisted in their minds and, what was worse, the overthrown exploiting classes and the US imperialists and their henchmen entrenched in south Korea were making vicious attempts to topple the people's democratic system of the northern half of the Republic.

Improving the working people's thinking and consciousness was essential for them to firmly defend their government, land, factories and happy life which had been won from the enemy at the cost of their blood, for better and faster transformation of nature and society.

Therefore, the great leader put stress on their ideological education which would give them the spirit of uncompromising fight against the class enemy, the spirit of rendering devoted service to the country and the people, and the lofty spirit of dedicating their all to the Party and the revolution without hesitation.

During his local tours, he was often seen attending study sessions of Party members and working people, hearing their lectures and discussions, and clearing up puzzling problems one by one for them.

One day he gave personal guidance to the study session of the Party members in Samhwa-ri, Sain Sub-county, Sunchon County, South Pyongan Province. Sitting on a wooden chair together with Party members in the democratic publicity hall, he guided the study session from beginning to end. Their study subject was "On the Significance of the Democratic Reforms." The lecturer gave a general explanation and then the audience debated the subject.

The leader listened attentively to each debater. They said that the agrarian reform made them masters of land and gave them a new strength and life. They also evinced their resolve to study and work harder for the prosperity of the village and the country. But no one spoke about the class enemy. Wrapped in happy feelings, they seemed to have forgotten the landlords who had maltreated and fleeced them in the past.

After hearing out their discussions the leader remarked:

"You all spoke well, comrades. But let me ask you one thing. You are all in favour of the agrarian reform. But there may be one who hates it. What do you say?"

At this, an elderly farmer stood up and said:

"No one can dislike the agrarian reform, I bet. We did not own even a patch of stony plot in the past. But now we are all happy, farming our own distributed land."

"Will the landlords deprived of their land be happy?"

"No, they won't be."

To measure the level of their class awareness, the leader asked again:

"What will you do about the landlords who fled to south Korea and

are scheming to regain their confiscated land?"

Party members offered their views respectively on these questions. But they did not have a clear idea on the main point. The great leader explained it in detail in plain words:

"People who were given land, naturally approved of the democratic reforms, but there is no reason why the landlords and capitalists who were deprived of their lands or factories should approve of these measures. At every opportunity they try to recover the lands and factories from us and destroy the people's power which gave land to the peasants. The landlords bitterly hate to see the peasants till this land distributed among them and lead happy and contented lives. You comrades must not just support the democratic reforms, but must be aware of the fact that there are those who disapprove of the democratic reforms and sharpen your vigilance of the enemy.

"Party members should study well to master all they have learned."

These words suggested that only when all the working people including the peasants who had been given land developed high class consciousness they could defend the revolutionary gains, and that the correct revolutionary stand and class viewpoint were essential for them to form a correct judgment on every matter and phenomenon and win victory in every struggle.

The Party members bore the leader's teaching deep in their minds and unanimously swore to firmly protect and consolidate the revolutionary gains and fight against the class enemy to the bitter end.

The night was well advanced when the study session came to a close. Before getting into his car, the leader gave them this earnest teaching:

"I hope you will study hard. Only when you have knowledge you can see what lies ahead."

Though busy attending to the affairs of the whole state, the leader in this manner personally directed the study session in a small farm village till late at night. This shows how much weight he put on the improvement of working people's thought and consciousness.

He enlisted in this work all the ideo-educational and cultural media as well as the Party and working people's organizations. As a result, our working people freed from illiteracy were now placed on a firm class stand to become more cultured and powerful. In other words, provided with a happy life our people came to have even the torchlight with which they

could look far into the future world.

Victory would be in store for our people who were awakened culturally and ideologically under the care of the great leader. No enemy, however crafty, could now fool our people or bring them to their knees.

4

North Korea, hilly and barren, suffered from shortage of food in the past. But, in a few years after the agrarian reform, it attained self-sufficiency mainly in food. Nevertheless, the people's living standard was still low. In particular, the peasants' life in the intermediary and mountainous areas retained many traces of long-drawn penury.

The respected leader Comrade Kim Il Sung set the stabilization and improvement of the people's livelihood on the basis of the successful democratic reforms, as another fighting goal. He often met the peasants and discussed the ways to improve their life as early as possible so that much of their troubles could be saved.

No place was left out of the reach of his footsteps, from a nearby stretch of plains to a faraway mountainous area.

Six Meadow Buntings

On January 12, 1948, the fatherly leader Comrade Kim Il Sung paid a visit to Anchan-dong, a deep mountain village, in Sijung Sub-county, Kanggye County, North Pyongan Province.

He reached there in the morning and, together with his attendants, dropped in at a farmhouse to acquaint himself with the peasants' living conditions. The master of the house was very ashamed of his uncleaned room. But, not minding it, the leader entered the room and sat down as directed by the master who took the great leader for a provincial cadre.

Asked how his life was compared with that of the pre-liberation days, the master answered:

"To us farmers the present world is good to live in."

"In what respects?"

"In many respects. First of all, we farm our own land and see the wicked landlords no more. And free from their exploitation, our livelihood has improved. Now our appetite is good, our mind easy, and our sleep sweet."

Much pleased with this answer, the fatherly leader inquired into the state of food, clothing and bedding in the house.

The host said that his family had no worry about food, but clothing and bedding were not yet enough. Surely, the clothes of his family members spoke of poverty bequeathed by the protracted Japanese imperialist rule.

The sight of the housewife in a worn-out skirt and her children in faded and patched-up clothes gnawed at the leader's heart. For a while he said nothing. Then, changing the subject, he encouragingly said that they would be able to lead an affluent life if they did their farming well in a new world.

The fatherly leader remained seated, brooding for a while, and then set his eyes on small meadow buntings flitting hither and thither in a cage at a corner of the room.

"Lovely birds. Who caught them?"

The host said his children did.

After some thought, the leader asked if they could let him have a few of them.

"Take them, please. They are found a plenty here." Thus saying, the host rose and made for the cage. But the leader stopped him and rose to his feet, saying he would take some of them on his way back from a visit to another house nearby.

He came out and went to the Party cell head's house. There he sat face to face with peasants and inquired into their living conditions. He spent good hours there, teaching them to increase grain output by irrigating their fields, plant a lot of oil-bearing crops such as sesame and green perilla, develop stockbreeding and turn abundant natural resources in mountains to good account.

Before leaving the village, the fatherly leader went again to the house he had first called at in the morning. But its host was out after putting some birds into a hamper for the leader to take.

Receiving the birds from the hostess, the leader called her child to his

side and, stroking his head, put a bulky envelope in his hands, and then left the place.

Only from his neighbour did the master of the house come to know that the caller was General Kim Il Sung for whom he always entertained a high regard. He scurried back home, reproaching himself for his insensibility. But the leader was not to be seen in his home. His wife, withholding her emotions, produced a white envelope before him. It contained money enough to buy new beddings and a few suits of clothes. The leader "paid" so much for the birds.

The peasant pressed the envelope hard to his breast as a sign of his deep emotion and gazed for a long time in the direction in which the leader had gone, calling to himself, "Dear General! Dear General!" Thinking of the noble heart of the leader, the peasant dried his tears of emotion on the hem of his sleeves.

Losing his father at four, he had had to toil hard to eke out a living from childhood. His family had been languishing in poverty and hunger. But no one had ever sympathized with them, though the world was so vast. It was only the leader who gave them land and a new world. It was his great favour and love never to be forgotten by the generations to come. Now, the leader had paid a personal visit to their house and had felt sorry to see their thin beddings and worn-out clothes. He had asked for those useless birds lest they should feel awkward while taking a big sum.

"General! I had lived subhuman over half the lifetime. But out of respect for my personality, you took birds to provide us with beddings and clothes."

Overwhelmed by the boundless solicitude of the great leader, the peasant couldn't take the envelope bearing his love off his breast for a long time.

Transplanting Rice-Seedlings Himself

Our peasants who had long been enchained in harsh feudal fetters and subjected to colonial exploitation, had this elegy:

You cry for food, my bird.
You cry for feathers, my bird.
You are my mother's soul
Who's dead in blooming spring.

It cursed the then world, calling the mother starved to death.

Rice was so short in those days that our poor peasants thought of a "koggal" bowl while arranging a sacrificial table in memory of their parents who had died of hunger or illness. They filled a bowl with boiled cereals and topped it with rice to camouflage them. So, it looked like "koggal," a cowl.

Of course, this was the sad story of our peasants in the past. Their centuries-old desire was to eat rice and meat in a tile-roofed house.

The fatherly leader made up his mind to realize this earnest desire of theirs.

In view of the specific natural and climatic conditions of our country in which weather is droughty in spring and rainy in summer, he worked out a grand plan to bring all farmlands under irrigation by harnessing mountains and rivers well.

This worthwhile nature-remaking work was already started with the Potong River improvement project for which he took up the first shovel and broke ground on May 21, 1946,

The Potong River was flooded every summer, victimizing the citizens of west Pyongyang and washing away crops in the area. The Japanese imperialists had tried to harness this river for as many as nine years, but had given up halfway. But the leader finished this project in a matter of 55 days by rousing the people to great labour exploits. Through that great victory, he turned our people from slaves of nature into its conquerors. This was the historic commencement of the great nature-remaking project across the country. Having wound up the democratic reforms with success, the leader thus took up the first torch of great nature-remaking project and instilled strength and wisdom into our farmers through his energetic on-the-spot guidance to many villages.

In the spring of 1947, the people of Chunhyok-ri, Kaechon County, too, turned out in response to the leader's call for a nature-remaking project. Their work was to draw the water of the Chongchon River over the "Piatgol" valley to turn their dry fields into paddy fields. No one had ever tried it in the past, though it was their age-old dream. But now the construction site was bustling with people cutting the water channel through a hill.

Early one morning in mid-April, the great leader visited the construction site and joined the labouring peasants. As he was wearing

The beloved leader President Kim Il Sung
beds out rice plants with peasants

ordinary clothes and working shoes stained with mud, no one could notice him. He worked with them and examined the blueprints while inspecting every nook and corner of the construction site.

He found peasants' lunch packages hanging on tree branches in the shady mountain side. He undid one of them to see coarse food.

A cloud passed over his face. He felt a pang to see the peasants labouring hard without eating proper food in the long spring daytime. That region was so arid and sterile that they had to grow barnyard or foxtail millet at best. Most peasants ran out of even that food and went hungry in the lean spring season. Their life had been improved much after liberation, but the leader was very sorry for them who still could not eat rice though they farmed their own land. Before leaving the place, he time and again told the leading workers there to complete the project before the time of rice transplantation that year so as to cultivate rice in that region. It was only when the Party cell head and the chairman of the ri people's committee hastened back from the county seat the peasants came to know that the stranger was none other than the respected leader General Kim Il Sung. They ran up to the mountain ridge just crossed by him, and shouted, "Long live General Kim Il Sung!"

Their emotion swelled further the next day. On the order of the General, the students of the Kaechon Security Officers' School came to the construction site playing military music. They wanted to carry out the hardest task in the project. Also on the General's orders, the irrigation technicians and workers from North Pyongan Province came carrying pumps, and many other people to give them a helping hand. Thus, the difficult project was finished to water 100 hectares of paddy fields before the rice-transplanting season. That autumn the Chunhyok-ri peasants gathered 60 straw bags of rice per hectare from the "Piatgol" field which in the past used to bring them only a few straw bags of barnyard millet per hectare.

Feasting on the piles of rice bags, they fully appreciated the great favor of the leader and pledged their loyalty to him who, feeling so sorry for their coarse food, turned their barnyard millet-producing area into a rice-producing one.

In early June, some time after his inspection at the site of the Chunhyok-ri irrigation project, the leader went out to Mirim-ri and transplanted rice seedlings together with the peasants there.

Looking out over the vast paddy-fields humming with rice transplanting, he observed:

"Let's merrily bed out rice plants on the distributed land. This is my first rice planting after returning home."

The leader looked quite excited while working among the peasants. In the days of the hard-fought anti-Japanese war he had so much longed for the fields of the homeland and talked with his men about farming during marches, or while sitting around a campfire. Now he found himself on the field of the liberated homeland and was planting one rice seedling after another shoulder to shoulder with peasants. The spring air seemed to be unusually heavy with fragrance and the skylarks seemed to trill in an unusually high sky.

The cadres in his company told him more than once to have a rest. But he kept stooping, planting rice seedlings faster and faster. The muddy plots turned gradually green as if rolls of silk fabric were unrolled. Each rice seedling he was planting would bring joy to our peasants, and an eternal spring and bumper harvest for our homeland.

The peasants of Mirim-ri hold dear the plot where the leader personally bedded out rice seedlings with them for the first time after the country's liberation. They boast of this like a legend to their offsprings.

Spending a Day in a Remote Mountain District

The fatherly leader took every possible measure to improve the life of the peasants in plain and intermediate areas. Now he was uneasy about those in mountainous areas. In early autumn of 1947 he made his way to an out-of-the-way mountain area named Unha-ri in Yangdok County. After walking long along a steep mountain pass impassable for a car, he reached Kujigol, a secluded place where only a tiger hunter or salt peddler with an ass jingling a bell, had dropped in from time to time in the past.

The leader stopped there and gazed for a while at tiny plots of farmland and mud huts lying scattered here and there in the valley. He went to an isolated house built at the mountainside and called its master. An old man, close upon seventy, came out. Putting off his hat, the leader greeted him kindly:

"How are you, grandad?"

"You are an officer from the county, aren't you? It seems I saw you somewhere before...."

The old man closely watched the leader, craning out.

Hearing the words of greetings exchanged outdoors, the children of the house opened the door and went out. They were all in patched clothes which caused an ache in the leader's heart.

He decided to stay one night in the house and told his attendants to prepare a meal for all, the family of the house included, with rice and subsidiary food they carried, and to distribute all their cakes to the children.

The great leader sat in the mat-spread room, not minding its filthiness, and conversed with the old man. He heard of the living condition of the family and the farming in that mountainous area. Then he minutely explained to the old man how to improve the lives of the peasants there. He urged him to introduce advanced farming method in that area too and increase cash income by planting a lot of tobacco which grew well there. After inquiring about the wild fruits, greens and medicinal herbs found there, he said that the peasants there would be able to improve their life without investing funds if they turned mountains to good account.

Touched by his words the old man said:

"Indeed! As I listen to you, I feel as if the mountains here are all piles of money.... Well, you had better tell this stirring story to our villagers. They would surely pick up their ears...."

The leader nodded to him with a smile.

The supper was ready and he shared a table with the old man. But the old man was very sorry that his home failed to prepare a meal for the guest.

"The host ought to treat the guest, but this is a reverse. I really hardly dare show my face."

"Don't mention it, grandad."

At that moment, the chairman of the sub-county people's committee, informed of the leader's visit, rushed to the house to greet him. Only then did the old man recognize the leader and, blinking his eyes, he looked up at the leader's portrait hung on the wall.

He apologized, muttering: "On account of my bad eyesight, I failed...."

The great leader cheerfully said that his own grandfather was as old as he, and urged him to take the meal. The old man felt only grateful.

The meal was over, and the conversation continued for a good while

when the old man took out a well-thumbed notebook and short pencil from his pocket and wrote something before saying.

"General, I have written here that General Kim Il Sung called at my house. I will leave this down to these children."

The leader smiled and remarked meaningfully:

"Grandad, you had better write, 'Reap golden fruits from all mountains', and hand it down to your posterity."

Repeating these words of the humble and benevolent leader, the old man gazed at the mountains ahead, dyed with thick autumn tints.

That night the leader got together the peasants of the village and taught them the way to do farming well and make the best of the inexhaustible resources of mountains so that they could live as affluently as those in the plain areas. Even after sending them back home, the leader burnt the midnight oil, thinking of how to improve the living conditions of the peasants in mountainous areas. Far before liberation, he had sat deep in contemplation in the log cabin of the Paekdu forest, preparing the grand programme to liberate the country and create a new life in the liberated land. Now here, before the flickering oil lamp in a peasant's house in a deep mountain village of the liberated country, he was working out plans for paving the path to be followed by our countryside and opening up a bright future for the peasants in mountainous areas.

Early next morning, the great leader, guided by the chairman of the sub-county people's committee, climbed the mountain. He examined wild fruits and greens and medicinal herbs growing there, and personally calculated how much of them could be gathered. At a sunny tableland, he selected a site for a stock farm and proposed that herbivorous domestic animals should be raised there on a large scale.

Afraid that the leader might feel tired, the sub-county chairman told him to go down and return, but the fatherly leader said:

"Let's go up further. We should brush morning dew-pearled grass like this and tread a thorny path before others so that the people live well at the earliest possible date." He kept climbing without rest and scaled the Kirin Hill, more than 4 kilometres away from the old man's house.

Back from the mountains, he met functionaries and peasants again, and said:

"Turn the mountains to good account and extensively develop side lines that require no funds. These mountains are covered with 'gold'.

"The people in mountainous areas should make the best of mountains. If you make good use of your mountains, you can live as well as the people in the paddy areas. Your livelihood is inferior to that of the people in the plains at present, but in future the people in both plain and mountainous areas will live affluently, all alike. ..."

In this way, the respected leader looked after the peasants in mountainous areas and showed them the way to live well. Following his visit to a remote mountain village, a great event took place in the life of the people in mountainous areas. Living in mountains from generation to generation, they regarded them as good-for-nothing, steep and dark. Even in dream they had been envious of plain areas, blaming poverty on their fate. But now, thanks to the leader, they found all sorts of treasures and resources in their mountains. They opened their eyes and gained new vigour. They shook the mountains with their labour and song, and turned them into "golden" ones. This joy knew no bound.

Now all the mountains of Korea have been turned into "golden" ones conducive to the improvement of the people's living. People have come to boast of their mountains as their honorable masters. This new brilliant history of "golden" mountains started just from the Kujigol mountain village of Yangdok County in 1947, two years after liberation.

5

The US imperialists who held the reins of government in south Korea, were pulling every string to create a deep gulf between north and south Korea, while indulging in all sorts of tyranny as the aggressor and oppressor.

Frightened at the ever-growing might of north Korea and encountered by the strong resistance of the south Korean people, they brought the Korean question to the UN in November 1947 without rhyme or reason, fabricated the "UN Temporary Commission on Korea", an aggressive machine, and set to cooking up a separate "government" in

south Korea. Having already reared their faithful stooges with pro-Japanese elements and traitors to the nation, they put their old-time running dog Syngman Rhee to the fore to cook up a puppet regime. In doing so, they intended to shackle south Korea more tightly to them as their colony.

This vile move involved cruel repression. Many people anxious about the destiny of the country, were arrested, imprisoned and killed in cold blood. The enemy fired bullets at random, presenting a scene of battle wherever people rose in resistance. Blood was shed every day, bitter curses ringing over every street and village.

Dark clouds hung heavily over south Korea. The Korean peninsula was in danger of being split eternally and the south Korean people were in danger of being reduced to colonial slaves.

In such a situation, the great leader Comrade Kim Il Sung set prevention of the danger of national division and reunification of the country as the supreme national task. The ardent wish to reunify the country ran through all his work.

Truly, it is only the great revolutionary leader Comrade Kim Il Sung who would be able to break this snag liable to leave a shameful blot in the history of our nation.

The Days of the North-South Joint Conference

The great leader Comrade Kim Il Sung sternly condemned the insidious scheme of the US imperialists for "separate election" and "separate government", and set forth a clear-cut policy of uniting the entire Korean people with one will and beginning a decisive phase for reunification and independence.

"I appeal to the entire Korean people, all the democratic forces and all the patriotic persons who crave for the freedom and independence of the country to do their best to frustrate the enemy's crafty manoeuvrings to disrupt our country and enslave our people again."

This appeal of the great leader kindled the flames of struggle in every south Korean heart. Shouting, "Long live General Kim Il Sung!", "Let's frustrate the separate government scheme!" and "Koreans will solve the Korean question!", they rose in resistance, braving the enemy's suppression.

In face of the strong revolutionary advance of the popular masses, the

middling political forces who had been watching the trend of the times, began to lean to the side of the revolution. Even the Rightists showed great vacillation, splitting into factions.

Visualizing the situation in which the balance of forces had undergone a great change, the great leader proposed to hold a Joint Conference of Representatives of the Political Parties and Public Organizations in North and South Korea in order to achieve the independent reunification and independence of the country.

Thus, the historic joint conference was opened on April 20, 1948, in Pyongyang at the Moranbong Theatre. The entire nation had great expectation from it. Its attendance represented 56 political parties and social organizations of north and south Korea. Among those from south Korea were true worker-peasant representatives. But also included were those who came merely out of patriotism without any political view of their own, and even some Right politicians hostile to the revolutionary struggle.

A representative called Kim Wol Song was a white-haired old man on the wrong side of seventy, while representative Kim Chang Suk was a Confucianist who had both his legs crippled in a 10-year-long prison life and was carried on other's back.

Comrade Kim Il Sung, the sun of the nation, paid particular attention to all these representatives. He sent people up to the 38th parallel to receive them and accommodated them in every way in the arrangement of cars and train, and their lodging and boarding places. He offered special hospitality to Right-wing politicians. Bearing in mind that they must have vacillated and been restless more than anybody else on their way to Pyongyang, he encouraged them, praising their courage and sincerity. He showed great magnanimity to them out of his desire to lead them along the highway of reunification, irrespective of their isms or assertions.

So precious to him were territorial integrity and national reunification. His ardent patriotic spirit never allowed him to leave the southern half of one and the same territory under the heel of foreign forces. The past record of those politicians was unclean. But the leader was resolved to save them and get them to lead a true life, even though belatedly, by enlisting them in the important work of breaking through the national crisis.

From the high rostrum of the north-south joint conference, he delivered his historic report, expounding patriotic ways and means to

check the nation-splitting manoeuvrings of the US imperialists and set up a unified central government on democratic principles. He appealed:

"Anyone who truly loves the country should categorically reject treacherous separate elections. In this nationwide struggle all people who are concerned about the fate of the country and the nation, must unite, irrespective of party affiliation, religious denomination and political view."

The report, based on great magnanimity and afire with the lofty spirit of national love, stirred the hearts of all representatives. It was a great surprise particularly for the Right politicians as if they did come to a cool beach after standing the sultry heat. They only uttered one exclamation after another.

For the first time in their life they saw such a meeting where everyone expressed pure patriotism, free from any greed for power. The meetings they had had in the past had been scenes of confusion. Their organizers had indulged in factional feuds to satisfy their selfish desires, though they prated words about doing something for the country. Closing their eyes to the interests of the people, they had justified their selfish assertions and forced them upon others by use of power and money. But the meeting guided by the great leader, the peerless patriot, pursued only one lofty purpose, that of reunifying and glorifying the country, cursing the aggressors.

To encourage the south Korean politicians, the great leader invited them to various memorable events held after the conference.

The grand rally of the Pyongyang citizens held on April 25 in celebration of the successful joint conference and the colourful May Day demonstration left ineradicable impressions upon them. The leader seated Kim Gu and other Right politicians on the platform before all the cheering crowds. There they witnessed the happy people who were liberated and enjoying a new democratic life, thanks to General Kim Il Sung, the sun of the nation. They saw the great leader who, smiling all over his face, was sending blessings to the cheering people. The people's paradise built by him on this land, the people's solidarity, the birth of great power capable of removing mountains and damming oceans—all this was too wonderful and too impressive to see. They wept in admiration of the grand appearance of our nation, firmly united around the leader, and full of gratitude for the leader who had placed them before the whirlwind of cheers. They were the first tears of happiness they had ever shed.

The leader made arrangements for the representatives from south Korea to inspect many parts of north Korea in the hope that they would be awakened by the reality and strive harder for the country and the nation with firm confidence.

While looking around cultural establishments in Pyongyang and factories and rural villages in localities, they were surprised to see a new world where the people, once condemned to a life of suffering, were now creating a happy life with great pride as masters of state power and society. At a banquet given by the leader in their honour, Kim Gyu Sik had this to say on their behalf: "The north is like a new rising family while the south is a falling family."

A representative who had once taught in a school in Fusong County in China and had acquainted himself with some of the leader's activities during the anti-Japanese revolutionary struggle, said: "Truly, it is the happiness and boundless honour of the entire nation that such a great leader as the General is leading our country." Time and again he evinced his resolve to fight in defence of the lofty will of the leader.

Kim Gu Finds a New Path in the Last Phase of His Life

Same was the case of Kim Gu, a boss of the Rightists. Once he had crossed swords with Syngman Rhee for dirty power in Seoul. But he visited Pyongyang at the call of the great leader Comrade Kim Il Sung and turned over a new leaf. In the period of Japanese imperialist rule, he had long styled himself an "anti-communist fighter" and desperately defended the so-called "Shanghai Provisional Government" which had existed only in name. But the nationalists had looked up to it as the future of Korea. Hence, he manifested unusual vacillation and indecision in paying a visit to Pyongyang.

Yet, all his doubts melted away upon meeting the great leader Comrade Kim Il Sung at the north-south joint conference which he attended after leaving his travelling outfit at the special guest house in Pyongyang.

Heartily welcoming Kim Gu, the great leader praised his participation in the conference as a great deed prompted by patriotism. Kim Gu, audacious and uppish by nature, used to take a cool view of things. But he was now off his head with joy, excitement and amazement before the noble

character of the young leader carrying the bright future of the nation, his open, handsome face beaming with resounding wisdom, and his frank, manly manner. Kim Gu bowed low before the leader in expression of his gratitude for cordial reception. He kept hanging his head for a good while as if repenting his disgraceful past.

Kim Gu, Kim Gyu Sik and others had arrived late at the meeting place due to the stalling manoeuvres of the US imperialists and reactionaries. The leader stopped the meeting halfway to warmly welcome them.

At the meeting while the leader was presenting the wise, discerning strategy and tactics to surmount the grave national crisis, Kim Gu could not refrain from expressing great admiration for his ardent patriotic spirit and outstanding intelligence. He confessed that he was no more than a young disciple sitting before a teacher with his homework undone. When the leader gave him an opportunity of speaking, he expressed full endorsement of the leader's policy and, feeling fully ashamed of himself, reiterated: "But I had no chance to learn...."

Back to his quarters after the meeting, Kim Gu rubbed his upper lip vigorously with his forefinger and then the back of one hand with the palm of the other—a practice he did whenever he was excited. With a proud look, he said to his secretary who accompanied him from Seoul:

"It will be impossible to find such an outstanding leader as General Kim Il Sung anywhere in the world, I should say. He said we should reunify the country and develop and prosper it after reunification all by the efforts of the Korean people themselves without any foreign interference. What precious words!"

He came across this great Juche idea for the first time after spending most of his time in other's house, in other's land, with other's money, studying other's face, though he had conducted an independence movement for himself.

Busy as he was, the fatherly leader personally visited Kim Gu in his quarters and had a heart-to-heart talk with him late into the night. At a mass meeting the leader led him by the hand to the platform to receive the cheers of the crowds. He also let him inspect everything he wanted.

During his inspection tour, Kim Gu saw a new world. The people who all became the masters of the world were creating precious things, demonstrating the superiority of the people's democratic system.

Fascinated by their proud features, he heaved a sigh of admiration while feeling disgust at himself. He had long set "anti-communism" as his motto. But now it proved to be an anachronous and reckless motto, born of ignorance and prejudice.

Kim Gu also called at the leader's old home in Mangyongdae. He had imagined that it must be a stately mansion, not a common house. But he was amazed to find it to be a weather-beaten straw-thatched cottage. What was more was that the leader's seventy-year-old grandfather was still working as an old-time farmer even after liberation. Kim Gu felt a lump in his throat and, after looking at the hard horny hands of the grandfather for a while, asked:

"Why are you doing such manual work when your grandson is the Head of State?"

Wearing a gentle smile on his sunburnt wrinkled face, the grandfather replied:

"But I am a farmer, apart from my grandson. As the old saying goes, farming is the mainstay of the country. So, he'll attend to politics well when I do farming well, won't he?"

Words failed Kim Gu. The grandfather's remark rang in his ears as sublime one he had never heard in his lifetime. He felt like bowing on his knees to the grandfather's sacred spirit.

He bent his back, with one hand upon the other, and watched the working figure of the grandfather, his heart beating high as if awakened to a great truth.

Kim Gu and his party paid a visit to the Mangyongdae Revolutionary School.

The children of the school welcomed them warmly, shaking the whole playground with their ringing cheers. They all had the same clothes, the same bright faces, and the same happy features. There was no shadow of sorrow and loneliness in those bereft children. They sang of their new happy days and danced.

Kim Gu was enchanted as if he was standing in a full-blown flower garden. Presently, he, like other visitors, sobered down and assumed a serious look.

He kept blinking his watery eyes when he learned how much trouble the fatherly leader had taken to find out those children of revolutionary martyrs and how carefully he was rearing them.

Kim Gu felt a pang to find himself in a miserable plight in south Korea where he had been unable even to think of calling back the bereft children of his colleagues scattered in various parts of China. When the Yankees and Syngman Rhee had called them "a group of Zhongqing beggars", he had had to pocket that deadly insult. There he had even failed to find a rented room for his colleagues. But General Kim Il Sung, the legendary hero, had sent his men to distant places to find and fetch all the bereft families and children of his old-time colleagues and was now bringing them up so tenderly and sincerely. What a glaring contrast! Kim Gu wept and wept.

Kim Gu's secretary wrote thus about his master's feelings at that time:

"His face was red with emotion and he often blinked his wet eyes. He wept inwardly. Like others, he burst into sobs when the bereft children gallantly marched past and presented in dances and songs the happy life they were enjoying in the embrace of their fatherly leader General Kim Il Sung. The Right-wing politicians were reflecting themselves belatedly after spending most parts of their lives in darkness. Kim Gu, his head hung, kept drying the tears gushing from his eyes."

The leader's influence on Kim Gu was great. It seemed to make him another man, daily, during his stay in Pyongyang.

One late night Kim Gu, unable to take sleep, called his secretary into his room. Giving him a look with his blood-shot eyes, he said with a deep sigh:

"I lived wrong. Really I did! I have reflected on all my past life for nights...."

After puffing on his pipe for a while, he went to the window, looked at the night sky of Pyongyang and said, turning around:

"Listen to me. From a long time ago I knew that General Kim Il Sung was an excellent man, an outstanding military strategist in particular. But I had never thought that he was such an excellent leader. Looking after all the people in his embrace, he had worked out a flawless plan to drive out Yankees and reunify the country, and is regulating the trend of the times. Indeed, he is a man born of Heaven!"

The secretary said, "I've already made up my mind to spend the rest of my life on the road indicated by General Kim Il Sung!"

On hearing his secretary, Kim Gu said slapping his knee with

his hand:

"You're right, U Saeng. I'll dedicate the seal of our 'provisional government' to General Kim Il Sung. That seal had long been my honour and life. Now I'll bow and present it to the General!..."

The secretary stirred deeply. It was the knell of Kim Gu's long bigoted political career.

As for the seal of the "provisional government", Kim Gu and other key figures of that "government" had prized it as precious as their own lives. Firmly convinced that his "provisional government" was the fruit of blood of the March First Movement, Kim Gu had never left its seal, its "legal" symbol, from his side even for a moment in Shanghai, on the long road of refuge to Zhongqing, on the still longer road back to Seoul. But now he unhesitatingly declared he would respectfully present that "Royal Seal" to the great leader. That meant entrusting his all to the leader. Really it was hardly believable for such bigoted Rightist bigwig as Kim Gu to have changed his view of life and turned over a new leaf at the advanced age of 70.

Kim Gu had long wandered about in darkness, turning his face away from the trend of the times, as a dyed-in-the-wool creed-bound nationalist and anachronistic "anti-communist". But now he opened his eyes and became another man, deeply moved by the great revolutionary idea and benevolent virtues of the respected leader.

Back in south Korea, he earnestly and sincerely told many people about the deep political insight and the lofty personality of the great leader, and scathingly condemned the aggressive policy of the US imperialists and the traitorous acts of the Syngman Rhee clique, calling for national independence. Feeling uneasy over the utterances of Kim Gu, the US imperialists at last got him assassinated mercilessly.

As seen above, the fatherly leader set forth a new policy at the April north-south joint conference to prevent national split and achieve national reunification and independence, and got Kim Gu and many other nationalists and conscientious persons to join in the great struggle of the people. The enemy's May 10 separate "election" ended in complete failure in face of the united struggle of the entire people of north and south Korea.

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Nevertheless, they cooked up the "election" results shamelessly and knocked into shape a puppet regime headed by Syngman Rhee. This plunged our nation into a crisis of permanent division.

In order to surmount this crisis in time and build a genuine state of the entire north and south Korean people, Comrade Kim Il Sung, the genius of the revolution, set the founding of a Democratic People's Republic of Korea as the pressing task. Thus, the DPRK was born on September 9, 1948, through the historic north-south general election.

Announcing the birth of the DPRK to the world, the Supreme People's Assembly organized the Government and appointed the respected leader as the Premier of the Cabinet of the DPRK. This was to realize the ardent desire of the entire north and south Korean people and demonstrate their infinite reverence and loyalty for him. With the founding of the DPRK headed by the respected leader, our country which had long suffered an eclipse on the world map, became a full-fledged sovereign and independent state, its blue and red flag flying at a corner of the East, while our people who had been deprived of their country by the foreign imperialists and had suffered all sorts of humiliation and maltreatment, became the resourceful people of the mighty and dignified country of Juche.

Meanwhile, panic-stricken by this, the US imperialists and the puppet clique formed a plan for long-term stationing of the US army in south Korea in November that year, expanded their aggressive armed forces and beat the drums of war louder on the 38th parallel.

In this context the leader formed the Democratic Front for the Reunification of the Fatherland to include the various classes and strata of patriotic democratic forces of north and south Korea in June 1949 with a view to frustrate the enemy's nation-splitting manoeuvres, stop their war rackets and open up the path of national reunification. The leader called

upon the entire Korean people to drive out the US imperialists from south Korea and realize the peaceful reunification of the country by themselves.

To consolidate the revolutionary base of the northern half of the Republic which alone could provide firm guarantee for national reunification, he also spared no efforts to guide various factories and rural villages on the spot. Peasants were in high spirits, building tile-roofed houses and buying oxen with part of their large income from the distributed land. But the leader was not content with it. He kept studying how to improve their life further. In order to push the huge Pyongnam irrigation project he gave on-the-spot guidance, defying inclement weather. Yesterday he was seen looking around the Pyongyang Textile Mill and housing construction sites and today he was at local factories and in villages. He strove heart and soul to develop the economy and improve the people's life.

On the Day the Whole Land Wailed

September 21, 1949 was Wednesday. That morning, too, the great leader embarked on the road of on-the-spot guidance to Tosan County, Hwanghae Province. Respected Kim Jong Suk had been suffering from a lingering disease. But she rose from her bed that day and saw the leader off at the front gate as usual, forcing an engaging smile lest he should feel uneasy on a long journey.

However, nobody knew that it would be her last send-off.

Her illness had been serious and the leader had done his best to cure it. One year before, he invited a famous Korean medicine doctor in Kanggye to his residence and kept him for forty days for her treatment.

At first the doctor thought that respected Kim Jong Suk's disease would be not so serious. But, while feeling her pulse and diagnosing her disease time and again, he was startled to find it was a deep-seated disease. He asked more than once about her case history. She first declined, but said in the end:

"In the days of the anti-Japanese armed struggle we often ran out of rations and had to force our way, satisfying our hunger with boiled leather boots and belts. At times the enemy's 'punitive force' was so close on our heels, we had no time to boil cereals and had to eat them raw while marching. In blizzardy winters, we often refrained from building a fire on

account of the 'punitive force'. On such occasions we had to bury ourselves in snow...."

On coming to know the origins of her disease that defied human imagination, the old doctor felt a keen sympathy with her and got busy in its treatment, applying the medical art attained through many years' practice. But, caused in the days of the arduous anti-Japanese armed struggle, her disease was not alleviated despite his sincere efforts. The veteran practitioner lamented his incompetence and left her side feeling very guilty.

Her illness took a serious turn on the night of the day when the leader left for a long journey. The adjutant decided to inform the leader of it, but she stopped him firmly. When her illness grew worse the adjutant became desperate and couldn't keep still any longer. Afraid of disturbing the leader's work, she said: "If you so want to call up the General, just ask him when he will return. Don't tell him of my illness." How much she must have wished to have the leader close by her side! But her desire not to worry him got the better of that wish. Even in her sickbed, her heart was afire with allegiance to the leader. She was now lying in her sickbed, with same feelings with which she had devoted her all to the leader in the trying days of the anti-Japanese war, her eyes staring at the window in the eager hope that the leader would decorate the path of his journey with eternal glory in good health.

It was well past midnight when the great leader hurried back home upon hearing of the grave turn of her illness. She was in a trance. Some time later she came to herself and felt the leader standing by her sickbed. Her eyes swimmed in tears while the leader was gazing down at her with a worried look.

Smiling through her tears, she said: "...The night is far advanced. Please don't worry about me too much. You may go back and resume your work. The remedy does me good and I feel better...."

However, her illness grew worse, and there was no contending against it.

On the night of September 22, 1949, when her clock was striking, time and again she called the leader to whom she had devoted her life which was short and strenuous but full of great merit and glory.

Indeed, for her the leader meant her life, her hope, her native place, her motherland. That was why she dedicated her all, body and soul, to him to the last moment of her life.

She quietly closed her eyes and breathed her last.

Her death was too regrettable. How could it be otherwise? How could she be gone forever with her eyes lambent enough to melt away all worries like the thawing snow and make flowers bloom even on stones, with her bright face that expressed her virtuous mind with a crack of a smile? Is it now really impossible to hear her frank witty words and entrancing voice?

Kim Jong Suk had never spared a movement, saying, "A man tastes the worth of living when he works."

Kim Jong Suk used to say, "Only on the day of national reunification will a revolutionary be able to declare he has discharged his primary duty." But she passed away so young at the age of 32, not seeing that day!

Woman veteran fighters were the first to come rushing to her side at the news of her death. They all stood aghast at first. Presently, one of them gave way to a fit of wailing, stamping her feet; others followed suit.

They looked for a change of new clothes for the departed. But there was only a skirt and no coat in the chest. They all wailed and wept, holding the chest. At the sight of the food on the sacrificial table, one woman fighter burst into sobs again in memory of late Kim Jong Suk. Recalling the hard days of the anti-Japanese struggle, she said she had once eaten pine endodermis cakes with her in a market after returning to the homeland.

The sky was dark with grief and the earth was drenched in tears.

But what agony the great leader must have felt!

Repressing his deepest grief by the strength of will, he remarked:

"Comrade Kim Jong Suk was very faithful to me. While fighting as a guerrilla in the mountains, she even dried my wet clothes in her bosom when she was unable to build a fire because of the pursuing enemy's 'punitive force'.

"Whatever she did was all for her comrades, not for herself. She was such a revolutionary comrade that she even postponed her visit to her kinsfolk, saying, how she could leave her place even a moment when the country, though liberated, was divided into the north and the south and the situation was so complex.

"I would have had no regret if she had led a comfortable life even for a single day, faring well and dressing well.

"The most heartbreaking part of it is that after spending her whole life in hardships she left first and I let her go."

Every listener broke into sobs again, grieving over the great irreparable loss, picturing her lofty image whose life was resplendent with a heroic and legendary epic.

On the One Road of Allegiance

The revolutionary career of respected Kim Jong Suk started with her meeting with the great leader and ended with her devoted service to him. Born into a poor and patriotic family, she lost her parents and brothers to the bayonet of the Japs in her early years. She had no choice but to take the road of revolution. In the guerrilla zone of Sandaowan, she first met the great leader and received precious teachings from him. In the forest of Manjiang she met him again and told him between sobs all about the lot of her unfortunate family which she had not revealed to anyone before.

From then on she had attended on him, closest by his side. She carried out her revolutionary tasks with credit, whatever the circumstances, while reliably defending the leader and taking care of all aspects of his life including dietary. In the battle in the recess of Dashahe she shielded the leader with her own body and shot down the enemies approaching stealthily with their guns ready at a very short distance. Once in a critical situation, she even carried on her head a hot iron pot containing boiling porridge. During an arduous march, she chopped a hole in the ice, washed the leader's clothes and leggings and dried them carrying them on her body. When the leader reproved her for this, she only smiled, hanging her head.

She found boundless joy and honour in performing the revolutionary task assigned by the leader. Even in the worst situation while conducting an underground work on his instructions, she guarded the secrets of the organization at the risk of her life, and after carrying out her revolutionary task wonderfully she got back to his embrace.

It was thanks to the care of such faithful revolutionary comrade as Kim Jong Suk that the great leader could return home in strong health even after waging the 20-year-long arduous anti-Japanese struggle.

Her allegiance to the leader was constant after liberation. When she landed in the homeland in triumph after liberation, she didn't even drop in at Hoeryong, her native town, but came straight to Pyongyang. Without breaking the fatigue of a long struggle, she addressed herself to the

revolutionary cause of the great leader in defence of him. Whenever anti-Japanese veterans suggested her to visit her relatives, she would say:

"I also have missed my relatives badly. But how can I leave home when the General is so busy building the state?

"The Japs were driven out, but the Yankees are entrenched in south Korea in their stead.... The situation is very complex.

"In such situation, the General is working hard day and night. I'll not call on my relatives until the country's situation is stabilized. My only mission at present is to protect the General as in the past."

Even after changing from her military uniform to her civilian clothes, she defended the leader at the risk of her life as ever as his bodyguard, as his all-time sentinel.

It happened one evening when the situation was grim right after liberation. The leader was chatting with Kim Jong Suk and another woman functionary at his residence when a gunshot rang out in the street nearby and the electric lights went off in its wake. In those days the class enemies were engaging in insidious manoeuvrings. The leader went out to the porch to see what had happened. But he heard a click ahead. Comrade Kim Jong Suk was already there and slipped the safety catch of her pistol. The following short conversation was exchanged in the darkness:

"You should not go out. Go in please."

"Never mind. Let me go out and see what happened."

"No, you must not go out. It is the demand of our guards."

Comrade Kim Jong Suk was adamant. Some time later the electric lights were on again and the woman functionary could see loyalty incarnate. Respected Kim Jong Suk was standing at the gate, ready to rush forward, lifting her pistol over her bosom, her left hand grasping the handle of the gate, her eyes burning. Her image presented a statue blended with all beauty and loftiness in the world.

Her loyalty to the leader and her boundless love for her son merged into one stream. One night in the late autumn of 1948. It was quite late and her son was already asleep. She was sitting beside him, knitting the sleeve of a woolen sweater. A woman visitor asked if the sleeve was not a bit too long, Kim Jong Suk said with a smile. "Yes, the size is a bit large as a whole. I wish he would grow quick so that the sweater would fit him."

Impressed by the warm motherly love of Kim Jong Suk, the visitor said, "The more he grows, the more he takes after the General, indeed. He

has something of his mother, too."

At these words Kim Jong Suk bent down and looked affectionately at her sleeping son and said: "What's the good of taking after me? He should take after his father."

She ardently wished that her son would inherit all the greatness of his father.

Earlier, her son had broken up a plaything to pieces. But she did not reproach him. She was rather delighted at his spirit of inquiry. One day, her son stood by the guard, carrying a wooden rifle, and with a grave look, he said, "I'm going to guard my father, too!" He looked most dependable to her as she visualized the future of the country.

Respected Kim Jong Suk, an indomitable communist revolutionary fighter most faithful to the great leader and the incarnation of lofty love, upheld his noble cause with a burning zeal and did her utmost to bring up her son. Indeed, her zeal, devotion and love were the warmest and loftiest in the world.

White Apricot Flowers to Bloom Forever

The tragic news of respected Kim Jong Suk's death caused a great national sorrow. Particularly deep was the sorrow of those who had received her personal care and love in the days since liberation. They wept and wept recalling the bygone days.

One day in December 1946, a woman official who had had the privilege of receiving many teachings from Kim Jong Suk, paid a visit to her house at her call. Kim Jong Suk welcomed her warmly. She opened her wardrobe and took out light-blue silk material for a jacket and a dark-green woolen cloth for a skirt. And she said, "This is material for my dress. Do you think it would suit me?"

"Perfectly!" the visitor replied. "If you wear a light-blue *chogori* and dark-green *chima*, you would look five years younger."

At these words Kim Jong Suk beamed with a smile. She said "Good. If it fits me, it will fit you, too."

Looking at the perplexed woman official, Kim Jong Suk went on:

"Since I first met you at the beginning of the year you have been in that black Western suit of clothes or in the dark-blue Korean jacket and skirt. Have a suit of clothes made of this material though it is not so good. Don't put on the dark clothes all the time. While young, you should don

bright colour clothes, too."

"Thank you. But, how can I take your material from you, madam? I like this suit of mine best."

The woman official firmly declined the offer. But Kim Jong Suk spread the material and looked from it to the visitor; she was quite satisfied. The woman official could no longer refuse the gift, and asked, "Madam, I should know about the material before having my clothes made, shouldn't I? Did you buy it for me?"

"No," Kim Jong Suk answered. "It just came into my hands." She handed the material over to the visitor.

Several days later the woman learned that the material had been intended for respected Kim Jong Suk to make a new dress for December 24, her birthday. But, she was gone now, leaving it behind. The woman official pressed the clothes made out of it against her breast until they were wet with tears.

One sultry summer day a pregnant woman was gasping along a bustling street in Pyongyang, a big load on her head. Kim Jong Suk snatched it and carried it for her up to the top of a hill far from a bus stop. The pregnant woman had to follow her, feeling very sorry for the helper. Looking back on the day the woman was choked with tears. A girl worker of the Pyongyang Silk Mill sobbed, covering her face with her hands which had been stroked tenderly by Kim Jong Suk. How she was pained to notice the young girl's hands burnt by boiling water!

On a rainy day Kim Jong Suk covered the top of the sentry post with a raincoat, lest it should leak. Instead of looking after her own kins, she would often call on the bereaved children of dead revolutionaries to do laundry and even pickle *kimchi* for them. Those who had grown up under her kindly care wailed in agony on losing her.

Once, Kim Je Won, a peasant from Hwanghae Province, visited the residence of the respected leader, driving his oxcart loaded with patriotic rice he had donated to the country. That day Kim Jong Suk in plain clothes politely greeted the peasant from a far-off place and helped him unload the heavy bags of rice.

She treated him in such an informal manner that the peasant could not identify her and said as if to himself: "My wish has been met, because I had the honour of seeing the General in Pyongyang, but I am sorry to return without seeing his wife." Kim Jong Suk smiled and said: "I said

how do you do to you and even helped you unload the rice bags. But I'll have to repeat my greetings to you, eh?" Remembering the simple and lofty personality of respected Kim Jong Suk, Kim Je Won, together with villagers, wept, striking the floor of his room with his fist. Tens of thousands of people shed tears recalling her warm love and lofty virtues. The whole nation expressed deep condolences on her death.

Most grief-stricken over the premature death of Kim Jong Suk was Li Bo Ik, the leader's grandmother. To the visitors who came to comfort her, she said in tearful voice:

"...To think that the considerate, kind-hearted woman is gone.... When the country was liberated, our General and his wife came together. Whenever she treated us old folk with utmost devotion, I would recall our General's parents, but I did not utter a word about it, fearing it might torment the hearts of all...."

She wiped the tears with her handkerchief and added:

"They could not see their daughter-in-law and could not receive her filial affection. And who knew she would pass away? I should have gone first. To think that that wonderful woman has gone before me...."

Patting the doorsill unceasingly, she continued between sobs. "Fancy that the young woman who had deftly threaded through the flames of fierce battles left us in these happy days! My granddaughter-in-law came long after my eldest son and his wife had gone! So I thought she would wail before my grave. But even this devoted woman went before her old grandmother-in-law. What a pity!"

The year was out. Spring came around and new buds sprouted. The leader was busy with work day in and day out. But he was in grief over his wife's death. Even while amusing himself with his children or walking alone in the yard, he was filled with boundless sorrow.

In the garden, white apricot flowers were in full bloom, heralding the balmy spring season. Looking at the dazzlingly white flowers on every branch, the leader sank in reverie:

"This year the apricot flowers have bloomed so beautifully. She loved them so much, but...."

He walked silently for long among the apricot trees before he telephoned the Party committee office of the far-off county of Hoeryong in North Hamgyong Province.

"Well, are apricots in bloom there, too? Here in Pyongyang they are

in full flower now...."

The chairman of the county Party committee failed to understand why the leader had asked him about apricot flowers. He just answered that these days the white flowers were coming out there, too. If he had known that there was an old apricot tree in the yard of respected Kim Jong Suk's native home in the town of Hoeryong, he would have choked with emotion.

One spring day when the apricot flowers were not yet out of bloom, a woman, who had once served at the leader's residence, called on him. It was late Sunday afternoon. He was reading a book in the garden. The respected leader went to the back yard with this woman who grieved over the death of Kim Jong Suk. There were two soy jars standing side by side. Soy was overflowing out of the jars warmed by the spring sun. Seeing this, he said moodily.

"Comrade Jong Suk prepared the Korean bean paste which I like. As there is nobody to take care of it now, the soy overflows like this."

The leader asked for a dish cloth and wiped the overflowing soy. He wiped it repeatedly, his clouded face drooping lower and lower.

The woman barely repressed convulsive sobs and said to herself: "O, leader, please don't! I think I'll have to move the jars to some other place where his eyes cannot reach."

"There is no one like Comrade Jong Suk," he barely managed to utter in a low, husky voice. "She could not be bartered for anything." Overwhelmed with these words the woman burst into sobs, hugging one of the jars still permeated with the warm love of the tender-hearted Kim Jong Suk.

Respected Kim Jong Suk passed away but her laudable revolutionary exploits will remain for ever in the hearts of our people. Her image will eternally shine in the noble revolutionary cause of the great leader, in the cause of her son she brought up as the hope of Korea, among the marching columns of our people, in their songs and on the smiling faces of the children.

Through the lofty life of respected Kim Jong Suk, the indomitable communist revolutionary fighter, the generations to come will be deeply moved to learn what is lofty and respectable in life, a lesson most essential for man to learn.

Chapter V

HIS LOVE FELT EVERYWHERE IN THE WAR

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1

In June 1950 an extremely dangerous situation was created in Korea by the US imperialists and their lackey the Syngman Rhee puppet clique. After successive armed provocations against us, the enemies intensified their moves to invade the north and concentrated puppet troops along the 38th parallel. Now, the atmosphere was so tense that war could break out at any moment.

While closely watching the enemy's aggressive moves, the great leader Comrade Kim Il Sung made persevering efforts to tide over the critical situation and reunify the country peacefully.

He did not want war. The Korean question should and could be settled not by war but peacefully by the efforts of Korean people themselves. This was his firm conviction and persistent stand proclaimed more than once at home and abroad. Therefore, even on June 7, when the US imperialists and their lackeys were making more undisguised war moves, he ensured that the Central Committee of the Democratic Front for the Reunification of the Fatherland proposed general election throughout north and south Korea to form a supreme legislative body; then, the Presidium of the Supreme People's Assembly of the DPRK proposed to the "National Assembly" of south Korea that the peaceful reunification should be achieved by merging the two parliamentary bodies in north and south Korea into a single legislative body for all Korea.

His patriotic initiative to prevent a fratricidal war at any cost and reunify the country by peaceful means met unreserved support of the entire Korean people as well as the progressive people the world over.

Despite our Republic's repeated proposals on peaceful reunification, the US imperialists and their agents, blinded by the evil design of aggression, made a surprise attack against the DPRK at dawn on June 25, 1950, thus unleashing a criminal war of aggression.

Enraged at the enemy's perfidious war provocation, the great leader

Comrade Kim Il Sung was forced to adopt countermeasures while sternly warning them that they must immediately stop their criminal invasion, so as to prevent the expansion of hostilities. Notwithstanding this, the enemy advanced one to two kilometres north of 38th parallel along the whole front and intensified their attack. Our homeland was confronted with a grave danger and our people had to suspend peaceful construction.

Shouldering the Destiny of the Nation

US imperialism which boasted of being the "strongest" power in the world, is the most vicious ring-leader, the biggest aggressor and marauder which had built its skyscrapers of prosperity at the cost of the blood and sufferings of other nations through 110 aggressive wars.

The US imperialists, who had their eyes on the Korean peninsula for over one hundred years, because of its strategic importance, occupied south Korea after World War II. Taking advantage of this, they endeavoured to swallow up the whole of Korea and use it as a bridgehead for their aggression on the Asian continent and socialist countries, so as to dominate the world.

Therefore, they triggered off an aggressive war to stifle in the cradle the northern half of the Republic which they regarded as a thorn in their flesh because it had emerged as a powerful democratic base for the Korean revolution. They did this also with a view to seeking a way out of the ever-worsening economic crisis and domestic situation in the US.

The most severe challenge faced the fledgeling Republic which was only two years old then. The Korean people were standing at the crossroads of their destiny.

The iron-willed brilliant commander Marshal Kim Il Sung, the Supreme Commander of the Korean People's Army, resolutely took up the challenge of the US imperialists, shouldering the destiny of the country and people by himself.

Five years passed since the north Korean people who had suffered from colonial slavery under the yoke of vicious Japanese imperialism for half a century, became the masters of the country and began to build a new nation and new life, throwing off hemp clothes and straw sandals and emancipating themselves from the cursed illiteracy. They were absorbed in work, tasting the joy of creation and construction for the first time in their

lives. Workers were transported into delight over having rehabilitated the factories and enterprises destroyed by the Japanese imperialists and producing goods by their own efforts. Peasants were singing the song of happiness, gathering bumper crops from the fields which brought them only sorrow in bygone days. Now, every day seemed to be a gala day for them. Young people studied in schools at all levels to enlarge their knowledge and build up the future of the nation, and village women felt proud of going to *hangul* and adult schools, books under their arms. Now the US imperialists and their lackeys were invading this land.

The great leader, burning with righteous indignation at the enemy, led the struggle to defend the country and the people overjoyed with a new life. He resolved to frustrate the enemy's design to overthrow the people's democracy established in the northern half of the Republic and force the exploiting system upon it; he also resolved to convert the aggressive war unleashed by them into a war to deliver the south Korean people from reactionary rule.

The leader was pained more than anyone else by the national division caused by the US imperialists. In contrast to north Korea where the people were building a new life under the people's power, south Korea which had been liberated on the same day as the north, fell prey to the policy of colonial enslavement of the US imperialists who had stepped into the shoes of the Japanese imperialists. The fertile land had been turned to their military bases and the people suffered from poverty and lack of rights, their cry for freedom, democracy and reunification resounding across the country.

Aggressors lorded it over there as "helpers", and quislings swaggered in the disguise of "patriots", while packs of traitors who had informed against patriots under Japanese imperialist colonial rule were now throwing people into prison with American backing. Five years had gone by since liberation, but in south Korea it was a daily occurrence to witness the sorry sight of old people carrying their dead sons who had fallen to the enemy's bullets.

The leader had not liberated the homeland through the 15 years of bloody anti-Japanese armed struggle to see such heart-rending scenes in south Korea.

The groans of south Korean brethren and their ardent cry for help had always bothered the leader ever since the days of the anti-Japanese

armed struggle. He had felt like a father who had two sons living apart in entirely different worlds. The leader decided to deliver the sons and daughters in south Korea and stood in the forefront of the anti-imperialist, anti-US struggle to safeguard world peace and security by foiling the US imperialists' aggressive design to spread the flames of the war in Korea, and dominate the Asian continent and the world.

Thus, the war between the US imperialists and the Korean people meant confrontation between aggression and defence, between colonial enslavement and national liberation, between brutality and humanity, between injustice and justice. It was a great battle against destruction and death, for creation and life, against a new war, for the defence of peace. US imperialism was a formidable enemy who could not be slighted. It was the ringleader of world imperialism with great military potential and up-to-date combat material, engrossed in slaughter and destruction. In fact, it was taken for granted that no one could match "mighty" US imperialism.

The world watched Korea in deep suspense.

However, the iron-willed brilliant commander Marshal Kim Il Sung was sure that the Korean people would emerge victorious from this war against US imperialism, however formidable it might be. He firmly believed that the strength of the people is the decisive factor which determines victory in war. So, he decided to get over the enemy's numerical and technical edge by our politico-ideological and tactical superiority. The leader believed in the invincible revolutionary will and inexhaustible strength of the workers, peasants and the rest of the people who had taken power in their hands and become masters of factories and land, whereas the US imperialists relied on the devastating power of their up-to-date weapons.

In his radio address on the morning of June 26, the great leader Comrade Kim Il Sung ardently appealed to the entire Korean people to defend the Democratic People's Republic of Korea to the last, liberate the southern half from US imperialist colonial rule, and achieve national reunification under the banner of the Republic. He also said:

"The history of mankind shows that a people who rises in the struggle for freedom and independence in defiance of death is always victorious. Ours is a just struggle. Victory will surely be on our people's side. I am confident that our just struggle for the sake of the country and the people will certainly be triumphant.

"The time has come to reunify our country. Let us march forward valiantly with firm confidence in victory!"

His address imbued the entire Korean people and People's Army with a strong resolve to annihilate the enemy.

Death to the Aggressors, Liberation to the South

After repulsing the enemy's invasion, the valiant Korean People's Army made a sweeping advance, pursuing the fleeing enemy.

On receiving reports of our first victory by the map table, the leader visualized the liberated south Korean people and called in the Defence Minister.

He told the minister that the People's Army must guard the property and lives of the south Korean people and make a good political impression on them. He stressed that they should bear in mind that they were the first political workers ever to get in touch with south Koreans.

The minister was struck with reverence for his warm patriotic spirit to protect the people's property and lives in the midst of war inevitably attended with destruction and death.

When the liberation of Seoul was on the order of the day, the leader repeatedly instructed all our troops fighting for the fall of the town to safeguard the lives and property of the citizens and save the cultural relics from destruction. The People's Army was true to his instructions.

Seoul fell on June 28. It had been the seat of the Japanese imperialist "Government-General" for 36 years, and then the centre of the aggressive and repressive apparatuses of the US imperialists and their lackeys. It also had historic relics of the glorious struggles of the patriotic people. Welcoming cheers broke out first at the West Gate where the prison was located. As soon as they entered Seoul, the People's Army soldiers broke open the prison gate with a tank and released patriots. Hugging the liberators, the latter sent up cheers in tears: "Long live General Kim Il Sung!" Seoul citizens joined them, shedding tears of emotion.

On the occasion of the liberation of Seoul, the respected leader Comrade Kim Il Sung sent warm congratulations to the entire people, officers and men of the People's Army and Seoulites. He himself went to Seoul in the teeth of the raging flames of war, burning with the desire to see

the people of the liberated town.

In Seoul, he visited the slum quarters instead of the plazas where there were decked platforms and cheering crowds of people.

At times, he stood before match-box houses in the suburbs of Seoul; at times he remained a long while on the Chonggye River lined with shabby huts, which was a miniature of Seoul. He also visited other places to get acquainted with the living conditions of the population.

Through these visits he found that the people of Seoul were short of fuel. He lost no time in asking a responsible official of the Forestry Bureau to supply enough firewood to the population so that they did not have to worry about fuel.

The front moved southward amidst the resounding roars of gunfire and battle cries and the liberated people sent up enthusiastic cheers of applause, heralding the advent of a new, free world. This southward advance of the People's Army was an advance to bring the fatherly leader's love to the people.

Great Victory in Taejon

The enemy had bragged that they would have breakfast at Haeju, dinner at Pyongyang and supper at Sinuiju, but they had to retreat on empty stomach. The Seoul-Pusan highway was thronged by huge crowds of puppet troops stampeding southward in low spirits, carrying their rifles upside down.

Along this very highway a large unit moved northward in high spirits, while the puppet Syngman Rheeites and their army fled southward, helter-skelter. It was the 24th US Division. The US imperialists boasted of it as an "invincible division", which was notorious for slaughter and plunder.

As the main forces of the puppet army had been routed, the US imperialists threw their 24th Division into the Korean war on July 1 and, on July 7, got the UN Security Council to meet to rig up the "United Nations forces" by fraudulent means and adopt an unwarrantable resolution on sending them out to the Korean front.

The Korean war entered a new phase.

Driven up to the Kum River, the US imperialists concentrated massive troops, including the 24th Division, in the Taejon area. They declared this area to be the "line of no return" or the "last defence line".

The ever-victorious, iron-willed brilliant commander Marshal Kim Il Sung planned to inflict a crushing blow on the US imperialist murderers who had unleashed the war and perpetrated unheard-of destruction and slaughter by indiscriminate bombing over the peaceful residential areas. The leader, nursing the grudge of the entire Korean people, extended warm love to the heroic people fighting in a sea of fire with the resolve to annihilate the enemy. Thus, Taejon was destined to become a battlefield to shatter myth of the "mighty" US imperialists to smithereens and unleash the deep-seated grudge of the people.

The leader took up the command post at the Front Headquarters to direct the battle for Taejon which focussed the attention of the world. Here he set a brilliant example of encircling operation in modern warfare. Going by his unique tactics, our units in the western sector of the front, which were advancing towards the vast Honam Plain, made a swift detour to the southeast of Taejon in a stealthy way, cutting off the enemy's route of retreat and blocking the advance of their reinforcements. Our troops completed the iron ring of encirclement which made the 24th Division a rat in a jar. There was no option for the enemy but to die in frenzy. The concentrated strike of the People's Army was as terrific as all the thunder and lightning in the sky put together. The 24th Division of the US aggression army was wiped out. The commander of the division Dean, in charge of the defence of the Taejon area, made a sorry sight as he was caught by a young People's Army soldier while trying to make his escape in soldier's uniform. This proved that the more they escalated the war the heavier defeat was in store for them.

The victory at the battle for Taejon, won by the great leader Comrade Kim Il Sung, dealt a crushing blow at the US imperialists and humbled them who had boasted of their being the "strongest in the world". This clearly proved to the Korean people and the progressive people of the world that they were quite capable of defeating the US imperialists. The shining victory demonstrated to the whole world the leader's staunch will to crush any formidable enemy, defend the homeland and deliver the south Korean people from the tyranny without fail.

Visiting the Soldiers at the Front

After bringing the battle for Taejon to a victorious conclusion, Marshal Kim Il Sung made another trip to the front without time to recover from the long-standing fatigue.

The inspection tour of the front by car under the enemy's incessant bombing meant exposure to danger. But he did not care about his personal safety just as in the days of the anti-Japanese armed struggle, when he would always find himself among soldiers, regarding it as his duty to take up the most dangerous and difficult position in battle.

As usual, while it got dark that day, the US air pirates rained cluster bombs, lighting up the sky by flare bombs. But he didn't bother, his thoughts were with the men and officers fighting at the front.

When he reached the bank of the Rimjin River under the rain of bullets, the bridge had been wrecked by the enemy's bombing. It needed a lot of time to repair it.

The adjutant accompanying him was at a loss what to do. The Supreme Commander was standing at the approach to the bridge where showers of bombs were expected any moment.

He was lost in thought for some time without a word, looking toward the southern sky, before he looked round and said to his adjutant.

"There must be a railway bridge nearby. Go and find out. Let's cross it."

There really was a railway bridge a little way off. Fortunately it was not damaged. But at a closer look the adjutant was overcome with more apprehensions. "How can the heavy car cross the long bridge treading the sleepers in this pitch-dark night?" he thought. "The enemy planes may appear at any moment. What if one of the numerous sleepers give way? How can I allow the car bearing the leader to drive over the sleepers which have been exposed to blizzard and rain for years and are now being strafed day and night?"

But the Supreme Commander bade the driver to run the vehicle towards the railway bridge. The adjutant felt dizzy. His heart sank for fear. He collected the courage to stand in the leader's way, saying:

"Comrade Supreme Commander! You shouldn't cross the railway bridge. It is dangerous. The destiny of the country and people and our victory in the battle hang on your safety."

He spoke in an earnest tone of voice.

The leader was silent. How could he fail to understand the adjutant's feeling? He was grateful, indeed, to his adjutant with whom he had shared his joys and sorrows. Laying his hands on his shoulders, he said in a gentle voice :

"Comrades at the front are waiting for us. Even at this moment they are shedding their blood in the battle. Why should we hang about here? Let's cross quickly!"

An enemy plane buzzed overhead and the staccato of strafing was heard from a short distance. However, the Commander's car was on the railway bridge now. The abyssal waters flowed angrily below through pitch-darkness.

Every moment was breathtaking as the car rode over one sleeper after another with a thump. Each time the thump echoed through the walls of their hearts the retinue anxiously wished the Commander safety, fighting back the tears and wiping the cold sweat on their faces. The driver drove the car carefully, yard by yard, concentrating all his attention on the gear as if driving through a mine field. However, the Commander kept his composure, staring in the direction of the opposite shore in the south. Even at this critical juncture his thought ran to the soldiers at the front and the south Korean people. Only when the car reached the far side of the river, the adjutant heaved a huge sigh of relief. But the thumping of the car against the sleepers still rang in his ears. Even when the car passed fields and threaded its way along mountain slopes and valleys, his heart kept echoing with the thumping. The thumps of the car against the sleepers, one after the other, sounded like the throes of the nation aspiring at a bright future, the solemn progress of history to tide over national sufferings. This was the harbinger of the warm love of the leader who delivered the south Korean people from pains and misfortunes step by step. The adjutant fully understood why the leader would not allow even a moment's delay in his southward trip, despite any danger. Receding thumps on the railway bridge developed into an august symphony which filled heaven and earth.

The road to the front where the valiant sons and daughters of the Republic were fighting at the cost of their lives, was linked with the road to the south where our miserable brethren were still awaiting liberation. These roads were linked with the love of the fatherly leader, heralding a bright future.

As soon as he arrived at the Front Headquarters in Suanbo, North Chungchong Province, the leader got down to grasp the situation at the front without taking a moment's respite. Early next morning he went out to the forward areas where our officers and men were fighting. Meeting in their trenches the fatherly leader whom they had yearned for, awake or

asleep, the soldiers raised enthusiastic cheers amid the roar of gunfire.

He was satisfied to find them all healthy. And he brushed dirt and powder soot from their uniforms, and smoothed their clothes. The soldiers were greatly moved and buried their faces in his bosom.

The leader approached a very young soldier in the trench under a pine tree. Passing his hand over his head, he asked him his age.

"I'm eighteen years old, Comrade Supreme Commander!" he replied in a clear ringing voice.

The leader asked him where he had joined the army.

"I joined the Volunteer Corps at Seoul where I worked my way through school." The soldier answered proudly.

His heart was full because he was in the People's Army and, now, having the honour of meeting the fatherly leader whom he had so longed to see. The leader patted the soldier on the shoulder with a smile and asked him detailed questions—whether the fighting was hard for him, whether he was healthy, in which battles he had taken part, etc. And he asked, "Where are you from?"

"I'm from Taegu, North Kyongsang Province, Comrade Supreme Commander. I have joined the army to liberate my home town."

"Hum! You are right. You must liberate your home town. Whom do you have at home?"

"My father died early and I have my mother and two younger brothers there."

"Mother and two brothers...."

Thus saying, the leader gazed at the southern sky. He seemed to be looking for the soldier's old mother and brothers who must be shedding tears of blood under the enemy's tyranny. Quiet came over the front.

Presently, the leader looked round soldiers and said:

"...One always remembers and longs for home wherever one may be. But the home of this comrade is being trodden down by the enemy now, and his mother and two brothers are groaning under their jackboots. Not only this. The enemy is still treading over a large part of our homeland and killing our parents, brothers and sisters in cold blood. How can we bear it? We must drive all the US aggressors into the South Sea and complete the liberation of the country and save our parents, brothers and sisters, from tyranny!..."

His words aroused waves of emotion in the hearts of all the soldiers present, including the one from Taegu.

Everybody saw vividly his home associated with the memories of his childhood and his dear mother's lined face, his kind-hearted sister carrying a water-jar on her head, and his younger brothers who would cling to him. Home had always been on their minds. Now standing on a hill of the homeland with the leader, they suddenly became homesick. They felt intense hatred towards the packs of brutal US aggressors who were running wild to exterminate their sweet old homes and loved parents, brothers and sisters, treading them down with their blood-stained jackboots thrusting their bayonets into them and throwing them into fire.

They gripped their rifles tightly. They gritted their teeth, glaring at the enemy's pillboxes they were to destroy. They renewed their resolve to fight valiantly and staunchly in the showdown with the US imperialists for their homes ravaged by the American marauders, for their younger brother who had died bleeding at the mouth, for the bright hope nursed by their dear sisters, and for the spring well in the home village waiting for the liberators to come.

The leader bent his eyes to the enemy positions. Soldiers too watched every movement of the enemy. No force would counter the strength with which the leader and these soldiers advance in one body, deeply stirred by the sufferings caused to the part of the homeland yet to be liberated.

2

New Society for the Liberated Area

Thanks to the unexcelled tactics and strategy and the sagacious leadership of Marshal Kim Il Sung, the outstanding military strategist, heroic People's Army units dealt fatal blows on the enemy and achieved brilliant war results within only one and a half months after the outbreak of the war. They liberated a vast area which accounted for more than 90 per cent of south Korean territory and over 92 per cent of its population. The liberated area of south

Korea was ebullient with emotion and joy.

The leader brought a new bright and free life to the south Korean brothers who had been subjected to subhuman contempt and maltreatment under the long-drawn colonial rule of Japanese and US imperialism.

People's committees, the genuine people's organs of power, were restored, revolutionary organizations came into being, and agrarian reform and other democratic reforms were enforced throughout the liberated areas. The poor peasants and farm hands were given lands free. They danced in glee as their long cherished desire was realized. The workers became masters of factories, and the office workers, too, were now free from humiliation and contempt. They shouted hurrahs again and again, grateful to the fatherly leader for his kindly care.

The US imperialists and the Syngman Rhee clique had press-ganged the young and middle-aged men and, even women, and plundered civilians of their property and domestic animals till the last days of their retreat. They had done this on the plea of "wartime mobilization" and "wartime requisition". On the contrary, Comrade Kim Il Sung provided the people with land and factories, a new system, and a new life as well as joys and songs. In fact, this liberation realized their ardent desire for the true life they had long cherished; it brought them a new world they had always aspired to. The south Koreans sent tens of thousands of letters, expressing their deep gratitude to the fatherly leader. Below is a letter from a peasant in Poun, North Chungchong Province who got distributed land:

General Kim Il Sung, how do you do? Though I know you must be very busy with military affairs due to the difficult national situation, I am sending this humble letter to appreciate the great benefits I have been given. I was a farm hand, so were my father, elder brother and two younger brothers. I have been treated like an animal by the landlord all the year round since I was a little taller than the carrying rack. The landlord would beckon me with his head and beat me and force me to have meals with a dog. We four sons and father reaped more than two hundred *som* of rice, but all of us were swollen with hunger. We could hardly afford to put a bowl of rice on the offertory table for our ancestors even on the New Year's Day or on the Harvest Moon Festival. But you gave me land.

You gave me so many tracts of the fertile land which I had looked on with keen envy. Is this a dream or truth? Our family feels as if their

stomachs were loaded even without eating, and we are quite happy even when we have to work all through the night: My old mother keeps praising your kindness, leader. She says I would not be her son if I fail to repay your kindness in my lifetime. 'You were born to be farm hands, but the leader made men out of you,' she says like the burden of a song. And she bows every morning and evening before your portrait hung in the place of honour on the wall. But tens of thousands of bows would not be enough to appreciate your boundless favour. I have many more things to tell, but let me put down my humble writing brush here. Wishing you a long long life.

A worker in the city of Seoul sent a letter to the leader in connection with the enforcement of the Labour Law. He said among other things:

"Beloved leader General Kim Il Sung, we are so happy and feel dazzled as if by sudden bright rays. You have bestowed the joy of liberation on us, you have freed us from wage-slavery and even promulgated the Labour Law to ensure us the sacred rights of workers....

"Now we are going to rid ourselves of double and treble maltreatment and become full-fledged masters of factories, and engage ourselves in worthy labour for the country and revolution. I will be a new worker of new times."

These sincere letters reveal in a simple manner how the warm rays of the fatherly leader penetrated into the hearts of the south Korean people. For their class positions, the workers and the peasants of south Korea were quick to realize that the Korean People's Army was an army safeguarding the interests of workers and peasants against landlords and capitalists; so they extended enthusiastic welcome to them. However, there were some people who did not follow suit. They were either those who were taken in by the false "anti-communist" propaganda stubbornly fanned first by the Japanese imperialists and then by the US imperialists and their minions, or those who had served enemy organizations to eke out their living. Some of them were quite perplexed and scared as the People's Army went over to the counterattack and advanced to liberate south Korea.

The benevolent fatherly leader Comrade Kim Il Sung took all of them into his embrace, fully understanding their feelings and positions. He also made sure that those who wanted to work on the side of the people, got jobs they chose, regardless of religious beliefs or political views.

His warm loving care for the people of all strata, except the US imperialists and their henchmen, completely relieved those who had been wrapped in anxiety, and imbued them with new life and strength. The people who had been frightened for no reason and were hiding, came out into the streets, beaming with smiles. Some intellectuals who had engaged themselves in their studies, taking away their eyes from the national situation, also changed their minds and tried to find out tasks they could perform for victory in the war. Their patriotic zeal was as great as their indignation and hatred for the US imperialists and their minions who had deceived them with false propaganda. Thus, everybody in the liberated area of south Korea rose up as one man in order to repay the kindness of the fatherly leader who had brought them light, freedom, and new life. Workers were in the forefront.

The working class of Seoul took an active part in the rehabilitation of the Hangang Bridge with the People's Army, and the miners in Hwasun and Nyongwol rose to rebuild the coal mines destroyed by the enemy. The peasants did not fall behind. In spite of the fierce enemy bombing, they restored the destroyed bridges and roads and carried ammunition, provisions and other war supplies to the front. They also looked after the wounded of the People's Army as their own family members. In addition, the patriotic youth and students joined the Volunteer Corps and rushed to the front, arms in hand. Within a few weeks of the liberation of Seoul, 400,000 young people joined the Volunteer Corps.

Here is an episode which shows the burning loyalty of the volunteers.

There was a woman teacher named O Gyong Sim at a girls' school in the suburbs of Sunchon, South Cholla Province. She greeted the liberation at the West Gate Prison on June 28. She had lost her husband before the war, in the armed resistance against the US imperialists and their minions. She, too, had fought valiantly with the weapons taken over from her husband. But she had been arrested and sentenced to death. She embarked on the road of struggle followed by her husband; she had no time to look for her children whose whereabouts were unknown. As soon as she was released from prison, she joined the Volunteer Corps and took up arms. During our advance, she came across her beloved children. While mother was in prison after father's death, they had become vagrants, begging from door to door. They were unable to recognize their own mother. They thought she was dead.

"I'm your mother! General Kim Il Sung saved me from death!... So I am fighting again like this. I am your real mother!"

After a while the children recognized their mother and threw themselves into her arms and shouted: "Mother, we shall live together, shan't we?"

Rubbing her face against the children's cheeks, mother replied: "I will come back after driving out the Americans. Wait a little more until then.... I'll be back soon."

Holding back tears, she again started for the front with the rifle on her shoulder after entrusting the children to a local organization. She well knew that her dear children and all other mothers and children in south Korea would get happiness and a bright future only when the enemy was annihilated.

A valiant fighter, good teacher-singer, kind-hearted mother of two children, she fought bravely against the US imperialists, singing the *Song of General Kim Il Sung* which her husband had been fond of singing.

In this way the south Korean people continued to fight vigorously with might and main to defend the people's power established by the leader and the brilliant achievements of democratic reforms, for the sake of the freedom they tasted for the first time in their life.

At a Farmhouse in the South

The leader commanded the three services of the army, taking the destiny of the country on his shoulders in the fierce war to smash the US imperialists who boasted of their being the "mightiest" in the world. Therefore, one might think it a trifle for him to meet individual peasants and look after their lives. But Comrade Kim Il Sung, the benevolent leader of the people, never put off the task of taking care of them however busy he was. Even in the busy days when he examined the situation in the western and eastern sectors of the front, deployed the defence forces along the long coasts and changed the dispositions of divisions and corps, he tried to meet as many people as possible in the liberated areas and cared for their life.

It happened on a riverside. There was a small ferry-boat carrying many people across the river. The leader, accompanied by his adjutants, got to the bank to cross the river.

On the ferryboat on the riverside was a heavily-bearded old boatman

standing in the stern, a barge pole in hand. Several peasants who seemed to be returning from refuge were seated in the boat. The peasants looked miserable. Their faces were deeply furrowed; they had rough complexions and were in rags. A woman carrying a baby on her back looked worn out and the baby was crying with hunger. Some of them had dark blue spots on their faces, betraying the severe pain they must have been suffering. The leader looked at them in silence and could not turn away his face.

One of the adjutants got down to the sandy beach to usher the leader into the boat so that he would cross first. The fatherly leader stopped him, and said, **"Never mind. Let them cross the river first. They look like coming back from refuge. They must go home quickly and settle down, mustn't they?"**

Then, an old man aboard got down and said:

"No, sir. People's Army soldiers must cross first. We civilians are all right.... Get on board quick." The old man said this because he thought the People's Army soldiers should be busy. He did not recognize the leader.

The leader went up to him and repeatedly told him to get on board and go ahead. However, the old man would not get on. He said even peasants knew that troops must go first when the whole country was aflame.

"Then, let's go together. You, too, should go home quickly to lead a new life."

With this, the leader got on board with the old man. Soon the boat left. In the crowded narrow ferryboat the leader sat knee to knee with the peasants who were hugging their bundles, straw sandals and other things. He asked them about their tribulations and their home villages, feeling the movements of the boat with them. He visualized their future, saying that their lives would blossom when they drove out the Americans by helping the People's Army.

The peasants listened to him with all their ears. They were moved as if they were reborn. They found a new road. They gained fresh strength inspite of the battle which caused bloodshed and death. The oarman also listened attentively to his plain yet wise words while working the oar as quietly as possible.

Thus the great revolutionary leader was in the same boat, with the poor south Korean peasants; he perceived their sufferings and opened

The beloved leader President Kim Il Sung calls on peasants in a liberated area of south Korea

their eyes to their future through easy and informal talk. If the peasants aboard knew that the man who chatted with them was General Kim Il Sung whom they had been so anxious to see, awake or asleep, they would not have repressed their emotion and joy. The maudlin women would have applied their jacket strings to their eyes before they looked up to the leader; the youth would have raised applause; the children would have danced, and the white-haired old man would have wished the General a long long life for the future of the country, kneeling down before him. The aged boatman, too, would have thought himself lucky to have rowed the boat, and looked at himself in the mirror-like surface of the river, proud of having the great sun of the nation aboard his boat.

Once, the fatherly leader dropped in at a farmhouse near Uijongbu, Kyonggi Province.

The adjutant went into the yard first and called the master. A middle-aged woman came out, rubbing her shampooed hair with a towel. The woman was about to get down from the earthen bank when the leader was already in the middle of the yard and greeted her, asking how her family had been getting along after liberation. The woman did not know who the visitor was, and asked him to come into the room. She said she was enjoying good days now thanks to General Kim Il Sung.

Then, the woman stood glued to the ground for a few moments and stared in wonder at the leader, leaning her head to one side. She thought he was familiar to her. She rushed into the room and looked at the portrait of the leader on the wall hung on the day when she had received her land as a result of the agrarian reform. Then she looked at the visitor again and exclaimed: "Leader! I didn't know...." Tears came to her eyes. She was quite perplexed. She made a deep bow and said:

"Thank you very much, leader!" She was grateful to him for his visit to her shabby house and for providing her with land and better days. She expressed her unbounded gratitude in a few words.

At this poor peasant house, the leader talked to the mistress in tender voice. He acquainted himself with the situation of the family and perceived in her appearance numerous scars inflicted by the vicious old world.

He asked her how much grain she had harvested during Japanese rule and what hardships she had suffered under the tyranny of the Americans. He asked softly as if touching his own wounds. He said that the People's

Army was shedding blood in the fight to put an end to such a wicked world.

He asked her also about the agrarian reform—how much land she had been given, if she liked it, what she had thought of on the day when land was distributed. Then, he expressed concern about her life in the minutest details, asking about her impressions of the People's Army and whether her children went to new schools. The leader pointed out: **"We will be really happy and have nothing to envy in the world, when we crush the Americans to the last man and secure victory in the war."**

As the fatherly leader visualized new hopeful days, the mistress tried hard to repress her tears, but in vain. Those were tears of joy, of unbounded gratitude.

In the past the woman only shed tears of grief on being bruised, plundered and downtrodden by the malevolent Americans and their lackeys. But now she was shedding the first tears of joy in the warm embrace of the fatherly leader. Reflected in her tears of joy were the delightful emotions of all the south Korean people who were experiencing true life and happiness of which they had dreamed for a long time. They were now feeling the great love of General Kim Il Sung, the fatherly leader who had unfolded a new world amid the flames of war.

3

In September 1950 the situation at the front entered a grim phase. The US imperialist aggressors made last-ditch efforts. Compressed into a narrow area in North and South Kyongsang Provinces, they tried to execute their aggressive scheme whatever price they might have to pay. They threw into the Korean front the whole of their land, naval and air forces in the Pacific, part of their Mediterranean Fleet and reserve fleets, and even the troops of their satellite countries.

Launching an assault along the Rakdong River with beefed-up strength, the US imperialists carried out a large-scale landing operation at

Inchon. By this operation, they attempted to "encircle and annihilate" the main forces of the People's Army at the front, and cross the 38th parallel at a breath, with a view to occupy the whole of Korea.

Though temporarily, there came about a great disparity in the balance of forces and the war situation turned against us. The Korean people and the People's Army had to face a severe trial.

Our temporary retreat began. But this retreat of the KPA initiated by Marshal Kim Il Sung, great military strategist, to cope with the grave situation, was a unique strategic retreat unprecedented in the world history of war. Generally, a retreat in battle is accompanied by confusion and disorder; particularly, an army that aims at aggression and plunder is bound to disintegrate like an earthen wall soaked in water, affected by dreadful defeatism, as soon as the spearhead of its advance gets broken and turns its face backwards. But our People's Army units maintained their discipline and vigour even during the arduous retreat, and displayed an extraordinary will power that emanated only from a lofty ideological consciousness.

True, severe trials had some adverse effect on the minds of people. The enemy's violent bombing and manoeuvrability could throw them into confusion temporarily. But the fatherly leader planted strong pillars of confidence in the minds of people on time.

The Love That Helped Endure Ordeals

On the eve of the retreat. The great leader noticed something untidy about the men of the guard company which had just returned from its duty. He stopped them and said:

"How is it that your clothes are so dirty? You are not neatly dressed either. You get scared because we are retreating, eh? The way you are dressed...."

The leader's remonstration, however, was filled with warm love like that of mothers admonishing their dear children. With a gentle smile, he smoothed the skirt of the coat worn by a soldier in the forefront. The soldiers were ashamed. They had been dejected at the thought of the difficult retreat they had never experienced before. Now, they realized that this was a weakness unbecoming of soldiers. The leader saw through this and helped them rectify it in time, though it was a trifle matter.

That evening the leader took a walk with the soldiers along the stream

flowing in front of the operational command post. He squatted with them in the cool breeze and told them about the strategic aim of the retreat, and spoke of a thrilling counteroffensive which was sure to take place, and a greater and sweeping victory which had to be won. When the enemy troops reached the outskirts of Pyongyang with booming guns, he ordered the guard units to parade in the streets. The units marched in fine array to the tune of the vigorous military music played by the brass band. The earth sounded like a drum with the pounding of the shining boots and the rock-firm chests proudly thrown back were overflowing with energy. The musical instruments glittered in the sun and the resonant wind music and the cheerful songs glorifying military feats, shook the whole streets. This encouraged and invigorated the citizens greatly. The function was permeated with the warm love of the leader who had decided that the marching soldiers and the citizens had to surmount trials firmly and in high spirits. Therefore, everybody remained calm, even at the approaching boom of enemy guns. They fulfilled their duties faithfully, sensing their heavy responsibility to the country.

The leader took care of the retreat while commanding the front as calmly as ever, though the situation got more and more tense. Everybody worried about his safety and wished he would retreat quickly. But he remained to the last moment waiting for cadres and units to come back from the front. Only after he had met them all, and had an emotional reunion with them, did he leave Pyongyang with them.

Everyone was moved to tears by his lofty love and felt boundlessly honoured as his soldier.

This love was constant in the whole course of the retreat fraught with ordeals.

One morning, late October, the leader made a round of the billet of the guard company in order to see how they were getting along. He happened to see a few chicken bound in a corner of the yard and asked what they were for.

The company commander replied that they had bought them from peasants because they had no side dishes. The fatherly leader changed his colour and said:

"All young people have retreated from this place, too, because the enemy is coming. So, there are only old folk here. We should not take their chicken, should we? We should not buy them either.... People are having a hard time these days. Many of them skip their meals, running about to get ready for the retreat. How could we kill and eat their chicken? Don't do this sort of thing again. The harder the situation, the more frugally we ought to live."

After this bitter admonition the leader put his hand affectionately on the shoulder of the conscience-stricken company commander and asked him to return all the chicken to the peasants.

The soldiers were pained by his remonstration, but they felt happy to be the soldiers of the leader who treasured the people so much even in the midst of hardships.

He repeatedly advised army personnel to cook rice for themselves when they happened to stay at civilian houses, return all the borrowed bowls and utensils without fail before leaving, and pay for broken or lost things, if any.

While himself living as frugally as possible, the leader took great care of the cadres or soldiers who were fighting at the front, by giving them his own belongings. One day he sent a functionary of the Ministry of National Defence to Hwangcho Pass where the situation was critical. As this functionary was to make a long, difficult trip through a rain of bullets, the leader feared that the man might miss his meals on the way. He, therefore, had his own lunch wrapped up for him and carried by his adjutant so that the functionary might have at least one meal on the first day of his journey.

The functionary learned of this fact after a while on his way and blamed his adjutant for having received the lunch package. He could hardly take any step forward at the thought that the leader would be skipping his meal. He asked his adjutant to go back and hand the package over to the leader's adjutant. However, the adjutant came back with a larger package. He had returned the package to the leader's adjutant and was about to leave when the leader happened to know about this, and called him and personally put some canned food into the package. The leader advised the adjutant to prepare enough food because they were going to make a long and arduous trip.

The functionary who received the heavy package was speechless, and had a lump in his throat. He gazed with blurred eyes towards the mountain where the leader was.

"What shall I do? I have always received his favours, instead of

looking after him. Leader, do you know I am very anxious to prepare a meal for you with all devotion were it not for your order to leave?..."

The veteran of over 50 could not detach his handkerchief off his eyes. Then, he started resolutely and vigorously for his destination.

The leader took loving care of generals, soldiers and all other people on the thorny road. His warm love has been the spring of conviction and courage, that enabled them to surmount manifold tribulations.

Song of General Kim Il Sung Shook Heaven and Earth

A crowd of retreating people were on their way to Kosanjin, Manpo County, Chagang Province. The valleys were filled with People's Army troops, Party and government functionaries, workers and peasants, who were moving northward.

Among them were young workers, and peasants, as well as grey-haired scholars and artists carrying their children on their napsacks, from far-off places in south Korea, looking up to the leader.

The beloved leader showed concern for those who were coming north from their homes in the south.

One night, around two o'clock the leader saw People's Army troops coming in high spirits, singing the *Song of General Kim Il Sung* in resonant voices.

He stopped the car and got down, and asked the commander of the unit where they were from. The commander halted his unit and reported to him in attention. The unit had covered 2,000 *ri* on foot from the Rakdong River, wiping out the enemy at every step.

The leader grasped the commander's hand and thanked him for what his unit had done. He said the soldiers' spirits were high, and then looked closely at the ranks in the dark.

Noticing a very young soldier standing right behind the commander, he asked his name and age, stroking him on the shoulder. He replied in a resonant voice that he was So Sung Ryol, battalion orderly, aged 16.

The leader asked where his native place was, and whether he had his parents, and whether it was hard for him to serve in the army or not. Then he said:

"Where are you comrades going?"

"We are going to the Supreme Headquarters."

"What for?"

So Sung Ryol collected himself and answered in a more vigorous voice: "To get a new combat order from Comrade Supreme Commander."

The leader looked up at the snowy sky, apparently inspired by some thought, before asking many soldiers in a loud voice.

"Well, can you defeat the Americans once you receive an order?"

"Yes, we can." All of them answered in such a vigorous voice that shook the mountains.

Looking at the courageous looks of the soldiers, the great leader said in an excited tone of voice.

"We must hurry up and get fully ready to smash the enemy in our country at one stroke! You are not retreating now; you are counterattacking. This march is a victorious march to your homes!"

Turning to the aides, he said confidently.

"Look. The Korean youth are not dead! The Korean people are sure to win! They are sure to win! The Korean people will never lose!"

Repeating to themselves these emphatic words of the leader who believed in the strength of the people, the Korean People's Army men hurried with their march, with redoubled courage.

In this period of severe trials the officers and men of the People's Army gained firm confidence in victory from the words of the leader, while the leader derived immense strength and confidence from the high-spirited answers of the fighters.

Day began to break over the eastern mountains. The officers and men of the People's Army walked vigorously, singing the *Song of General Kim Il Sung* with their hearts filled with loyalty.

As the song shook heaven and earth, the morning air trembled warmly.

When the People's Army began the temporary retreat, Killer-General MacArthur bragged that the Korean war would be over before Christmas. He added that the G.I.s would greet Christmas at their homes. But he was destined to hold his head with his hands in despair.

The toast drunk precipitately by the top brass of US imperialism turned into a bitter cup of defeat.

A New Legend of Kosanjin

The great leader Comrade Kim Il Sung who had arrived at Kosanjin commanding the strategic retreat, was staying at a farmhouse. It was one of those low-eaved, low-fenced simple farmhouses one can find everywhere in mountainous areas.

The old master Chong Sung Ha vacated his house for the leader and took his family to another house. One day he went back to his home to move the pigs and chickens raised by him lest they might dirty the yard and make noise. The leader told him to leave the domestic animals as they were because he would not stay in his house for long. He went on to say that he would take good care of the animals by himself and the master did not need worry about them. The old man could not but consent. Later, he thought that as master of the house he should give the leader a treat while he was staying at his home. So, one night he returned to his home in order to kill a few chickens for him.

The old man approached the chicken house and tried to catch the birds carefully. They flapped their wings and cackled. At the moment the door of the upper room was opened. "Who is catching the chickens?" asked a strict voice.

It was the leader. The old man hovered.

"The old master says he needs the birds urgently," said one of the bodyguard. The leader shook his head.

"Why should he catch the birds at this hour? Didn't you ask for the chickens? If the master needs them badly, tell him he may use our chickens in the kitchen and leave his alone."

As was instructed the bodyguard asked the old man not to catch the chickens. But the old man did not want to give up his plan; he caught a few birds quietly and asked the adjutant to serve the leader with them. He handed them over to the adjutant and left.

A few days later the old man saw his chickens pecking at their feed in his yard. Among them were the very birds he had caught for the leader. He counted again and again, but there were exactly 18 chickens as before. That night the bodyguards did accept the chicken from the old man, unable to refuse his sincere offer. But, as advised by the leader, they put the birds back into the chicken house as soon as the master went out. The old man was very sorry to know this, and blamed the bodyguards for ignoring his sincere request.

One day a bodyguard visited the old man with warm eggs laid just then. He told the old man that these eggs had been laid by his hens which were fed by the leader morning and evening. And the leader had asked him to take the eggs to the owner before they got cold. The old man looked at the guard; he was on the brink of tears, with the eggs in his hands. He secretly hoped that the leader would have at least his eggs since he had failed to serve the guest with chickens. The old man was overwhelmed by his kindness in sending him the eggs.

The fatherly leader treasured the property of the people in this way. This lofty trait of character in the great leader acquired deep roots and became a moral code in the minds of all cadres and officers and men of the People's Army. So, when the soldiers came to a village, the women were at a loss what to do, because they carried water for them too often. Officers vied stubbornly with their hosts in sweeping the yard. The kitchen orderly and the women tried hard to serve each other with dishes of their own make and take on more work to help each other. This is a noble moral character which our People's Army inherited from the brilliant revolutionary traditions established by the leader during the anti-Japanese revolutionary struggle. This character stands out in sharp contrast to the foul behaviour of the south Korean puppet army and US imperialist aggressors. In their flight to the south, the aggressors used their bayonets for plunder and their bestiality increased in utter confusion. They plundered villages and raped women wherever they set foot. The shuddering atrocities vividly reflected the fear for their unavoidable destruction as aggressors and oppressors of the people.

Even in those days when he was busy preparing for an overall counterattack along the whole front, the fatherly leader squeezed time to take care of the population and help them in their work.

One morning, while on inspection of the living conditions of the villagers, he visited a farmhouse where millet was being threshed.

"What do you thresh the millet for? In cold weather, such as this, it is easy to thresh beans."

The master of the house was struck in wonder, for the leader knew even such a thing like an experienced peasant. He told him that he was threshing the millet to pay the tax in kind on time.

Now, the leader looked at the son engaged in flailing and said, "You are quite good at flailing, my boy."

Then, with a smile, he asked the schoolboy for his flail. He took it from the hesitating boy and joined the peasants in flailing. The ground trembled and grains of millet gushed forth as the leader threshed skillfully and forcefully. The host was so grateful, and asked him again and again to stop the hard work, but he did not let go of the flail until the threshing was over.

The peasants looked up at the leader reverentially, their hearts swollen with the happiness of having this great leader who had come out of the people. They reaffirmed their resolve to go through thick and thin for the sake of such a dear and benevolent leader.

While the leader was flailing with the villagers, the enemy was surging forth on us frantically from all sides, believing their victory was near at hand. Their top brass with bloodshot eyes, were drawing huge arrowheads of attack on the operations map. But, if they knew the leader was flailing with sang-froid, they would have turned pale for fear, like a dog scared at lightning. In fact, the leader had already completed all plans to sledge the heads of the aggressors.

The lofty political and moral traits and noble personality shown by the leader in the difficult days of the retreat led the whole People's Army and the people with great magnetic power along the road to victory.

4

In late November 1950, Supreme Commander Marshal Kim Il Sung ordered the units of the Korean People's Army to start a general counteroffensive, which would decide the outcome of the war.

The US imperialist armed forces and their mercenary armies that had crept into the northern half of the Republic got shattering blows on the Chongchon River, Changjin Lake, and in all other sectors of the front. They were shot, stabbed, and torn to death by shell splinters or buried in

avalanches and frozen to death in the severe cold.

Those who barely escaped death fled to the south which too was a road to death, a road to despair. They were trapped at the second front formed by the leader behind enemy lines and were mopped up by the baptism of fire. The 8th US Army was a headless colossus now that eighty-odd top-ranking officers, including Walker, the commander, were killed.

Towards the end of 1950 the enemy was completely driven to the south of the 38th parallel, and all the areas temporarily occupied by them were liberated. The newly-liberated streets and villages had deep scars caused by the enemy's bestial atrocities during their occupation.

"What Did We Give to the Children?"

One evening, in December 1950, the great leader Comrade Kim Il Sung left Kanggye for the liberated Pyongyang.

His heart was torn to see the streets reduced to debris and the villages severely wounded as a result of the enemy's indiscriminate bombing and genocide.

The US imperialists were cutthroats who filled their stomachs with the blood of men. They had exterminated the natives in North America and worked the African negroes in chains. They fully revealed their ferocity, brutality and cruelty in Korea. The US killer-general who had sneaked into the northern half of the Republic, had ordered his soldiers as follows: "Don't let your hands tremble even when those who appear before you are children or old people. Kill them! In doing so you will be saving yourselves from catastrophe and fulfilling your duty as the soldiers of the UN forces." This most diabolic order was carried out immediately by the US imperialist aggressors, who committed in Korea all sorts of atrocities beyond human imagination. They shot innocent women to death and stabbed the crying babies nestling against the dead mothers' breasts. They even vied with each other in throwing children into rivers, holding them by the ankles. They pulled eye balls out of the sockets of living people and dragged them round with their tongues pierced with wire, and they gouged out girls' breasts. They cut the bones out of our people's knees. They put numerous people into warehouses and poured gasoline over them and set fire to them. They buried the people of a whole village alive, herding them into a crater.

The earth was scorched, the trees and grass withered, and the rivers

shed the tears of blood. The US imperialists put their crooked hands on everything everywhere.

Boundless hatred for the enemy was burning in the eyes of the leader who watched the ghastly scars caused by their bestial claws and his eyes betrayed the pain of sharing sorrow with the people. The leader had not felt the fatigue of any long and hard journey, but this time he felt mental and physical pain as he passed the villages wrapped in the darkness. It seemed that unnumbered sufferings of the people were floating in the black night air like a dense mist.

The leader stopped the car when he got to a place called Sapyong-ri, Naenam Sub-county, where the Sunchon Plain stretched out before his eyes. The enemy's atrocities had been particularly severe here.

The leader alighted from the car and looked for some time at the Sunchon Plain lying far and wide in the dark, and then walked down the road to a farmhouse. There lived a middle-aged woman with three children, who were sleeping soundly. They were an eight-year old girl, five-year and one-year old boys. He took off his boots under the earthen bank and went into the room, and said to the woman:

"How are you? You must have had much trouble in these hard days of war."

It was so dark that she took him for an ordinary officer passing by her house, and replied: "Not us, but you soldiers."

At this moment the adjutant brought a candle and lit it. She was wonder- struck to recognize the leader.

"General, how is it you've come to our home of all places?..." She dropped her head before she could continue. The tears rolled down her cheeks. She had never shed tears despite all sorts of hardships caused by the enemy's atrocities. The leader calmed her down and asked her about all hardships she had experienced. Sobbing from time to time, she told her story.

The enemies who had swarmed into her village killed people right and left, set fire to houses and took away domestic animals. They murdered her husband in cold blood because he was the Party cell chairman. She somehow managed to say that her husband was beaten until his whole body was smeared with blood and put to death, his hands pinioned, but she could not describe his ghastly appearance. Her throat was choked. Many other villagers were murdered too.

Not satisfied with killing the people, the enemy destroyed everything in and out of the houses. They plundered the food grains and killed and ate puppies. They even broke pickle and soy jars to pieces. They took away all the clothes and quilts. The misanthrophic enemy who specialised in murder, had bitter hatred for and fear of all human and other beings.

Hearing her tearful story, the leader was so pained and enraged that he was speechless, glaring at a corner of the room. He seemed to be stroking the deep wounds of the country and people and driving the thunder of vengeance to the devilish murderers. Gripped by greater indignation, the leader only smoothed down the hair of the sleeping children curled up in summer clothes. He was choked with surging anger and unbuttoned the upper buttons of his tunic, and kept on stroking the sparse hair of the children with his trembling hands.

The woman saw the leader and felt dreadfully sorry for her story. The leader was violently excited, feeling the indignation of the whole nation, she thought. How painful he must be feeling! His face was clouded and his hands were trembling! She held back her tears, biting her lip.

The little girl was awaken by the warm caress. The two boys woke up, too. The leader helped the five-year old boy to his feet and pressed him against his chest, straightening the skirts of his jacket. He spoke to his mother:

"Let's bring up these children like those who have fathers. We must do so, mustn't we?"

The leader tried hard to speak in a cheerful voice to ease the grief rooted at the bottom of the woman's heart. He talked of the happy future in store for the children. He told her that the bereaved families of patriotic martyrs would be looked after attentively by the state in the future, and so the mothers should live bravely with a strong will to bring up their children well.

The leader put cakes in the hands of the girl, and put a bun in the hands of the boy on his lap, saying, "Well, these are the biggest ones." Then, with his smiling yet moist eyes, he watched the innocent faces of the children absorbed in eating, stroking them by turn.

The night far advanced, and it was nearing midnight. But the leader could not go, because it was hard for him to leave them behind.

Silence reigned. The leader was speechless, so was the woman.

Lost in deep thought for a long while, the leader rose to his feet at last.

He again told her to have the courage in her mind to live firmly, and then came out of the room.

Seeing off the leader, she said again and again, "You came to my home, but I couldn't serve you supper, General..."

These words came out of the very bottom of her heart.

She had longed to see the General so much. She and her husband shouted hurrahs for the General on the day when they received the land. She had called his name in joy and sorrow. She felt very sorry that her grievances had tormented General Kim Il Sung to whom she must entrust her all in the future, too, and that she failed to serve him a warm meal.

Consoling her again and again, the leader came out of the yard with heavy steps and got on the car.

The car resumed the trip to Pyongyang. Still lost in deep thoughts, he spoke nothing. When the car had covered many a mile, he suddenly turned to the adjutant and asked him:

"What did we give to the children?"

The adjutant could not understand what the leader meant at once, so he remained silent for a while.

What does he mean? The adjutant wondered. He gave the children the buns and cakes prepared for his supper...

Next moment the adjutant felt a warm lump in his throat.

Though belatedly, he could understand how distressed the leader was for his failure to afford a bright and happy life and merry songs, instead of buns or words of consolation, to the kids who had been deprived of too many things by the enemy.

Burnt villages and damaged fields flowed past the window. The leader stared into the darkness and said nothing. The adjutant and accompanying cadres had hot lumps in their hearts, but they could not say anything to the leader.

Back in Pyongyang, the beloved leader Comrade Kim Il Sung was hard pressed by mountains of work concerning the front and the rear. But he did not forget the bereaved family he had met at the farmhouse in Sunchon, and personally sent them cloth, children's footwear, and even some furniture.

Then he grasped the specific situation of the bereaved families of patriotic martyrs and war orphans all over the country. He called a

meeting of the Political Committee of the Party Central Committee and discussed the problem of taking care of these families and orphans as a function of the state. In mid-January, 1951, he convened a plenary meeting of the Cabinet to take historic measures to adopt a decision on upbringing of all orphan children under state care.

As a result orphanages, baby homes, orphans' primary schools and revolutionary schools were set up across the country, where all war orphans grew up happily in the embrace of the leader without the sorrow of losing their parents.

In this way, while healing the wounds inflicted by the US imperialist aggressors, the leader gave top priority to taking care of the children rescued from the flames of war.

On the other hand, he dealt deadly punitive blows to the American cutthroats and their mercenaries without letup. The blows were as fierce as the angry waves of a stormy sea, which shatters pirate ships and scatters their debris into the raging sprays of the water.

A wide area of south Korean territory including Seoul, was liberated again. "UN forces" Commander MacArthur, the pride of the US imperialists, was dismissed for the ignominious defeat.

Rearing a Child by the Map Table

In the early spring of 1951, when our forces were in hot pursuit of the fleeing enemy, a three-year old boy was romping about in a room of the Supreme Headquarters. He was being brought up by the fatherly leader Marshal Kim Il Sung himself. The leader had picked up the boy at an orphanage after the Cabinet decision on the upbringing of orphans under state care.

Everybody was surprised by the fact that a boy was growing in the Supreme Headquarters that directed a battle decisive for national destiny and that the Supreme Commander himself was mapping out plans of operations with the boy in his arms. Mankind experienced numerous wars over many centuries, but such a feat is not recorded in any annal of war history.

The boy was unusually shy at first. He would look around and burst into tears because there were only officers walking about in their boots. The leader put aside his work and hurried to the boy. He took him in his

arms and tried to soothe him. But the boy kept crying. The leader was somewhat embarrassed and looked for something for the boy to play with. But there was no toy in the Supreme Headquarters. He fumbled in his pocket and took out a red pencil, and put it in the boy's hand, saying, "I have nothing else to give you. Take this!" The boy stopped crying at once, looking at the red pencil and then softly pressed his head against the leader's chest. There was a bright smile on the face of the leader.

The fatherly leader repeatedly asked the officers in the Supreme Headquarters to take good care of the child. He himself selected a bedroom and prepared the daily schedule for the boy. And he himself would hug the child and put him to bed and, sometimes, sit by his bed late into the night.

One day the leader worked at the map table deep into the night, before he went over to the boy's room. His face clouded as he felt the boy's forehead as usual. He asked the adjutant if the child had taken supper. The adjutant told him that the boy had taken less meal than usual, but got asleep in time and that his temperature was not so high. The leader pointed out that if children had poor appetite, it meant something was wrong with them. Then, he added in a grave tone:

"I am afraid you are not devoted enough. If you were his own father, how would you neglect him so? Fathers find out even small little disorders in their own infants at once. Parents can do so because they are so devoted to their children."

The leader gazed anxiously at the boy's face for a while, adjusting the edge of the quilt. He said that they should keep a first-aid kit ready for the child.

That day the leader called in functionaries of the Ministry of Education and health workers and grasped the situation of medical services at all orphanages and schools for the bereaved children. He instructed them to take better prophylactic measures and secure an adequate amount of medicine for emergency cases.

Under the warm care of the fatherly leader the child at the Headquarters grew happily as a flower-bud does in the sun. The boy called the leader "Papa". He would cling to the leader or follow him to the map table or do other cute things.

When the leader spent time with the boy, all his fatigue disappeared. He taught the child how to speak or softly sang a lullaby to him. He

frequently smiled as if picturing a happy new day flowering over this country of 3000 *ri* after annihilating the US imperialist aggressors. The leader fostered the happiest future of Korea and the continuators of the revolution in his embrace even while working at the map table in the Headquarters in order to deal a smashing blow to the vicious enemy.

The child who grew happily without a speck of cloud on his face, romping from table to table at the Supreme Headquarters, was a shining symbol showing the justice and sacredness of the war waged by the Korean people. The boy was a strong witness indicting the US imperialist aggressors as devilish murderers. He reminded the people of the burnt-up home and the murdered parents; he reminded them of the numerous children killed by the US aggressors before they could stand on their feet—the children who should have lived as happily as this boy.

For the aggressors, the people's sufferings and tears of blood were among the "items of national revenue". The devastation they caused, the unarmed people they massacred, and the children they orphaned were their "war results" and their "pride".

In fact, however, these "war results" meant their greatest defeat, their admission that they were not human but the most heinous beasts of all beasts.

The leader was leading this war in order to rescue the mankind, the most precious being, and safeguard its creations and bright future from the misanthrophy and atrocity of these beasts. Therefore, the charming child who was romping about by the map table eloquently showed the leader's zeal to defend the Korean people and humanity at large in the war.

The fatherly leader not only reared this orphan but also took loving care of all other parentless children across the nation. He put an end to the sorrow of the orphans who had lost their parents and their homes, and led them to grow up merrily, singing songs.

Though the nation was short of everything, he personally checked supplies for all orphanages and revolutionary schools; he was so kind-hearted that he wanted the best things allotted for the children. Once the authorities concerned drafted a list of rationed supplies for orphans. He checked it and made additions in it in person with the names of items such as apples, milk, bean curds, candies, etc.

At the time the people's living conditions and commodity prices differed according to localities. So he even had the norms of local supplies

fixed in such a way that all orphans could eat and wear evenly.

Though Korea was waging a big war almost unprecedented in history, there were no orphans crying of hunger or wandering about the streets. Therefore, the members of the investigation team of the Women's International Democratic Federation who had visited different parts of our Republic during the war, thought it strange that they could find not a single orphan or beggar wandering about the streets and from time to time asked about this. The reality of our country undergoing the severe war far surpassed their imagination.

But, when they realized that this fantastic fact was the result of the sagacious leadership of Comrade Kim Il Sung, the great leader of our people, and his boundlessly warm care, they, all of them, could not but admire him and deeply envy our people for living and fighting with such a benevolent leader at the helm.

The following song emerged from among the orphans brought up in the leader's embrace:

Blue is the sky and gay is my heart
And the sound of an accordion rings out far and wide.
What a wonderful homeland we have,
A land filled with harmony and hope,
With Marshal Kim Il Sung, our father,
And the bosom of the Party, our home.
Truly we are brothers and sisters
Envying no one and nothing on the face of the earth.

Though this song was first sung by the orphans, it is still sung fondly by all the children and grownups throughout the northern half of the Republic. The leader's care for the orphans was part of his deep solicitude for the bereaved families during the war. He took deep and warm care of all the bereaved families and war victims who had sustained calamities during the enemy's occupation. He took a number of popular measures. He organized the Committee for the Relief of War Victims to relieve war sufferers from worries about food and daily necessities, to build new houses for them, and to exempt them from some of their agricultural tax in kind as well as the repayment of the loaned grain. The present free medical care, our Republic's pride, dates from those days of the war.

The might and solidity of our rear which were demonstrated in the life-and-death battle with the US imperialists, the formidable enemy who boasted of his immeasurable military power, were hardened by the fatherly love of the leader.

5

Generally speaking, a revolutionary struggle is accompanied by sacrifice. It is inevitable that there should be a lot of heart-rending sacrifices in a war. In particular, the Korean war was the severest total war in which there was no difference between front and rear. Because of the US imperialist aggressors' strategy of savage indiscriminate massacre and destruction, the Korean people had to shed much blood.

Whenever and wherever anybody died, the beloved leader Comrade Kim Il Sung would mourn him, wrapped in boundless grief, just as in the days of the anti-Japanese revolutionary struggle. And he did his utmost to settle all affairs for the dead whatever situation.

During the strategic retreat, too, he carefully buried the corpse of an unknown soldier, not caring about the delay in his trip.

Whenever there were fallen fighters, he educated the soldiers and people in their heroic feats. And he stood avengers in the posts of the dead, so as to convince them that what is most precious for man is his political integrity, and that the value of man is measured by his efforts for revolution and construction.

The Death of His Dearest Soldier

It happened one morning in those days when the units of the People's Army were again advancing southward, mercilessly smiting the enemy, having driven them out of the northern half of the Republic throughout the whole front.

That day the beloved leader Comrade Kim Il Sung received a tragic news that Comrade Kim Chaek had suddenly died the night before. He

had called at the Supreme Headquarters just hours earlier and he was dead now! It was a bolt from the blue, he instantly rose from his seat and talked into the telephone:

"Comrade Kim Chaek is dead? He is not dead, he is not...."

But it was a fact. He died of heart attack. When the leader got the third phone call confirming his death, he could not repress his sadness, and covered his face with his hands. He drove to the Cabinet Building in broad daylight when the enemy aircraft were running wild overhead.

As he got to Kim Chaek's body, he looked down at it silently, grief-stricken. The dead comrade was lying calmly as if asleep, unaware of the presence of the beloved leader whom he had served with all loyalty throughout his life.

The leader embraced the dead in surging sorrow. He still did not believe his death, and stroked his forehead, and cheeks and even felt the pulse. But the body was already cold. His passionate heart stopped throbbing, the heart which kept beating for scores of years all the way along the rugged, stormy road of revolution he had embarked on. He closed his eyes without seeing the complete victory of the revolution he had so ardently aspired after, leaving the aggressors he had abhorred so! The leader hugged and shook his body violently.

"Why do you go alone? You pledged to share life and death with me. Why are you gone so early, leaving so much work behind? Kim Chaek, Kim Chaek!"

He called and called again the name of his beloved soldier, his heart rent by acute grief. But there was no answer.

The more he was distressed at the loss of his beloved soldier, the more he was sunk in indelible memories of him.

Since the hard days of the anti-Japanese armed struggle Kim Chaek had firmly defended and carried through revolutionary lines set forth by the leader and, after liberation, served him single-heartedly in the great cause of building the Party, state and armed forces. As Vice-Premier and for some time as Front Commander, he did everything in his power, day and night, for the victory of the revolutionary war commanded by the leader.

The night before, he had reported to the great leader on his work at the Supreme Headquarters, and was assigned with new tasks. Comrade Kim Chaek who was always eager to share joy and sorrow with the leader

on any matter, unbosomed his thoughts to the leader, as usual, sitting with him far into the night.

When he was leaving past midnight, the leader found that his socks were worn out.

His heart pained at the sight of the revolutionary soldier who was so busy as to have no time to take off his shoes and change his old socks. The leader was speechless for a while, before he called in his adjutant and sent him for his own pair of socks unnoticed, and got Kim Chaek to change his socks then and there. As the leader watched him changing the socks, Kim Chaek looked tired and hungry. So, he asked him again and again to take a bowl of noodle and stay overnight with him. But Kim Chaek declined and hurried back, saying he was busy.

He came back to his room in the Cabinet Building and resumed work, taking no rest. The adjutant waited for him outside the room for a long time, but he did not come out. So, he went in and was surprised to find him dead.

Informed of this fact, the leader deeply regretted his failure to force him to have the noodle when he had noticed his fatigue and hunger.

Even after his death, Kim Chaek still had the lofty revolutionary spirit and will power about him. He was one of the revolutionary fighters the leader had lavished his affection on, and one of the best sons of the people, who had been boundlessly loyal to the leader all his life.

The leader trusted and loved him particularly.

On one occasion during the temporary retreat, after disposing of all complicated affairs concerning the retreat, the leader was ready to leave Pyongyang. But prior to his departure he was worried about Kim Chaek and asked him to come back to Pyongyang. Kim Chaek was then at the front, in the area of Chunghwa, commanding an arduous defence operation which he would not leave, determined to defend Pyongyang where the leader was and ensure the strategic retreat of the Supreme Headquarters successfully. As he did not come, the leader again sent the adjutant to him, saying:

"If he does not come back, I will not leave here."

Comrade Kim Chaek shed hot tears to hear these touching words of the leader who would share weal and woe with his dear revolutionary fighters in any adversity.

Here is another episode which tells how much the leader loved him.

Once Kim Chaek visited the leader alone, not accompanied by his adjutant. So, when he was returning, the leader told his adjutant to escort him. On finding the adjutant following him, Kim Chaek admonished him sternly. "Why do you follow me? Are you crazy? You ought to defend the leader all the time. Go back this minute!"

The adjutant was at a loss what to do. The leader had ordered him to escort him. How could he return? He could not but return, because Kim Chaek prodded him so.

But, this time the leader found his adjutant back, and asked him whose order he should obey, the Premier's or the Vice-Premier's. He told him to run after Kim Chaek at full speed and catch up with him.

The adjutant caught up with Kim Chaek at length.

As seen above, the love and care bestowed by the fatherly leader on him was so great, and Kim Chaek's allegiance to the leader was invariable.

He was a revolutionary fighter who sought passion for the revolution and love for the people in devotion to the great leader Comrade Kim Il Sung.

Right after liberation he delivered an address at a mass meeting. As soon as the crowd sent cheers to him, he shouted, "Long live General Kim Il Sung!" at the top of his voice. So the meeting place burst into cheers for the leader. It was his creed to decline any warm welcome for himself and to dedicate every honour to the leader.

Even while in bed for overstrain, he asked his family to let him know if there was any telephone call from the leader, and when there was, he would always stand up and speak respectfully to the leader. He had invariably held the leader in high esteem in every matter and made devoted efforts to apply the revolutionary ideas of the leader to the last moment of his life.

But his lofty allegiance, their mutual love had now been petrified in that body that fell into eternal slumber! While watching the deceased with sorrow, the leader suddenly revered the memory of the day when Comrade Kim Chaek came into his room with his son he had found after 20 years of separation.

This happened on May 1, 1946. After the May Day celebration the leader was discussing work with several cadres in his office room, when Comrade Kim Chaek brought in boy and introduced him as his son whose whereabouts had been unknown since they parted in Manchuria. The son

was three years old then.

Comrade Kim Chaek told the leader how he had found the boy.

He attended the May Day celebration with the leader. As he was about to get out of the main gate to the meeting hall, to leave for Nampo where he was working then, he was told that he had a young visitor, who claimed that he was Kim Chaek's son. "Who could he be?" Kim Chaek wondered. "It's impossible that he is my son."

His wife had died a long time ago. He had only two sons. He parted with the elder one at the age of three and he had never seen the younger one. Many years later, while engaged in the anti-Japanese armed struggle, he received a message that his sons were at their maternal uncle's in northeast China. For 20 long years he had been unable to find out whether they were dead or alive in that alien land which had been enveloped in the fierce flames of war. Even if they were alive, it was not likely that they had crossed the border to come here. However, he was told that the boy knew through newspapers that his father was back in Korea. So, Kim Chaek met the visitor, with a leaping heart. A boy in shabby unlined cotton clothes and straw sandals was standing outside, something like a lunch-box wrapped in a cotton cloth under his arm. As soon as he saw Kim Chaek, he gave a deep bow to him. Hot tears streamed down his tanned and chapped cheeks and fell on his feet in straw sandals. Though the boy saw his father for the first time in twenty years since his separation at the age of three, he recognized his father, probably because of their relation by blood.

With a lumpy throat Kim Chaek looked closely into the face of the sobbing boy. The boy's eyes somewhat resembled those of his deceased wife. Kim Chaek felt an acute pain in his heart and asked in a trembling voice:

"What's your name!... Where did you grow up?"

The boy gave his name and then the names of his younger brother and the uncle on his mother's side. He was his own son, no doubt. He again scrutinized the boy closely. It was too difficult for him to recall the son's appearance whom he saw him last at the age of three. In a cracked voice he asked:

"Where is your mother?"

He was well aware of her death, but at this very moment the question slipped out of his mouth. God knows why. The boy could not answer and

again shed tears, his head dropped. "You are crying at the mention of your mother."

Helping him to wipe his tears, Kim Chaek urged:

"Let's go to General Kim Il Sung and say how do you do to him!"

Kim Chaek made his way into the entrance door to take his son to the room where the leader was. He was a few steps ahead of his son.

But as he was going up the stairs, he felt no signs of his son following him. He stopped to look back. And he found him standing hesitatingly by the door.

He could not dare to walk on the clean red carpet with his straw sandals on. He took off his footwear and followed his father a few paces. But he was still worried and looked back. He found his dusty footprints on the carpet, which threw him into confusion. He stooped down and wiped the footprints with the cotton wrapper which contained his lunch box. Then he withdrew to the door and was at a loss what to do, looking from his dusty sandals to the clean carpet.

As Kim Chaek saw his son, he could hardly keep back the welling tears. His son was still worried even at the threshold of happiness, he had been so harassed by horrid hardships before. The father had an urge to cry, embracing the son. If he did, both he and his son might be weeping bitterly without ceasing. So, Kim Chaek walked slowly over to his son and said:

"Put on your sandals. Be quick! You must greet the General..."

Trying hard to control his trembling hand on the shoulder of his son, he added:

"The General will be glad to see you in your straw sandals. If you had come here in Western clothes and leather shoes, the General would have been sorry. I wouldn't have been happy either. Hurry up and put on your sandals, and we go. We can flick off the dust later."

Kim Chaek brought his son into the leader's room. He introduced him to the leader, saying that his son was ashamed of his straw sandals.

The fatherly leader was greatly delighted and embraced and caressed the son warmly.

Choked with happiness, Kim Chaek could not take the handkerchief off his eyes.

He was proud of his son in unlined cotton clothes and straw sandals instead of smart Western clothes and leather shoes. He was a well-known

fighter who had abandoned his home and family and broke through the flames of the anti-Japanese revolutionary struggle; he was a revolutionary who devoted himself to the construction of a new country and to the sacred battle to crush aggressors.

The more the noble personality of Kim Chaek came back to his mind along with many a memory, the more the leader grieved over his death.

He did not leave the coffin from that night until it was buried. For three consecutive days he had little food and sleep, and consoled the bereaved family.

The coffin was carried to the Taesongsan cemetery. The leader himself shouldered it in the forefront.

After the coffin was buried and a volley of rifles fired, the leader started to go down the hill. But soon, he stopped short and asked the accompanying cadres to go ahead.

He went back as if he had something to tell the deceased or tried to hide his tears from his suite.

The leader was shedding hot tears in moonlight, stroking the tombstone of Kim Chaek. He resolved to deal the US imperialist aggressors a hundred times, nay, a thousand times heavier blows, in the name of fallen fighters. His resolve turned before long into a deadly gunfire that struck terror into the heart of the enemy.

Recording the Exploits of His Soldiers in History

The beloved leader Comrade Kim Il Sung highly praised the deceased revolutionary fighters for their exploits and made every effort to keep our posterity informed of their meritorious services.

In order to commemorate the revolutionary activities and the great services of Kim Chaek, he conferred the title of Hero on him. He renamed Haksong County, North Hamgyong Province, his birth place, after Kim Chaek; designated the industrial town of Songjin as Kim Chaek City; and the Chongjin Iron Works as the Kim Chaek Iron Works. He also gave his name to some KPA units, a military academy and the polytechnical institute. In addition, he saw to it that his bronze statue was erected in his native place. Boundless was his fatherly care in handing down the merits of revolutionary fighters for ever.

Here is an episode in connection with the 1st anniversary of the death

of Kang Gon. On that occasion an army magazine was to carry an article to popularise his military achievements. The leader met the members of the editting staff and explained to them the details of the outstanding merits performed by Kang Gon. Also, he gave them specific advice concerning how to systematize and describe his priceless military exploits.

The ardent revolutionary fighter Kang Gon who had been boundlessly loyal to the leader, was born in North Kyongsang Province of south Korea. His native village was also liberated during our first advance in the war. So, he was able to visit his dear home he had left as a child, through brilliant victories scored in the long-drawn anti-Japanese armed struggle. One day, on his way back from the front, he visited his home where his grandmother lived. Unfortunately he died after his visit.

The leader was sunk in deep grief at this sad news.

Burning with hatred and vengeance for the enemy who had killed his fighter, the leader wrote a memorial address himself, and informed the officers and men of the KPA of his death. He made sure that in the name of Kang Gon, they would give retaliatory blows to the enemy.

However, no amount of retaliatory blows could soothe the leader's grief over the loss of his loved revolutionary warrior.

He had the title of Hero of the DPRK conferred on him and saw that the People's Army and the people were educated about his meritorious services. Also, in order to glorify his life and revolutionary achievements forever, his name was given to some KPA units and a military academy. A decision was adopted on erecting his statue in his native place when it was liberated in the future, and his statue was built in Sariwon on the occasion of the 20th anniversary of the founding of the DPRK.

In addition, referring, on every occasion, to the names of the revolutionary fighters who had won national honour by dedicating the last drop of their blood to the revolution, he earnestly wanted that revolutionary films and novels should be created in abundance with these fighters as models. Acting on his teaching, the writers and artists in the Republic created a number of such artistic works that were liked very much by our people.

Thus, though the revolutionary fighters had lost their physical lives, their political lives will be eternal. Numerous young people joined the revolutionary ranks in their wake, at People's Army units, schools and factories, and grew up into revolutionary fighters, and pillars of the country, as boundlessly loyal to the leader as the martyrs.

Comrade Kim Il Sung's embrace in which numberless revolutionary fighters grew up, was a fatherly embrace which provided them with eternal life and honour.

6

The US imperialists who had crept into north Korea suffered crushing blows and fled to the south of the 37th parallel. Now, they could not but feel that they were fighting a powerful army and a people led by a great leader. US imperialism which had boasted of its being "matchless" or "invincible" became an object of biting sarcasm and was sneered at by the people of the world. The enemy turned to bay. At the beginning of 1951, the US imperialists who had made desperate efforts to retrieve their declining situation, raked up all available combat equipage and troops to prepare for landing operations on the east and west coasts, while attempting counterattack along the whole front.

The situation at the front became tense, and the war would drag out for some time. Accordingly, increasing defences in the main sectors of the front and on the east and west coasts, the great leader mapped out a policy of mobile defence and counterstroke to put the enemy's manpower and combat material out of action. He often went out to the front and encouraged the servicemen.

To the East Coast, to the West Coast

In mid-March 1951, the US aggressive troops were openly attempting landing operations.

One day, Marshal Kim Il Sung, the Supreme Commander, came out of his office room past midnight. People around him were pleased to think that he would go to bed that night, because he had stayed up almost every night.

However, he was starting for a coastal defence unit. Several days before, he had left on an early frosty morning to visit the soldiers who had returned from the Rakdong River. And tonight he set out on a trip to see

the soldiers fighting on the west coast, when the enemy planes buzzed without letup in the sky.

His car ran to the west coast at full speed. When the car got to the top of a low hill, he stopped it and consulted his watch in the light of a torch.

"It is still early," he said to his suite. **"If we go in, we might disturb their sleep. Let's wait a little here."**

Getting down from the car, he began to walk leisurely on the dark hilltop. The accompanying personnel standing at a little lower spot could not see him, but they recognized his movement when a group of stars disappeared slowly and appeared again.

All of them were awe-stricken. He had never slept comfortably because he had to tackle thousands of problems cropping up at the front and in the rear. And, now, he stood waiting in the frosty darkness to let the soldiers get more sleep. Even the love of a mother who brings up an only son in three generations could not be so warm and deep as his love. Ever since the days of the anti-Japanese revolution, he had lost his sleep for his soldiers. He poured a handful of roast rice powder he should take for supper, into the canteens of the soldiers who were out on a scouting mission, and waited for dawn, swallowing pieces of ice. In the blizzardly nights of the north, he covered his sleeping orderly with his only blanket and would stay up all nights through, thinking of the homeland far beyond the horizon, blowing on his freezing hands. This love of his was a great river branching off in all directions over the good earth. We, all of us, are his blessed soldiers who live, fight and create, wetting our whistle with the water. Soldiers, workers, peasants—all of us have his love whether fighting or sleeping. We are powerful as an integral whole, united with one blood.

The dawn began to break before anybody knew.

The leader was standing against the dawning blue sky. He looked over the graceful West Sea appearing to show her distant horizon.

"Comrades, how beautiful is our country, which is surrounded by seas on three sides!" exclaimed the leader. **"We must firmly defend this country, good to live in."**

At these words, people accompanying the leader, saw in the morning glow a shore of the homeland, where breathed a long history knitted with the blood and sweat and wisdom of the Korean people.

The great leader went on to say confidently:

"The US imperialists are trying to pounce on the east and west coasts, but it is a mere pipe-dream."

He then got on the car, proposing to go and meet the soldiers.

At the sound of the approaching car the duty officer of the coastal defence unit ran out of the door and was glued to the ground. He who got down from the car was the leader held in unbounded esteem.

The soldiers who had woken up just then, rushed out of doors, rubbing sleep out of their eyes. Stormy cheers burst out. "Long live General Kim Il Sung!"

The cheers of hurrahs echoed far and wide, riding on the waves of the West Sea.

With a broad smile on his face, the leader waved his hand to respond to the cheers. He patted the cheeks of young soldiers or hugged many of them in his arms, the way a father does when he meets his children after a long separation. The soldiers' shouts of joy grew louder. This was a unique sort of emotional reunion that could be felt only by the great commander and the soldiers boundlessly loyal to him. The former grasped the whole situation at the front through the faces of the latter.

Before visiting the headquarters the leader met the soldiers. He looked after every aspect of their lives and checked and praised their excellent combat preparedness. It was only after dusk that he made for the headquarters.

At the headquarters he had discussions with the commanding officers of the unit late into the night. He inquired into the general situation of the unit, and helped them correct their drawbacks one by one.

It was not because of lack of ability on the part of field commanders that the leader visited the front and took care of the soldiers. He fully trusted their fighting will and ability. But he was not satisfied with commanding the front from the Supreme Headquarters through diverse means of communication. It was because for him the officers and men who carried out orders with their sweat and blood at every tactical and strategic unit, were the most precious revolutionary comrades and because he sought his joy and happiness in meeting them. Therefore, he visited all sectors of the front so often, breaking through clouds of gun smoke and rains of bullets. For the officers and men who were received by the leader at the front, it was an unboundedly honourable commendation and bliss to hear him talk or see his kindly smile. This happiness leads the fighters

trained in a high sense of responsibility to a great thirst for distinguished services.

Among the Soldiers

Here is an episode about the beloved leader paying a visit to another coastal defence unit.

He shook hands with soldiers, wishing them health. He stopped before a young soldier. Putting his hand affectionately on his shoulder, he asked him where he was from, whether he often wrote to his parents and when he had joined the army, and he praised him. Then he asked him why the gun was kept clean.

The soldier had boasted that he knew everything about the gun, though he did not know how many hairs he had on his head. He came to attention and answered vigorously:

"We clean the gun firstly, to maintain its efficiency, and secondly, to keep it combat ready at all times to wipe out all the US imperialist aggressors who attack us."

Listening attentively to his vigorous reply, the leader praised him, a smile of satisfaction on his face.

"That's it," the leader said. **"You must always be ready that way, so that you can defend our coasts more strongly. You are well prepared for fight."**

Their faces beamed with joy and happiness.

Looking fondly round their faces, he said:

"I want to be always with you like this. This is very nice, you know."

The leader and the soldiers looked at each other with radiant smiles. The smiles and joy spread out and burst into laughter. The more the soldiers laughed, the happier they felt, tears welling on their eyes. Tears came to the eyes of the leader, too. At this moment even the severe war seemed romantic. The soldiers wished they would be with the leader for hours and hours.

The leader was leaving the gun position. The soldiers followed the leader at every step. They were sorry to part with the fatherly leader and the leader was sorry to leave them. Their sorrow merged into one, and they could not move for a while.

The leader tore himself away from the gun position, leaving the soldiers sorry at the parting. He returned their salute by waving his hand.

"You must all be healthy, comrades."

His voice sounded tearful.

The soldier kept shouting hurrahs until his car went out of sight.

Once, the leader called on another unit. There were in it veterans who had been to the Rakdong River, as well as new hands who had not yet been tempered enough in the war.

He closely checked their weapons, personal outfits, food rations and ammunition. Then he asked a whole platoon to take off their boots, and saw if they were worn out, if they had sore feet and their footcloths were clean. He then told them to put on their boots again and looked carefully how they wrapped the footcloths.

He found one of the soldiers who was poor at wrapping his footcloths, and went over to him. He stooped down and taught him how to wrap. The soldier who put on his boots stamped his feet and smiled with satisfaction.

A long time ago, during the anti-Japanese revolutionary struggle, the leader carefully mended a pair of leather socks for a young guerrilla on his way to expedition in north Manchuria; and prior to a long and hard march, he encouraged the guerrillas, putting everything precious into their knapsacks. Under the same loving care, the KPA men had nothing to fear, there was nothing they could not do. Always feeling his paternal care, the soldiers could break through the crucible of the war like undying eagles.

When the US imperialist aggressors were planning the landing operations, relying on their numerous warships and planes, on their technical supremacy and destructive power, the leader looked, before weapons into the minds of the KPA men, and implanted in them the sense of responsibility and ambition for meritorious services. This was more powerful than any weapons in the arsenals of US imperialism.

In fact, our defences on the east and west coasts were impregnable. Alarmed at this, the enemy could not but resort to another adventure. In an attempt to recover themselves from the defeat they had sustained in their attack by sea, they carried out an operation by airborne units. But it was also crushed at once by the KPA fighters.

No desperate effort by the enemy could break the indestructible fighting spirit of the heroic KPA officers and men who were determined to fight by dedicating the last drop of their blood to the leader and the motherland.

By expanding the "My Height Movement" initiated by Han Gye Ryol, the Hero of the DPRK, the combatants of the KPA defended the heights of the motherland at the risk of their lives. Seriously injured in his arms and legs, Hero Kang Ho Yong rolled into the midst of the enemy with a hand grenade in his mouth and wiped them out. A large number of heroes and fighters displayed mass heroism, and their hearts were aflame with infinite loyalty to the leader who took such good care of the people and their fighters. They shattered the aggressors' attempts to pieces on the ground front and on the west and east coasts.

Chapter VI

THE DOOM OF US IMPERIALISM SEALED

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1

On Changdae Hill Shrouded in Battle-smoke

Early in January, 1951, a few days after the American air pirates had perpetrated a large-scale indiscriminate bombing against Pyongyang, the great leader Comrade Kim Il Sung was strolling along the severely damaged streets of the town.

The dawn was approaching. Darkness still reigned around. The leader bent his steps towards Pyongyang proper across Karugae. In the teeth of the biting winter wind, the leader threaded his way through the entanglements of tramway rails and litter of bricks caused by the bombing. He dropped in at damaged dwelling houses and office buildings to acquaint himself with the havoc wrought by the bombing. His adjutant was much worried about his prolonged stay out in the streets, without a car, when enemy planes were expected at any moment. But the leader did not care. He was lost in deep thought, now laying his hands on the trunk of a tree broken by bomb splinters, now looking into creches destroyed in bombing. The houses where once happy housewives nursed their children. The happy mothers going for work, smiling back at their children seeing them off. The beautiful streets once alive with throbs of life and creative activity. All this was gone. The trees in the street were broken. A tiny shoe with flower patterns on it remained where once there was a creche, reminding one of the happy old days.

The leader trudged heavily through the ruins, pained and enraged. Perceiving the suffering of the entire people at every step, he formed a firm resolve.

After more than 4 kilometres' walk in silence, he stopped before a damaged two-storey brick building on Changdae Hill. It was the Children's Palace which had been under construction. After liberation, the leader saw that the palace was built on this picturesque hill. But for the

war the building would have been completed by now and alive with the children, the kings of the country, growing sturdily, engaged in study and play.

The sight of the desolate building deeply pained the leader who had shown special favours to children, the flower-buds and the future of the nation. He provided them with whatever was good, sparing nothing even when things were hard in the country.

He entered the building without a word and climbed to the roof by iron stairs. He glanced over the streets looming in the morning sun. Gaunt chimney skeletons stood here and there, amid the litter of broken tiles and bricks, glittering red in the sun. With the dawn, citizens were moving among the ruins of the streets. They came out with shovels in their hands or carrying poles on their shoulders to clear the wreckage from their workplaces and homes. Their gait was brisk. They fought their way to life in face of the enemy's bombing.

A smile came over him as he gazed at them for long moments, as if he was getting greater confidence from them.

The Korean war provoked by US imperialism meant confrontation between creation and destruction, civilization and barbarity. In the Korean war, US imperialism showed its beastly fangs more openly than ever before. But they did not and could not know what strength was gathering in the recklessly ravaged and burned towns and villages, hills and fields of Korea. The great leader sank in deep thought for a while before he spoke to his aides.

"We are going to rebuild Pyongyang after the war. If you have any suggestion, let's hear it."

At this, the aides were embarrassed. None of them could offer a prompt suggestion. As the war was at its height, they had given no thought to urban construction.

After some moments the beloved leader went on to say:

"It will not do to begin the postwar reconstruction preparations after the victory in the war. That is not the way communists work. We must make good preparations for rebuilding Pyongyang now."

The leader said that the old streets of Pyongyang were uncultured and lopsided and that even they had been utterly destroyed in the bombings by US air pirates. He stressed the need to rebuild on the debris Pyongyang which would be a modern and beautiful metropolis. Pointing towards the

Taedong River, he suggested laying out broad roads on the river, erecting rows of modern multi-storeyed dwelling houses for working people along the roads, and building a few more bridges across the river. Referring to the sites for factories and creches and trees to be planted along the streets, he said that the war could never bar the progress of our nation and our working class towards a civilized life. Even in the middle of the war he was visualizing the people who would advance towards a civilized world, throbbing with fresh creative activity.

The leader's revolutionary optimism and his ardent love of the people resulted in the magnificent and beautiful tree-lined streets of Pyongyang emerging out of the flames of the war.

Scheme for Postwar Reconstruction Drawn in the Midst of the War

An architect who had studied in a foreign country, returned home and volunteered for the front. Informed of this, the leader called him over to the Supreme Headquarters on January 21, 1951. This news threw this young man into an ecstasy of joy. But another surprise was in store for him there.

Warmly greeting him, the great leader Comrade Kim Il Sung said that it was a good idea to go to the front, but it was no less important to prepare blueprints for the reconstruction of this victorious land. And he asked the architect to draw a scheme for rebuilding Pyongyang with his colleagues. Some of them had arrived there before him.

This nonplussed the architect at first, but as he heard the leader's explanation, he could not suppress his excitement.

The leader oriented the city planners to get ready for the Victory Day of the Korean people and prepare the general plan for the reconstruction of Pyongyang. For this he drew lines and circles on a blank paper spread out beside the operational map, saying that we should make Pyongyang more splendid and beautiful than before, displaying the mettle of the Korean people in reconstruction as well.

The designers were boundlessly excited at the prospect which the leader opened up for reconstruction of the victorious capital city. It touched their hearts deeply that they were the first designers to draw blueprints for postwar reconstruction in the crucible of a war which was without precedent in history.

Boundlessly excited to receive the leader's teachings, the entire

collective of city planners threw themselves as one into designing so as to translate his plan into the blueprints. They drew it line by line while fierce battles went on at the front. They worked day and night in the spirit of marking the national victory of which the leader was the architect. By pooling their wisdom and giving full scope to their creative enthusiasm, they completed the general plan for the reconstruction of Pyongyang in a few months, in face of the enemy's intensified bombing.

Informed of the completion of the designing, the great leader called the city planners again to the Supreme Headquarters in the middle of May, 1951.

In those days the valorous People's Army units were launching an encircling operation in the mountainous areas in the eastern sector of the front, while the flurried enemy was preparing a "summer offensive".

At the Supreme Headquarters, the city planners unfolded their plans on the table for the leader to see.

On hearing their explanations, the leader complimented them for a lot of work they had done despite difficulties. But their plan was far from satisfactory for the leader.

Looking over their plan with a smile, he said that it had been drawn in a timid way probably because they were at war and everything was in ruins. They had thought theirs was an audacious plan, but the leader said that the plan was tame and small in scale. They were deeply moved by the leader's greatness and revolutionary optimism.

Saying that we should see the might of our people steeled in the flames of war, the leader impressed on the designers that only if they were sure of victory in the war could they be audacious and make a good design for the people.

At this moment, sirens sounded air alert, which was followed by a phone call from an army corps at the front presumably to report on the situation.

After settling matters on the phone, the Supreme Commander returned to the designers and continued: **"When the US imperialist aggressors destroy one, we must build ten or a hundred."**

The leader's words had an extraordinary effect on them. They now felt their timidity and passivity in designing giving way. Marking the blueprints with a red pencil with which he had worked on the operational map, the great leader urged them to have another try to plan the most

modernized city, bright and magnificent, and overflowing with national flavour.

"Pyongyang has many beautiful hills like Mt. Taesong, Moran, Mansu, Nam, Changgwang and Haebang hills. Recreation grounds ought to be laid out there for the working people. Work out a more detailed layout for a recreation ground at Tosongrang on the Potong River...."

The leader paused for a few moments and turned his eye to the map of Korea on the wall. He seemed to see mountains and rivers shrouded in battle-smoke, and also numerous cities, industrial centres, happy villages, rest homes and children's playgrounds rising from the ruins like mushrooms after rain.

Wearing a smile, the leader urged them to make excellent plans for schools and kindergartens so that the children would sing and play freely at spacious classrooms and playgrounds. He appeared to picture to himself the merry and noisy crowds of cute kindergarten children heading for a park and cheerful schoolchildren going to school, their Children's Union neckerchiefs fluttering.

Neither the blazing nights, incessant gun booms, smouldering smoke and fierce battles, nor the burnt villages and ruined towns could obstruct the leader from mapping out a far-reaching plan. They only made him more firm and more optimistic in his efforts for the Victory Day when guns and tanks would stop firing, for the bright future pulsating with creation. He was thinking of the future prosperous Korea which would be rebuilt, and the future Pyongyang which would be the symbol and pride of Korea. He always visualized the future even when he sent munitions and divisions to the front, when he gave new orders to the Front Headquarters, when he worked on the operational map late at night, when he was on his early morning trips to call on the people. The designers, enthralled at the thought of living in resplendent future, resolved that their blueprints would fully mirror the bright and beautiful days the leader visualized.

Putting himself up, the great leader Comrade Kim Il Sung said that we had strength. He proposed to build a larger and more magnificent city with our own efforts and resources, using our own brains.

How ardent was his love for the people and the nation! And he possessed the progressive spirit that opened the way to a bright future unhindered by circumstances, the keen foresight to see the blue sky and the dazzling sun through black clouds laden with lightning. The designers

were deeply impressed, and replied in a boisterous voice:

"We will draw a new plan, Comrade Supreme Commander."

The blueprints which were revised and completed in this way adorned a page of Juche Korea's great history of construction.

As the plan for reconstruction of Pyongyang was finalized, the leader set forth another task drawing plans to rebuild provincial capitals. With revolutionary enthusiasm and faith in victory inspired by the leader, the designers carried out this task also splendidly.

Exploits for the Future

In the summer of that year when fierce battles went on at the front, an exhibition of designs for reconstruction of the national and provincial capitals was held in the hall of the Moranbong Underground Theatre.

On display were plans of magnificent streets and buildings; these plans seemed to have nothing to do with the war although every inch of the ground was being bitterly fought for.

At the exhibition the visitors saw not only the capital and other cities rising imposingly but also the new looks of Korea, hardened in the flames of the war. They pictured the Victory Day which was near at hand, and threw themselves into wartime production and reconstruction with redoubled courage.

The news of the far-reaching reconstruction plan unrolled by the great leader Comrade Kim Il Sung reached the People's Army fighters at the front through the press and also letters from the rear. They drew pictures in their minds of the future capital and their rebuilt native villages.

"Pyongyang is going to be rebuilt, I hear."

"A designing exhibition for postwar reconstruction was held, they say."

These words were heard in the trenches and tunnels on blazing hills. The soldiers were excited in the trenches shrouded in battle-smoke and flames. Their eyes flashed brightly. The wounded among them raised their heads to look for their rifles.

"Charge forward to build Pyongyang!"

"Charge forward to build factories, to draw molten iron again from the blast furnaces, for the bright future!"

The soldiers shouted enthusiastically.

Thus, the ardent desire to ensure and defend creative work and

construction found echoes more conspicuously in the battle cries raised by the Korean People's Army and people to annihilate the enemy. This greatly inspired them to their victory in war.

Their fighting will made the US imperialists tremble. They relied on the strategy of destruction but now they had to make an agonizing reappraisal of their war philosophy.

An international conference of architects was held in Warsaw in 1952. Those who attended the conference saw the reconstruction plan for victorious Korea as conceived during the war by Marshal Kim Il Sung.

The Korean delegates showed their colleagues from five continents through lantern slides the destruction of Pyongyang caused by the barbarous US imperialist aggressors. They also showed the plans for its large-scale reconstruction to be undertaken in the future.

The slides showed the ruins of the once peaceful streets, burnt down by bombing, and the blueprints of the magnificent and beautiful Pyongyang to rise on those ruins.

The heroic city of Pyongyang rising on the debris symbolized victory and glory. It showed the indomitable stamina of the Korean people. It was a sledge-hammer blow which the dignified Korean people dealt at the vicious US imperialist aggressors who attempted to keep Korea buried in ashes for ever. It proved to the whole world that destruction could not get the better of creation and construction.

The architects from various countries who saw the Pyongyang city plan, realized more deeply the nature and worldwide significance of the just Fatherland Liberation War of the Korean people against US imperialism. Their stormy applause was particularly enthusiastic because this grand plan had been initiated by the great revolutionary leader Comrade Kim Il Sung in the middle of the war.

A Brazilian architect said with emotion.

"History surely does not know such a valorous and optimistic people as the Korean people, who play a symphony of victory in face of US imperialist bombing, who unroll picturesque blueprints looking forward to victory through the black battle-smoke shrouding towns and villages, heaven and earth. Everybody cannot but be convinced you will emerge victorious and build beautiful cities and villages, because you have the great leader who inspires you with indomitable fighting spirit and faith."

Indeed, the name of the great leader Comrade Kim Il Sung meant

not only a scathing indictment of imperialist aggressors and a symbol of triumph; it also became known over the world as a symbol of creation, construction and peace.

His well-framed portrait was hung in place of honour everywhere in the world, and every international conference denouncing US imperialism acclaimed Korean delegates with the cheers, "Long live General Kim Il Sung!" and "Long live Korea!"

The thunderous cheers of the world's people were a manifestation of their unbounded gratitude to the leader who, in a corner of the East, frustrated the genocide and destruction by the US imperialist savages, the savages who were likely to pounce upon them also at any moment. He splendidly safeguarded the road to creation and construction, civilization and progress.

2

One year had already passed since the outbreak of the war. During this period the US imperialist aggressors suffered serious military, political and moral defeats which irritated them still more. Their losses in manpower and materiel were far more than one half of what they had suffered in World War II. They were compelled to fall back to the 38th parallel where they had kindled the flames of the aggressive war.

Towards mid-June 1951, the front line was fixed basically at the 38th parallel.

Facing up to the prevailing situation, the great leader Comrade Kim Il Sung laid down a new strategic line for winning the final victory in the war.

It involved building strong defence positions and launching active positional defence operations to firmly maintain the existing front line and ceaselessly strike at and wipe out the enemy, while gaining time to increase the fighting capacity of the KPA. Accordingly the People's Army switched over to active positional defence operations at the front and on the east

and west coasts, while building up a strong defence system around tunnel positions.

The great leader Comrade Kim Il Sung deeply rejoiced over the fact that the fledgling People's Army had grown into an invincible revolutionary army during one year of the war. So he wanted to see them, and called heroes and model fighters to the Supreme Headquarters.

Singing a Song with Soldiers

At the call of the leader, seven heroes and model fighters came to the Supreme Headquarters from the front line. It was on June 28, 1951, a little after the switchover to active positional defence warfare.

When they arrived in the afternoon, Supreme Commander Marshal Kim Il Sung came along with a beaming face and said:

"You heroes have just arrived! Thank you for your long journey!"

Hardly had the soldiers made their report when the leader grasped their hands warmly and stroked their shoulders. Linking arms with the combatants who, overjoyed and moved, were at a loss what to do, he led them to a nearby chestnut tree where he personally arranged chairs and sat the soldiers on them.

The soldiers felt at ease with the leader who received them as if meeting his own sons after long interval. The leader looked over them one by one with satisfaction and said: "You all look tough. Are all the combatants fighting at the front in good health?"

A soldier stood up and replied that the combatants in the front line were valiantly fighting in good shape under his warm love and hearty care. Then he presented to the leader a letter on behalf of the combatants whom they represented. It was a letter of loyalty in which they pledged themselves to carry out the new strategic line laid down by the leader and wished him a long life in good health.

The leader was very pleased to receive the letter and read it for a good while. After reading it out, he turned his affectionate eyes on the soldiers.

They were the soldiers who had grown in the fierce flames of battles during the first year of the war, into warriors, each being a match for a hundred. They were the soldiers who could skilfully attack, retreat or fight behind enemy lines and who could shoot down US airplanes with infantry arms just like flapping flies; they were warriors who were now displaying

their might in active positional defence operations.

While looking at the faces of these heroes and model combatants, the leader saw the manly and proud images of all the heroic People's Army soldiers. Among them was one who had joined the army at the time when south Korea was liberated and had grown to be a brave warrior.

The soldiers had begun their army life with learning how to use foot cloths. Even the youngest of them had strongly said that they were going to receive a new combat order from Comrade Supreme Commander, when they met him in the dark, while retreating from the Rakdong River. They all had become such warriors now!

It was the leader himself who had built up the People's Army to be such an invincible force. But he was satisfied and gratified to see the soldiers, and so he could hardly turn his eyes away from their faces. He asked their names and native places one by one, and earnestly advised them to write to their parents frequently. He requested them to recount their actions which had scared the enemy out of their wits. He had already been informed of their distinguished services in the battlefield. But he wanted to hear their proud stories directly from them.

As the heroes and model combatants told him in turn about their battles, the leader listened attentively. One of them spoke about a battle which he and his comrades-in-arms had fought while on a mission behind enemy lines. He said:

"The moment we came across the enemy, we occupied a vantage point before they could. When they came under our very nose, we fired threatening shots over their heads to glue them to the spot. We turned up before them, shouting, 'You're trapped. Hold up and surrender if you want to save your skin!' In this way we captured all of them alive."

The leader who had been listening to him, looked to the cadres of the Supreme Headquarters present and grinned. His smile meant, "Look, what kind of soldiers we have got!" He praised the soldier for his excellent job and audacity. The next moment, however, he assumed a serious look and referred in detail to possible accidents which could have occurred in such a situation. He stressed that one of our soldiers was more precious than a hundred enemies. Comrade Supreme Commander talking, and the soldiers listening attentively to him with twinkling eyes, looked as if they were blood relations like a father and his children.

The leader asked them repeatedly how the soldiers at the front were

The beloved leader President Kim Il Sung converses with Heroes and model soldiers (June 1951)

getting along, and made detailed inquiries about their Party life and other political activities, their sources of information on current events, and the distribution and circulation of newspapers and booklets. He even took up problems of which the soldiers themselves could not think, and solved them one by one. Still, he urged them not to hesitate and tell him about any difficulties they might have. Then, a soldier conveyed the wishes of his comrades-in-arms to him.

"Comrade Supreme Commander! We have no worries whatsoever. We only wish you a long life and good health, awake or asleep. When we left the front all our comrades-in-arms asked us to convey their wishes to you, Comrade Supreme Commander."

The leader remained in silence for some moments and answered in a gentle voice:

"Please convey my best regards and instructions to your fellow soldiers, back at the front.

"The soldiers on the field wished the Supreme Commander a long life in good health. If they fight well in good health, I, too, shall be healthy. I wish all the soldiers at the front will fight on in good health and more courageously for the Party, the country and the people."

The leader's face betrayed his boundless confidence and pride in receiving the greetings from the heroic soldiers who were putting an end to the myth of the "mighty" US imperialism and forcing them to go down. That day he gave an admirable present to each of the combatants. It was an automatic rifle on which was inscribed the slogan, "Wipe out the US imperialist aggressors!" with the name of each hero and combatant.

Giving them the presents, he said:

"This gun is permeated with the precious sweat and blood of the revolutionary forerunners and the people and also with the desire of the Party and the people to annihilate the enemy, defend the country and liberate the people downtrodden by the American imperialist aggressors in the south. With this gun you must destroy the aggressors to the last man. You will keep it in your hands until you liberate the south and reunify the country."

"We serve the motherland!"

The heroes held their gun butts fast and pledged their loyalty to the leader.

The leader looked caressingly at the dependable soldiers, as if to try to freeze in his memory their proud looks, full of youth, courage and loyalty.

The soldiers smiled brightly with ecstasy, as if their object of life and their hope lay in the blessings given by the fatherly leader with a benevolent smile.

How can an army not be gallant and ever-victorious whose Supreme Commander knows well, loves warmly, and holds dear every one of his men like his own son, and whose soldiers have kindred ties with their leader! How can this army not be powerful when the death of even one of its members rouses the indignation of the leader and soldiers; the army whose officers and men take high pride in serving the great revolutionary cause of the leader! How can this army not enjoy the warm love of progressive humanity; the army whose soldiers always draw strength and wisdom from the benevolent light in the leader's eyes, even while on march in nasty rains or in trenches enveloped in the flames of gunfire; whose soldiers are happy when their leader is glad with their distinguished service, and who find life worth living in this happiness, in their devoted struggle for their parents and brothers at home, for the entire people!

It was this invincible Korean People's Army that the US imperialist armed forces of aggression encountered.

It was fully obvious that such valiant heroes endowed with wisdom, would ultimately defeat the brutal US imperialist aggressors who were the incarnation of vileness, meanness and shamelessness.

That evening the leader, despite his tight schedule, found time to have supper with the soldiers.

Looking at the food on the table he said:

"I am sorry I cannot suit your taste. If you go home, your mothers would make delicious food for you, rejoicing over your return from the front. But I cannot...." He placed the dishes before them and urged them to eat. Affected by the leader's warm love, the soldiers could not take chopsticks.

He said: "Help yourselves. If you don't have enough, I will feel sorry for that," and, now, he placed the bowls of noodles before them. And proposing a toast, he said that he would like to hear the songs they sang at the front.

At the top of their voice they sang the *Song of General Kim Il Sung*, an immortal hymn which always gave them strength and courage. Then each sang a song by turn according to their order of seating. Whenever a soldier finished singing, the leader was the first to clap his hands and show

satisfaction. When their turn ended, he said smilingly: "Now, it is my turn!" and rose from his seat. They were so overjoyed that they clapped their hands, raising shouts of joy.

The beloved leader sang softly one of his favourite songs which he used to sing in the days of the anti-Japanese armed struggle.

The song touched the hearts of everyone deeply. Before their eyes emerged the noble image of the leader in the days of the anti-Japanese revolutionary struggle, and they again felt deep in their hearts how precious was the motherland which he had restored trekking hundreds of thousands of miles to fight bloody battles. They firmly determined in unison that they would never part with the guns given by the leader till completing the revolutionary cause pioneered by him. The leader took loving care of his soldiers and shared weal and woe with them, regarding them as his revolutionary comrades fighting for the same goal and ideal, and the soldiers held their leader in high esteem as the brain of the revolution, their father and teacher. Herein lay the inexhaustible source of strength of the Korean people and their army. The soldiers returned to their posts, with full confidence imbued by the leader.

Calling On the Heroic Defenders of Height 1,211

Driven into a tight corner by their repeated military and political setbacks, the US imperialists proposed armistice negotiations to our side on June 30, 1951. The cease-fire talks between both sides were to be held at Panmunjom. The heinous enemy schemed to achieve their aggressive aims which they could not attain in the war, through truce talks, while making intensive preparations for large-scale "summer and autumn offensives".

One morning in mid-August, 1951, they launched the "summer offensive" along an area about 50 kilometres long around Height 1,211, a hill of great strategic importance, in the eastern sector of the front. For this operation they threw in a large force of 130,000 men, over 1,000 planes, many tanks, guns and dozens of warships. They pumped tens of thousands of bombs and shells at the defence positions of the People's Army, turning them into a sea of fire, before they attacked them in wave after wave, with the support of tanks. When their first echelon units went down, they brought in the second ones; when they did not succeed, they herded out the third ones for the offensive only to die. By capturing the vital Height 1,211,

they planned to push the front up to the north in coordination with the units to be landed on the east coast.

There came torrential rains and the worst flood in 30 years, mingled with unceasing showers of bullets and shells. Rocks burned and rivers boiled by gunfire. The situation was grim and the battle arduous.

However, the heroic People's Army men, trained and tempered by the great leader, overcame manifold obstacles and difficulties, displaying unrivalled bravery and mass heroism. They did not forget even for a moment that the fierce battle they were waging was a battle to defend the leader and safeguard our people's democratic system.

They did not take even one step backward, beating back the oncoming enemy, while at the same time building tunnels. The hot battles, offensive and defensive, in the eastern sector of the front went on day in and day out for over a month. Finally, Bradley, Chairman of the US Joint Chiefs of Staff, painfully said that the "summer offensive was the wrong war at the wrong place, at the wrong time and with the wrong enemy." During that period the enemy lost over 78,000 officers and men and large quantities of war equipment.

But they did not draw a lesson from their ignominious defeat. They launched a large-scale "autumn offensive". The aim of this operation was the same: to take the eastern sector of the front, the area of Height 1,211 in particular. In an attempt to push their way into north Korea, they made desperate efforts to occupy this height, a vital vantage point, even if they had to cover the hill with heaps of their men's corpses.

Marshal Kim Il Sung, ever-victorious iron-willed brilliant commander, made up his mind to deal another deadly blow on the enemy at Height 1,211 and thus show the mettle of the Korean people.

While strengthening the defence network along the whole front, he saw to it that the defences around Height 1,211 were made particularly impregnable. Meanwhile, he drew a plan to crush enemy forces at the front, on the sea and in the coastal areas by strengthening coastal defences, and frustrate their "autumn offensive" completely. He organized and commanded the operations in person.

On September 29, the enemy started the desperate "autumn offensive" in the areas of Height 1,211 and Height 1,052. They brought in their aircraft from Japan after deploying 15 divisions and several divisions strong operational reserve.

The area of Height 1,211 was changed into a sea of fire. Trees and rocks, eminences and ridges were all in flames. In the teeth of rain of fire the People's Army warriors fought like undying birds, true to the order of Comrade Supreme Commander: "Don't yield even an inch of land!"

Around this time, the great leader telephoned the commander of the army corps which stoutly defended Height 1,211. It was far past midnight. As soon as the commander picked up the receiver, there resounded the strong and resonant voice of the leader, with which he had been familiar for a long time. The tone was powerful and calm as usual. He highly praised the fighters on Height 1,211 for their distinguished military services in wiping out massive enemy troops and asked in detail about their health, lives and supply situation. And he said in a warm, affectionate tone:

"All the men are a precious treasure for which nothing can be exchanged. Each combatant is a priceless revolutionary comrade-in-arms. What a pity it was that our revolutionary comrades-in-arms were so few when we fought the Japanese imperialist army and police in the past.

"We must do our level best to look after this precious treasure.... As it seems to be cold, you must see to it that they take warm boiled rice and hot soup and are not cold when they go to bed. And you must take good care of them so that they may not catch cold."

Hearing his words over the phone, the commander felt a lump in his throat, tears welling up in his eyes. What a warm love it was! The combatants and commanding officers fighting on the hill did not notice that summer had gone and autumn had come and it was getting chilly. But the fatherly leader had already felt the change of the weather which was chilly in the morning and evening. He cared for the soldiers so that they could have hot meals and did not catch cold.

The leader went on to say:

"The more keenly they realize that it is the wish of their parents and the Party's demand that not even an inch of the sacred soil of the motherland be yielded to the enemy, the better they will fight. You must let them know this well."

Engraving in his mind every word of the leader overflowing with unbounded trust and love, the commander of the army corps felt something warm in his heart and stood motionless. He sensed the great and broad mind of the leader who associated himself with the soil of the

motherland and kept kindred ties with his soldiers.

The following day the commander of the army corps conveyed the leader's message to the defenders of Height 1,211. They were all moved by his benevolent love and shed tears of gratitude.

They unanimously resolved: "For the beloved leader General Kim Il Sung who values and loves us like this, what can we leave undone? It is the demand of the leader and the wish of our parents that this height should be defended. We will defend this height even if our bodies are ground to powder."

Despite the pressure of his work, the great leader Comrade Kim Il Sung went to the front line defying danger and led the battle in person and encouraged the combatants to victory.

On September 23, immediately before the enemy's "autumn offensive" was opened, he crossed the steep Chol Pass while enemy aircraft were overhead, flying, in a frenzied manner like a flock of jackdaws. He went up to a hill where an observation post of the army corps was located. Height 1,211 where the fierce fighting was going on was within a hailing distance. Shells of the enemy's 155 mm. calibre guns fell frequently on the hill. Yet the leader climbed up to the hilltop in company with the army corps commander and his suite to examine the operational plan. He commanded the large battle on Height 1,211 all day long. Needless to say, he could direct this operation without taking the trouble to go to the front line in person. But he stayed there all day long, thinking of the soldiers waging life-and-death battles days on end.

Towards dusk the leader came down from the observation post. He got himself ready for a long journey without a moment's rest.

The army corps commander pleaded with him to take lunch prior to his departure. But the leader came out of the tunnel and looked towards Height 1,211 from where guns were roaring, and said:

"Why should I sit and take a meal here when my soldiers are fighting there without having lunch.... I have lunch with me, so I will eat it in the car on my way."

The commanding officers earnestly begged him to think it over but he still declined and got into the car.

The army corps commander and the aides who had been working under his leadership ever since the days of the anti-Japanese armed struggle felt painfully sorry that he was going without a meal back into

gun-smoke tinged in the glow of sunset. They were moved by the love and favour of the leader who shared weal and woe with his men just as in the past. Now, they earnestly wished he would have a meal in safety on the way. However, they did not know there was nothing but two pieces of hardtacks in the car. Only his adjutant knew this. How his heart pained! He could not tell this to anybody and rubbed his eyes with his fist unobserved. The aide wished the leader to take even the hardtacks. But he did not take them, thinking of the fighters at the front line; he kept the car on the run. The adjutant thought that he would eat them sometime later, but there was no order to stop the car.

Later, the great leader Comrade Kim Il Sung frequently examined the situation of the front-line units over the phone or through messengers and showed concern for the combatants. Every time the officers and men of the front gained great strength and courage and smashed the enemy more vigorously.

The leader's wise leadership and great love were a spring of courage and fighting spirit for all the combatants, a source of eternal victory which enabled them to overcome even death.

The enemy carried out the "largest bombing" and the "largest shelling". In 1951 alone, they poured over 6,520,000 rounds of shells and 4,160 bombs on every square kilometre of the area around Height 1,211. They stubbornly crawled up the height dozens of times a day, throwing tens of thousands of bombs and shells. On the height, rocks were ground to powder and trees several metres in girth blown off root and branch. Hiding squirrels jumped into the bosoms of soldiers, and the ceaselessly rising clouds of dust and smoke shut out the sun rays. The mountaintops were reduced in height. But the heroes of the People's Army were not to be daunted, however fierce the shower of fire. In the midst of battle-smoke and flames, the combatants wrote a letter addressed to the leader as follows:

General Kim Il Sung, beloved leader!

We are here in the trenches on Height 1,211. We have just ended the third battle today and gathered here. The walls of the trenches have crumbled and the powder smell and smoke are still floating in the air. Before this smell fades away, the enemy will crawl up again. Raining tens of thousands of bombs and shells... But, upholding your order, the

beloved leader of our people, to the effect that the soldiers must defend every inch of the motherland with their lives and not retreat even a step, we will defend this height with our blood.

Around our heavy machine guns, cartridges have already been piled up. We will fight until the hill of cartridges becomes a mountain.

Following the lofty revolutionary spirit of our anti-Japanese revolutionary forerunners who were boundlessly faithful to you, beloved leader, all our squad members, with a strong will, will give a more merciless blood bath of revenge to the enemy, fight them to the last drop of our blood, and defend the height of the motherland to the end. We will give the enemy their quietus with hand grenades when bullets run out, or with human bullets when hand grenades are used up, and will surely win a victory....

Beloved leader General Kim Il Sung!

So long as we, your sons, are alive, Height 1,211 will rise into the blue for ever as height of the Democratic People's Republic of Korea.

Long live beloved leader General Kim Il Sung, who always leads us to victory.

All members of the First Squad, First Platoon, Heavy Machine Gun Company, Second Battalion, 00 Regiment, Second Infantry Division, Korean People's Army.

In fact, it was a letter of pledge written from their hearts. The defenders of Height 1,211 were loyal to this pledge to the last.

The People's Army had no ground to step back to. Behind them were the leader and the factories and land they had received from him. There lay the happy life they had enjoyed for the first time in their lives. There were their parents and brothers who lived and fought, believing only in victory, amidst the bombing of the enemy. The combatants heard the strong voice of the leader from all these lives, every inch of the land they were defending, calling:

"Don't retreat even a step!"

They engraved these words on their hearts. They well knew that only by stepping over the corpses of the routed aggressors would they meet the fatherly leader and go back to their home towns. They were firmly confident of final victory and displayed peerless bravery as befitting the soldiers of the leader, just as the anti-Japanese guerrillas had done. When a

fighter destroyed a pillbox with his blood-tingling chest, another fighter became a human bomb with a bundle of hand grenades and plunged into the enemy. When a signal man of an artillery unit restored the cut-off communications with his blood vessels, an artillery man loaded his gun with a shell of vengeance, and breathing his last, shot at the enemy and shouted "Crush the US imperialist aggressors!" While the fighters on this height fought the battle, hurling back the enemy's hand grenades, the soldiers on another height rolled down rocks and knocked out the enemy and on yet another height a fighter had to throw 150-200 hand grenades at the enemy hordes in two or three hours, and when the hand grenades ran out he flew at the enemy, snatched their weapons and swept them away. When a height was in danger, even cooks took part in the charge and medics and stretcher-bearers came out to plunge into the enemy with bayonets in their hands. In the fierce battles surpassing human imagination, the heroic People's Army demonstrated to the whole world that they were soldiers of the great leader Comrade Kim Il Sung.

The people assisted them at the risk of their lives. They rushed up to the heights where life-and-death engagements were waged, carrying shells, ammunition and provisions on their heads or backs. Sometimes, they plunged themselves into the water of a river and supported the bridge with their shoulders all night so that the trucks to the front could pass. When children pestered their mother for boiled new corncobs, she soothed them with the words that the uncles of the People's Army should eat them to wipe out the US imperialist wolves, and so they should endure and sent all of the boiled corncobs to the soldiers on the height. And the children, on their mother's words, let go their hold of the boiled corncobs without grumbling.

The greatness of President Kim Il Sung is clear from the mere fact that he reared such an army and such a people. Our motherland is impregnable because it has such an army and such a people.

Late in November, 1951, the heroic People's Army inflicted a loss of about 80,000 men on the enemy and thus completely smashed their "autumn offensive".

The US imperialists cried over this ignominious defeat. They lamented, "The top-class weapons in the world have now become incompetent tools on the eastern sector of the front." Their hearts broke whenever they looked at Height 1,211 covered with dead bodies of their

men. They called it the "Heartbreak Ridge". As no enemy came out alive once he went into the gorge around this height, they named it "Punch Bowl".

The victory in the battle of Height 1,211 was a victory of the Juche-oriented military thought and military art of Marshal Kim Il Sung, ever-victorious, iron-willed, brilliant commander. It was a victory of his great love for the people and the People's Army.

The leader had not only restored the country and opened a new life for the Korean people, but also reared them into ardent patriots, into revolutionary fighters, who loved and defended our Republic, a worker-peasant state, with their lives. Hence, the defenders of Height 1,211 keenly realized that if they yielded the height, it would mean giving up the country, land and life which they had received from the leader. And they were firmly convinced that they were powerful enough to defend all these things. They fought, united as one, to live up to the love of the leader who had given them that life and happiness.

The zeal for and joy of a real life which no force can prevent, the fiery love for the country where such a life is ensured, and the gratitude and loyalty to the leader who leads their worthy present to a brighter future—these enabled our People's Army soldiers to go through flames in which rocks and iron melted. It is none other than the great leader Comrade Kim Il Sung who roused such zeal, love and loyalty in the people.

The flag of victory fluttered proudly over the sublime top of Height 1,211, soaring high into the air after crushing the aggressors, the height once enveloped in battle-smoke and flames. It will fly for ever, telling the posterity the immortal epic of a bloody struggle waged by the fighters enjoying the unbounded love of the leader.

3

Underground Hall of Culture

When hot engagements were fought between the enemy and ourselves for every inch of land and every streamlet at the front, militant songs rang every day out of the Moranbong Underground Theatre. The construction of this theatre began in the spring of 1951. A huge tunnel work was carried out on the hill in the revolutionary capital of Pyongyang. The tunnel work was vast in scale, it progressed so rapidly that it appeared to be some urgent and important work for military purposes. But it was not long before that the people who went down the granite stairs were quite surprised to find a spacious underground theatre built of marble. It had a splendid stage for the actors and seats for the audience, and was lit up with brilliant chandeliers. This was the Moranbong Underground Theatre.

In those days when bombs rained from the air and guns roared on the sea, the great leader Comrade Kim Il Sung had this theatre built to provide a stage for the artists and art for the people. As a great thinker and theoretician on revolutionary literature and art and author of immortal masterpieces which demonstrated their beauty to the world as a model of revolutionary art, he attached great importance to the role of literature and art in the revolution from the first days of his revolutionary activities.

On his way back from the expedition in north Manchuria during the anti-Japanese armed struggle, he caught cold and fell ill with high fever. Even in such a dangerous condition he composed a militant song to encourage his men. Like this, he created classical masterpieces, sitting at a rock in a blizzard-ridden forest, in the enemy's encirclement, early in the morning following a fierce battle, or while on the march. They were filled with profound ideological and artistic truthfulness and revolutionary

optimism. These laid a solid basis for the Korean literature and art in postliberation days and made a great contribution to developing the heroic disposition of the Korean people. Even in the fierce flames of the war, our people made for battlefields and workplaces always singing heartily the revolutionary songs provided by the leader, and fought on stoutly convinced in their hearts of victory.

The great leader was very much pleased to see the fine fruit of revolutionary art among the people when he dropped in at a farm village in North Pyongan Province in the teeth of the bombing of the enemy. That night he was acquainting himself with the situation of the village, when he heard the sound of an organ coming from a room of the democratic publicity hall which kept blackout curtains drawn down.

The leader listened to the sound. Women began to sing a merry song to the tune played on the organ. The responsible official of the village felt ill at ease, afraid that the sound of the organ and the singing voices might disturb the leader. He was about to go to the hall to stop the chorus. But the leader held him back. And the latter had no alternative but to sit down and listen to the sound of the organ along with the leader.

The instrument was played for a good while. With a smile on his face the leader listened attentively to the finish.

The enemy planes were hovering above in the sky. But the merry singing voices floating out of the democratic publicity hall with its windows blacked out, and the figure of the leader listening to it with a smile, afforded a glimpse into the innermost life of the heroic Korean people who lived and fought full of revolutionary optimism even in the midst of the arduous protracted war.

The leader who had kept educating the people on the validity of his cause and instilling in them the conviction of victory, saw their surging revolutionary optimism even in the sound of the organ.

He was such a leader that he had a marble-pillared theatre built underground in the hard circumstances of the war. In this very theatre artists put on the stage songs and dances reflecting the mentality and struggles of the combatants at the front and the people in the rear. Dramas and films were shown, too. And grand concerts were held there regularly.

The people, busy as they were with wartime production, would visit this underground theatre whenever a concert was held or a new play staged, and gain fresh strength and courage.

Sometimes, a hot air battle took place overhead between the enemy planes and ours while a concert or an art performance was being given at the underground theatre. The vigorous activities of our fighters and intercepters against the enemy planes seemed to be a battle to safeguard the stage from the US air pirates flying to disturb the singing and dancing.

A foreigner who saw a grand concert held at the theatre around that time, said among other things:

"The revolutionary optimism of the Korean people and the People's Army is quite marvellous. The large underground theatre was built amid battle-smoke, and full-scale concerts and performances are put on the stage without letup. It is because of this spirit and this militant vigour that the Korean people are winning the fight against the Americans who boast of being the mightiest in the world."

This revolutionary optimism, characteristic of the heroic Korean people, and the militant and cheerful character of the Korean art that reflects it, are unthinkable apart from the great revolutionary idea, the Juche idea, of the beloved leader President Kim Il Sung and his meticulous solicitude. This revolutionary optimism is a product of the great efforts made by the leader who had declared that man is the most precious and powerful being in the world, and had led the people to be makers of independent and creative life and of history. It turned into peerless heroism in battle, and flowered out as revolutionary and hopeful songs and dances in the spheres of art.

Singing and Dancing in the Trenches, Too

In order to provide the People's Army soldiers and the people in the war with excellent literary and artistic works which would serve as a weapon of struggle, as a textbook of life, the great leader firmly built up the ranks of writers and artists and took considerate care of their work and life.

Once when the People's Army Song and Dance Ensemble returned from one of their performance tours from the front, the leader called on the artists in person and extolled them for their job. Noticing their tanned faces, he said that it was very good for artists to go to the front through gunfire and temper themselves there. He also told them how the guerrillas had conducted artistic activities while fighting with the enemy in the days of the anti-Japanese armed struggle; he earnestly said that only by going

into the midst of the soldiers could artists enjoy their love and respect.

Later, all the members of the ensemble were supplied with new stage costumes and musical instruments sent by him. Once, during the temporary retreat they had given performance at Kosanjin and on the occasion of a meeting of military and political cadres. At that time some of the artists were in threadbare clothes and played on old instruments. The leader remembered this and showed such solicitude to them.

Deeply moved by his meticulous care, all the artists thought of the day during the temporary retreat when they arrived at Kosanjin after covering hundreds of miles across the steep mountains of the Taebaek Range. Though he was very busy preparing for bringing about a decisive change in the war situation, the leader found time to comfort and encourage them and see their performance in the evening. It was given in a classroom of the village school. There was neither stage nor curtain. But he enjoyed it and clapped warmly before others. The artists who had trekked a long way to retreat across rugged mountains and fields, only looking up to the leader, presented songs and dances permeated with their unshaken loyalty and fortitude. When they sang in chorus the song *We'll Fight, Fight and Fight to the Last*, the leader looked round the accompanying cadres and praised them highly. He said in excitement:

"Excellent! How nice it is to be ready to defend the motherland with musical instruments in hand as weapons. Excellent, indeed! Well done! The art of Korea is alive."

He had always remembered this.

On June 30, 1951, the leader called on writers and artists in person and gave earnest instructions as to what and how they should write for the fighting army and people.

On that occasion he encouraged the writers and artists saying that they were fighting well even in the difficult circumstances of the war. He helped them to correct a series of shortcomings in their creative activities, and emphasized that they should become engineers of human spirit. Then he said that a writer who was not a patriot could not write a patriotic work and that an artist who did not love the people could not create art for the people. He pointed out that the heroic Korean people who had appeared on the international arena with dignity, demanded great artistic works of a world level.

The great leader earnestly said as follows:

"I firmly believe that you writers and artists, the best sons and daughters of our heroic people, will emerge on the world scene through great works of art and will make our glorious era shine for all generations to come."

His words bore his great trust in writers and artists, as well as his deep, ardent desire to provide better mental pabulum for the combatants valiantly fighting at the front and the people in the rear. They also carried his warm loving care to immortalize the great exploits of the heroic Korean people in the history so that the whole world and the generations to come would know.

His kindly care for the soldiers and the people fighting in gun-smoke and shell-fire stirred the hearts of all the writers and artists.

The next year, the great leader visited the office of the Literary Workers' Union which was located on the shore of a lake on the outskirts of Pyongyang. That day he came riding on a white horse, dressed in a military uniform. Sitting knee to knee with writers, he had a talk about the character of heroes and heroines in their works and about the plots of the books they were going to write. He also inquired about their health and living conditions. Despite the difficult conditions of the war he made sure that bricks and cement were supplied to build more dwelling houses for them and that padded clothes and underwear given to them.

Under the deep trust and care of the leader, writers and artists rushed to the front and the rear to meet the combatants and people, upholding his instructions.

The artists of the Korean People's Army Song and Dance Ensemble visited the front-line soldiers fighting on the heights, shouldering their instruments like rifles. They were on Height 1,211, too, on which the enemy showered tens of thousands of bombs and shells a day. They had to pass zones under concentrated fire. In order to reach the combatants in battle they took the only mobile route at the risk of their lives, availing themselves of short intervals during which the enemy loaded their guns with new shells after rounds of concentrated firing. Sometimes, they shed blood. Nevertheless, they walked these dangerous roads, carrying the love of the leader who wanted to give songs to his men.

Their stage was a trench enveloped in pillars of fire and powder smoke or a tunnel position. They had clouds of gun-smoke and blazing flames for a setting. Sometimes, they sang a song before the soldiers ready

for an assault at the snow-covered front, spotlighted by the headlights of trucks. At other times, they danced vigorously in tune with the reports of our corps guns fired at the enemy positions. They visited gun positions on the heights rising above clouds, tunnel positions of combatants, caves for scouts, front-line dispensaries. They visited everywhere. In cases of emergency, they stopped their performance and took up arms in their hands instead of musical instruments. Raising battle cries, they joined the combatants in crushing the enemy. Art was a battle and from the battle emerged a new art.

The soldiers felt hot blood boiling in their hearts, enjoying the loved folk songs and revolutionary songs and dances, which the artists had brought at the risk of their lives; they fought more valorously to crush the enemy, thinking of the fatherly leader who sent them such splendid art and artists.

The artists not only gave performances in trenches and tunnels, but also had big choruses with soldiers, held recreation parties with them and taught them new songs. In this way new revolutionary songs spread quickly to the whole front and many new songs emerged from among the fighters.

At spare moments between battles, combatants gathered pieces of birch, paulownia and bamboo to make musical instruments. They forged nails from metal scraps at the smithy they had built, and made strings for national instruments such as *kayagum* and *haenggum* out of the telephone wire and the strings of parachutes they had picked up from wrecks of enemy planes shot down by our anti-aircraft guns. Besides, they made bamboo flutes, mandolins, violins, drums and gongs. These were the firing-line instruments with which they made their debut in the world history of war as well as in the history of art.

Playing on the *kayagum* they had made for themselves, the fighters sang the following song:

My song, echo all the way home from the trenches.
For three years and three months I have been under arms.
On the grim battlefield showered by enemy bullets
I have borne in mind your advice to show bravery.
...

Even enemy bombs and shells which blew up incessantly outside the tunnels could not drown out the optimistic songs and loud laughter of the People's Army soldiers. The same was true of the people fighting in the rear. Singing voices were heard everywhere—in factories where workers were working all night at the machines for wartime production and on the country roads where farmers were driving camouflaged oxcarts.

Really great is President Kim Il Sung who brought up such an army and people who could sing songs without a speck of pessimism in fierce life-and-death battles, who could play on gongs and other instruments made out of empty shells, pieces of trees broken by gunfire and combat equipage captured from the enemy! It is not fortuitous that a world-startling, militant, optimistic and, most exquisite and elegant art came into bloom among the people under the care of the leader. The people who could make exquisite instruments out of combat equipage were also the owners of a revolutionary mettle as well as a delicate and graceful mentality which no one else in the world had ever experienced or could imagine.

By training the people and artists to be owners of such dynamic mentality, the great leader Marshal Kim Il Sung developed the Korean art to be a true textbook of life, a powerful weapon of struggle and a most delicate and elegant art capable of touching the strings of man's heart.

In April 1953, the leader sent the People's Army Song and Dance Ensemble to the People's Democracies in Europe in order to introduce this most beautiful and proud art to the world.

The Korean art which was shown by the ensemble through a two-month tour in a number of countries was acclaimed with wild cheers and applause everywhere they went. Enjoying the songs and dances created by Korean artists to depict the real life and struggle, the world's people could see the source of strength of the fledgling Korean People's Army which was indomitably fighting and defeating the allied forces of international reaction led by the US imperialist aggressors who had a long history of aggression. They paid their highest respect and tribute to the great leader President Kim Il Sung who was leading a people who had created such splendid art. Everywhere the Korean artists went there arose enthusiastic cheers, "Long live General Kim Il Sung!", "Long live the heroic Korean people!", "Korea is sure to win!" as well as indignant voices, "US imperialism, hands off Korea!" These were also voices of unbounded

praise and support for the beautiful Juche art of Korea. There had never been such an art that won such a worldwide admiration.

Revolutionary Songs That Shook the Enemy Positions

The Korean people marched ahead towards final victory, upholding the weapon of art along with bayonets of justice. It was not merely the bayonets of the heroic Korean People's Army that threw the imperialists into fear. They could not conceal their terror at the Korean art. They made desperate efforts to prevent their mercenaries from hearing songs released by our broadcasting. They had sensed that their soldiers who used to hear only songs filled with grief and pessimism or inspring reckless courage, felt uneasy at our beautiful songs at first but, as the days went by, longed secretly for our radio programme of melodies. Therefore, the enemy rained countless shells every day in an attempt to erase the singing voices. But they could not achieve their end until they were defeated.

The following happened at one of our POW camps:

At the camp there were some south Korean puppet army men of intellectual attainments who had been herded out to the front and captured by the People's Army. Whenever they saw People's Army soldiers marching towards the front along a mountain path not far from the camp, they would try to go near them with unusual interest. This aroused the suspicion of the camp authorities. They could not but regard it as an effort to ferret out military secrets or prepare for escape. Such was not the case, however. The POWs were attracted so irresistibly by the vigorous and optimistic songs sung by People's Army soldiers on the march that they would run towards them whenever they passed.

The various songs full of revolutionary spirit and optimism were quite different from the songs they used to hear and sing themselves in the capitalist society where they had lived and while serving as mercenaries. The POWs compared our songs with theirs. They had only songs filled with sentimentalism, apprehension and sorrow or full of blind rashness and reckless courage. Their songs and "military songs" were like anesthetics to make them forget their sad lot and shed their fear of worthless death. This was all that they knew until then.

But the songs of the People's Army were poles apart from theirs. They

reverberated with confidence in their victory in the war and optimistic revolutionary spirit alien to the fear of death; they had colourful and beautiful melodies emanating from broad yet varied spheres of spiritual life. They were so wonderful, and refreshing, and the POWs were envious of them, because they had known nothing but two kinds of songs based on depravity and recklessness. Everytime they heard those vigorous, colourful songs, they had an urge to dash towards People's Army soldiers, and were utterly perplexed to see their faces overflowing with militant spirit and joy of life. But the POWs could not understand the life flowing through those songs.

The great leader Comrade Kim Il Sung had awakened the people to the meaning of life and struggle, taught them their clear-cut aims and ways for their attainment, and let them experience the fruition. It was precisely during the anti-Japanese revolutionary war which the Korean people had waged under his leadership and in the days of peaceful construction and the Fatherland Liberation War that the people of the Republic had experienced it. Through those long, glorious days, the people grasped the truth of life, the truth that things old vanish whereas things new and progressive prevail definitively. They were imbued with the unfailing faith that only victory and glory were in store for them as long as they followed the leader. Precisely therein lies the unquenchable source of heroism and optimism of the Korean people.

The leader illumined the road to the creation of a Juche-oriented literature and art, whose main attributes are revolutionary optimism and love for and faith in real life and struggle. He brought that proud art into full flower in sharp contrast to corrupt bourgeois "art" that reflects the criminality and spiritual bankruptcy of the imperialists and their mercenaries. And, through this contrast, he unfolded a world of victory and a hope-filled future. Thus, he made the POWs who had yielded to the mighty guns of the heroic People's Army kneel down again to our songs, our art.

War is not a mere armed conflict. It is also a conflict between different mentalities. It is only natural that the beastly imperialists should kneel down before a resourceful people and their army who had a dynamic and beautiful art.

The great leader Comrade Kim Il Sung led the people towards final victory, getting them better prepared as masters of life, who could endure

the arduous and protracted war with revolutionary optimism and laughter.

4

The war became fiercer and protracted because the US imperialists continued to make desperate efforts. They ran wild to break through the defence line of the People's Army, and their aircraft bombed north Korean towns and villages indiscriminately and even used various chemical and bacteriological bombs in large quantities.

Devoting his mind to this situation, the great leader Comrade Kim Il Sung ensured that the positional defence system with main emphasis on tunnels was completed in all parts of the front to intensify positive defence warfare, while at the same time the rear was consolidated impregnably.

Particularly, in consolidating the rear, the leader further built up Party and government organizations and, on this basis, did everything in his power to rouse all the people for wartime production to make the front and the rear an integral whole solidly united with one will.

What was important in this regard was to rectify bureaucratic and other old work styles still persisting among Party and government officials. So, he made sure that they went deep among the people and shared the bitter and the sweet with them so as to step up wartime production and aid to the front side by side. Meanwhile, he himself went into the midst of the people to set a good example. He went to factories to encourage the workers and discuss production problems with them; he visited farm villages to look after farming, working with peasants in the fields.

Inspired by the leader's care, the people rose up with Herculean strength.

The workers set up factories in tunnels and produced shells and weapons day and night, and the farmers ploughed the fields, camou-

flaging their oxen's backs with tree branches, to ensure wartime food production.

An Unforgettable Woman Party Member at Ragwon

One summer day, while the fatherly leader was on a tour for on-the-spot guidance to strengthen the rear, the US imperialist air-pirates poured hundreds of tons of bombs over Sinuiju, reducing the whole of this border city to rubble and mercilessly killing numerous peaceful inhabitants. The leader gave on-the-spot guidance to the Sinuiju area then.

He was pained to see the disasterous scene spread before his eyes. He felt that the groaning of the wounded was cutting into his heart. The cosy houses which had been wrapped in happiness even in the days of the war and the schools which had resounded with children's songs, were crushed to pieces. The sight was too ghastly to look at. Having fully witnessed the untold sufferings of the city, the leader could hardly endure heart-rending pains, seated or standing.

However, he could not remain in anguish. He had to encourage and invigorate the people and build a new life on the ruins. He had to hold a meeting right then and take necessary measures.

The great leader was pained and busy. Yet he visited the Ragwon Machine Factory in the suburbs of Sinuiju at night. It was pitch-dark in the compound of the factory because every workshop was blacked out. While acquainting himself with the conditions of the factory he was informed that a Party cell meeting was in session at the casting shop. He wanted to see the Workers' Party members holding a meeting under the rain of flames. He hurried to the democratic publicity hall where the meeting was going on.

The workers of the casting shop had rebuilt the cupola furnace destroyed by the latest bombing and were drawing out molten iron. They did not stop working even for a day in spite of the enemy's uninterrupted bombing. They were working with a resolve to send as many shells as possible to the front where hot battles were on between the enemy and us even for an inch of land, and where People's Army soldiers were fighting self-sacrificingly for the motherland and the people. At the meeting they were discussing how to improve their wartime production.

The great leader slipped into the meeting place unobserved and sat on

an empty chair in the back row. At first none of the Party members noticed his presence. The meeting went on. A Party member appealed to work vigorously, emulating the People's Army fighting heroically; another proposed to tighten work discipline and further rationalize their operation. Brief as their words were, they meant pledges and were full of vigour. After the discussion they had a break for a while. Only then could they find the leader attending the meeting. They were delighted but were much surprised to see him. They had not dreamed that the leader who commanded the hard-fought war and looked after all affairs of the state would visit their workshop drawing out molten iron from a small cupola furnace. They were surprised all the more as the enemy was intensifying the bombing.

When the meeting was resumed, the leader came forward and sat on a wooden chair on the platform in an informal manner. He said frankly:

"This evening I attended a cell meeting of Party members in the casting shop. Now that the meeting is over, I shall make a few remarks."

He first referred to the problems discussed at the meeting and then asked in detail about the workers' struggle and living conditions and solved all their problems one by one. After a pause he changed the subject to the postwar reconstruction.

Seeing the severely destroyed city of Sinuiju and hearing the cries of the orphaned children and the parents who had lost their children, he expressed an earnest desire to build a happy paradise free from tears and sorrow in this country as soon as possible. Evincing this desire he said:

"They (the US imperialist aggressors) **provoked the war in our country when our people were about to settle down to a good life after having rebuilt the factories destroyed by the Japanese imperialists....**

"US imperialism is an aggressor with more than a hundred years of history of aggressive wars behind it. Though young, our country which has risen to oppose its aggression, is sure to win because it is waging a righteous war.

"Our strength is inexhaustible. The entire people and People's Army, closely united around the Party, have come forward in the sacred war against the US imperialist aggressors and are struggling, dedicating everything they have. Our courageous People's Army is being further strengthened. The air force in particular is growing rapidly in scope and strength, like mushrooms after a rain.

"Meanwhile, the People's Democracies and many other nations of the world render active support and encouragement to our people in their just struggle. It is certain, therefore, that the Fatherland Liberation War will end with the victory of our people.

"After the war we must reconstruct the destroyed factories, towns and villages. This will be attended by many difficulties. We will be short of manpower and wanting in technology. Nevertheless, we must restore the damaged cities and rural areas at all costs."

The leader's words sounded heavily to the workers. In face of the severe war damages they considered postwar reconstruction very difficult.

At this juncture a young woman Party member by the name of Sin Po Hyang stood up, collecting herself. In spite of wartime conditions, she was neatly dressed and looked clever, an optimistic smile hovering on her clear face.

She said in a calm voice:

"Premier, don't worry. If we win the battle, rehabilitation and construction will be quite easy. In two to three years we restored everything the Japanese imperialists had utterly destroyed, and we got along well, didn't we? When the war is over, we will carry out the reconstruction again and be well off, so don't worry too much."

The great leader Comrade Kim Il Sung looked at her, quite surprised. In these words he felt the optimistic fighting will and great strength of the working class which no force on earth could break. This superiority which was derived from the confidence and pride in the creative will and might of oneself and the working class, over the barbaric destructive force of the aggressors, this optimism which leads them to think that severe destruction would rather enable them to build everything all the more magnificently and beautifully. How profound and strong they are! The workers had made an arduous retreat carrying parts of machines on their backs and now they were producing molten iron and running machines, doing twice or thrice as much work even in the midst of the enemy's bombing, for many of their workmates who had gone to the front. Their faces beamed with a smile of sang-froid and their proud voices resounded with confidence in victory. How encouraging this was!

To the great leader their optimism full of unbreakable fortitude and conviction seemed to be a priceless treasure which could not be exchanged even for the whole world.

As the leader was informed in detail of the life of the woman Party member, he got more deeply moved. She had lost her mother, mother-in-law and all her beloved children in the bombing by the US imperialist cutthroats. She lived with the factory as her home and work meant everything to her. This was too great a misfortune for a woman to bear. But she endured it firmly and calmly, and renewed her pledge for reconstruction, in a clear and cheerful voice, to alleviate the cares of the leader.

Hearing her ringing voice the leader felt relieved of the worries in his heart. The workers seated under a dim lamplight looked like warriors with Herculean strength, enough to remove a mountain and fill in a sea. He thought that if the strength of such a working class, such a people was pooled to make a forward march like angry waves, both the work of reconstruction and the building of socialism and communism would be just small fortresses which could be conquered easily. He looked at the woman with glistening eyes and looked around other Party members.

It was boundless joy and happiness for them to draw a blueprint for the worthwhile future reconstruction with the leader. Sitting face to face with him they received many instructions from him and told him about many things, without noticing how the night had advanced.

The great leader was very reluctant to part with them. He looked at the woman Party member and encouraged her to take the lead in the struggle for production, hardening her mind against grief. Then he earnestly told the other Party members that since the enemy's bombing had become fierce, they should evacuate their machines so that everybody could work in safety.

The great leader long remembered what the woman Party member had said at the cell meeting of the casting shop. The words of this ordinary woman Party member were so infinitely precious to him that he could not fall asleep that night, thinking them over and over again.

She had told him that reconstruction was out of the question as they had the leader and the Party. He could fully realize the profound meaning of her simple words, because he was a leader who, whenever faced with difficulty, always discussed it with the people and brought their wisdom into full play, attaching the greatest importance to their strength. He gained boundless strength and joy from those words.

The woman Party member of the Ragwon Machine Factory who had moved the fatherly leader so deeply, was exemplary in the work of reconstruction, as advised by him, but unfortunately died of a disease in the year after the ceasefire.

When he was informed of this, the leader felt deeply aggrieved at her death and, clutching an edge of his desk, said that a precious comrade had departed from us too early. He regarded that common woman worker he had met only once in the severest days of the war, like a life-long comrade and benefactor, and he bemoaned so bitterly over her death. Indeed, no other workers are happier than the Korean workers who have such a leader! No other people is happier than the Korean people!

Though the woman Party member Sin Po Hyang died, the leader remembered her bright expression and her fine words that reflected the optimistic fighting spirit of the working class.

Recalling her many years later, the great leader said:

"I will never forget what that comrade said throughout my life. On my way back in the car, I thought she was quite right, and I was more firmly convinced that our Party would definitely win victory because we had the working class with such a strong will."

In these words we can see the great qualities of a people's leader who always acquires strength from the people and finds himself happy among them and pushes ahead with the nation's political, economic and cultural affairs, big or small, according to the will of the people.

Sowing Seed with Peasants

One day in May 1952, the beloved leader Comrade Kim Il Sung visited Wonhwa-ri, Taedong County, South Pyongan Province. This village had about 70 families. In the days of Japanese imperialist rule all the villagers were poor tenant farmers. After liberation their livelihood had considerably improved as a result of the agrarian reform, but they were hard pressed again in the days of the war.

It was just before a twinkling starry dawn when the leader called at the village. Though it was May, the wind was still chilly. The trees by the roadside looked as if trembling with cold in the dark.

He called at the house of the chairman of the ri branch of the Women's Union with whom he had personal acquaintance. The gate in the low fence was left open, but the lights in the house were out.

His adjutant went into the yard to awake the mistress of the house, but the leader stopped him, saying:

"...Don't wake the mistress of the house. If we wake her from a sweet sleep, she would feel very tired. Let's sit down on the yard and take rest till the mistress wakes up as the day will break soon."

At these words the adjutant was at a loss what to do, but after a while he urged the leader to go in, because it was too chilly to wait in the open until dawn.

"Never mind. It is better to take fresh morning air, sitting in the yard. Bring a bundle of straw." He said with a smile in a gentle voice. The adjutant walked back and forth to find bundles of straw. But, it was still dark, and they were scarcely visible. The leader was the first to find bundles of straw and told all his aides to come and sit down.

He called them below his breath and sat on a bundle of straw first. The adjutant and other aides were embarrassed, but could not but sit on the bundles around him. A damp, cold wind blew, rustling the broomcorn fence and sweeping away bits of straw scattered on the yard. The cold penetrated into their clothes.

However, the fatherly leader sat silently in the dark like a benign mother watching her sleeping children.

He seemed to be looking at the faces of the people in deep slumber and hearing the even sound of their breathing. It seemed as if he were covering and looking after them with warm love so that they could sleep even a bit longer to wage a vigorous struggle for production the next day.

Ever since he took the revolutionary road, the more arduous the struggle, the more the leader had been concerned for the sufferings of his soldiers, not caring for his own troubles. Now, with the same kind heart he was careful not to wake up the farmers from sweet slumber.

How many sleepless nights the fatherly leader had spent to let the people have good sleep! Thanks to his great love everybody in this country could have a dreamless, sound sleep without any worry, even in the fury of storms, even under hail of fire.

The whole village was in a peaceful slumber, unaware of what a loving care it was under. The fields before the village and the hills, high and low, were all asleep.

Gradually, the eastern sky turned red, and the house, the broomcorn fence and the windows became clearly visible. Presently, the mistress of the

The beloved leader President Kim Il Sung unfolds a blueprint for a happy life of the farmers in Wonhwa-ri

house woke up and came out rubbing her eyes, when she saw the leader rise to his feet from a bundle of straw and come towards her.

"Why, leader..."

The mistress was so taken aback that she could hardly find proper words for greeting.

"Are your family all well?"

He asked in a tender voice, and made detailed inquiries about her living conditions, before suggesting that they proceed to the field for a further talk.

The morning sun began to shed its rays when the leader was out in the field, accompanied by her. He crossed the field ridge on which mulberry trees were closely planted and sat down on the grass, declining a cushion offered by her. Farmers, ready for ploughing, began to come out into the fields one by one, driving oxen whose backs were camouflaged. The leader called all of them to his side. He discussed farming with them asking about ploughing, sowing, and the shortage of hands.

That day the great leader worked on the fields with the peasants and explained to them in plain terms how important it was for victory in the war to farm well in the rear. He said that the soldiers would fight better when they had enough food. Then he asked whether they had formed oxen-sharing teams and labour-exchange teams and how they ran them. He pointed out that they should make good preparations to carry out agricultural cooperation in the future.

All day long he sowed seed with the peasants of the village.

He was very skilful in forming ridges and applying manure. He did his work with great ease. This surprised even experienced farmers.

Some of his suite were clumsy. So, before starting with work he said to them:

"When you sow seed, you must work in all sincerity. You must not sow seeds too thickly or sparsely. Moreover, you must be careful not to spill valuable seed on the ground. You need to make furrows a little deeper. By doing this way, the seeds can overcome a dry spell and take root well."

Indeed, the fatherly leader was a supreme commander who commanded the ground, naval and air forces and a man who looked after all affairs of the state and, at the same time, an experienced farmer who knew well all the details of farming like the palm of his hand.

The peasants deeply admired his wonderful workmanship:

"How well he sows seed! How skilfully he handles earth!"

The leader, too, was very pleased to work with them. Born into a poor peasant family himself, he had hitherto guided the peasants, pulling and helping them forward like his own kins, and, now, he was boundlessly happy to work together with the peasants of Wonhwa-ri who were surmounting the harsh trials of the war and to see them working enthusiastically, vigorously, firmly convinced of victory.

As the news about the leader himself applying farm manure to the fields went round the village, even the old came out to the fields, farm tools in hand.

"Though we are old, we must work, too. Good Heavens! It is our great honour that the leader has visited our village, and he is even applying compost to the fields in person. He is handling the dirty manure to make us live well...." They kept wiping their moist eyes, but they were happy and walked into the fields as if dancing.

The leader went over to them and said again and again that the old folk should rest in comfort. But they insisted that age was out of the question when farming with the leader, and began to crush lumps of earth and sow seeds as though they had suddenly become young.

That day, too, US imperialist air-pirates were flying overhead. They were whirring quite near and continued with their frenzied bombing and strafing. However, the peasants worked vigorously with the leader, stepping on the ridges of the fields. To them, enemy planes were only hordes of flies. They busily stepped onward, laughing merrily, towards the victory in the war, spreading and burying the seeds of love, seeds of happiness.

The war was grim. The US-led imperialist aggressors of the world and the reactionary armed forces of south Korea made last-ditch efforts to strangle the fledgling Republic, resorting to every means of war.

However desperately the aggressors might attack, pouring bombs and shells, they could not break the force of the great love of the fatherly leader who shared the sweets and bitters of life with the people.

The seeds sown by the leader on the fields were seeds of faith, seeds of victory, planted in the hearts of the people. The leader sowed seeds with men and women, young and old, and thus showed his pride and the dignity with which he looked down on the aggressors, turning the inexhaustible strength of the people into his own.

5

As a river flows beneath the layer of ice, so life flowed on towards the future even in the midst of the flames of war.

Though the war became fiercer, the beloved leader Comrade Kim Il Sung provided the people with everything necessary for their life. They included music and dance, a grand plan for the victorious morrow, and a revolutionary hope for the future.

In the great stream of life pupils went to school carrying their satchels and scientists devoted themselves to research work.

Despite wartime conditions, the leader made ceaseless efforts to develop the education of the younger generation and the training of cadres so that our people might live and fight with confidence and bright hope for the future disregarding hardship.

Thanks to the beloved leader Comrade Kim Il Sung's solicitude our people could enjoy real happiness, taking pride in building a bright future in spite of the harsh ordeals they had to undergo hour after hour.

Children's Voices Drowned the Buzzing

Even in the days when the US imperialist marauders carried out the most savage bombing, the voices of children reading in schools were heard everywhere in the country. The thunderous explosions of enemy bombs could never erase the merry voices of the children. The number of students and pupils was already over one million by the end of 1951, when the whole country was enveloped in the harsh conflagration of the war.

To provide schooling for the students and pupils the fatherly leader had a Cabinet decision adopted in April, 1951, on reopening schools at all levels throughout the country and, in June the same year, had an order of the Military Commission issued, recalling students, professors and scholars from the front and sending them back to colleges.

The situation of the country was extremely difficult. The enemy had

destroyed and burned down almost everything during their temporary occupation of the northern half of the Republic and, later, continued barbaric bombing every day on whatever they had failed to destroy completely. Such being the situation, much efforts were required to restore and maintain even a destroyed bridge or road.

The leader knew the situation better than anyone else, but for him it was one of the most important tasks to reopen the road to learning for children, the future pillars of the country.

The people upheld the lofty idea of the leader that the education of the rising generation was a work which must not be interrupted or delayed even for a moment, as long as there existed a human life on the earth. They provided everything—manpower, materials and funds—for building schools, so as to alleviate the cares of the leader who was so much concerned about their children's education.

As a result, schools of different levels, from primary schools to colleges, were set up in valleys, thick forests and cosy ravines near farm villages in the rear. Most of them were housed in half-dugouts or makeshift buildings. But the classrooms were nice and cosy and equipped with every necessary condition for learning. In each classroom a portrait of the fatherly leader was respectfully placed in front, desks and stools smelling of pine resin stood in rows; and a blackboard and teaching aids were hung on the front and other walls.

In colleges which had been built in safe zones, a large number of students were studying to become cadres needed for the future after winning the war. There were political, normal and technical colleges, as well as conservatoire and school of fine arts. Most of the students were People's Army soldiers of yesterday who had come back from the front and taken up pens in their hands instead of rifles. So their attitudes to studies were highly militant.

There were also quite a few south Korean students who had joined the Volunteer Corps. They studied hard, day and night, at the colleges; everything was new and impressive to them. Thanks to the leader's unexpected deep solicitude, they were now able to realize their ardent desire to study. Under US imperialist colonial rule they had been uncertain about how to get the means of livelihood, let alone learning, and resented and resisted the cursed system.

Meanwhile, in primary or middle schools, cute children were studying happily: they raised their hands, with sparkling eyes and vigorously answered their teachers' questions. Unafraid of the rain of bombs, they went to school, pencil-cases rattling in their satchels. When they came across enemy's bombing, they promptly took shelter in a grove or a bush before forming their lines again to go to school.

The children's silvery voices reading books rang everywhere in the country. It was the sound of Korea's future that was coming on vigorously with songs over the sea of fire, under the zealous care of the beloved leader Comrade Kim Il Sung. When they heard them reading their books aloud, our people did not care about enemy bombs exploding near by. The explosions were cries of dying savages, sounds of harsh destruction, inhuman noises. But our children's voices reading books were songs of Korea's mighty future generation that the fatherly leader was equipping with an iron will; they were songs of hope vibrating in the hearts of the people making an uninterrupted advance according to the will of history. They were the laughter of the Korean people, masters of creation and victory, and the world's progressive people, that struck terror into the hearts of the US imperialists and their stooges running their bloodshot eye over operations map, blinded by thirst for destruction and plunder.

When all efforts have to be concentrated on a fierce war, such peaceful work as common education may be slighted and put off. Much more so in such a severe war as the Korean war in which the whole country was aflame. However, despite such hard war circumstances, the great leader Comrade Kim Il Sung made sure that little children received regular education, entrance and graduation ceremonies were held, and all the pupils not only studied hard but also learned how to draw pictures or take musical notes and sing songs according to their turn of mind.

At the University in the Hills

The leader recalled students from the front and provided them with every necessary condition to study to their heart's content at safe places. Still not satisfied, he squeezed time out of his busy day and frequented different institutions of higher learning.

On the night of April 12, 1952 the fatherly leader visited Kim Il Sung University which had been evacuated to Paeksong-ri, Sunchon County.

The road was long and rugged, but he did not mind it. The university village was bubbling with deep emotion and cheers to welcome him.

He was very glad to see the teachers and students who had returned from the front. He wore a broad smile on his face.

He sat knee to knee with the teachers and conversed with them late into the night. Though the room was not spacious and the ceiling was low, he took a seat there unceremoniously. Now, the whole valley seemed to have become warm. Grey-haired professors who had engaged in studies all their lives, middle-aged teachers who had led proud lives, taking educational work as a revolutionary task, and young teachers who had come back from the front where they fought side by side with students arms in hand, were all gathered like good brothers, in the presence of the fatherly leader. They looked happily at each other, delighted to see the leader in good health in those difficult days.

Highly appreciating them for teaching so many students in inadequate conditions, he asked them in detail about their work and problems.

Then referring to the orientation of future work, he said:

"We will win in the war before long. When the armistice is effected, we will take up the huge work of postwar reconstruction. Therefore, in the light of the forthcoming truce, we must from now study problems concerning postwar reconstruction of our national economy. You teachers gathered here should study these problems and give much help to the state in its work."

The leader's confidence in victory and deep trust in professors and scholars seemed to be filling the room with new sunlight.

Then he gave detailed explanations on the necessity to make thoroughgoing investigations into all natural resources of the country; to build a powerful heavy industry with the machine-building industry at its core; to lay solid foundations for an independent national economy; to step up preparations for the great transformation of nature such as investigations needed for reclaiming the tidelands on the west coast and the highlands in the northern regions; to train a large number of cadres who would undertake postwar reconstruction in the future. And he expressed his desire to exchange views with the teachers on the successful carrying out of these complicated tasks.

In this way, discussions took place in an amicable atmosphere. The scholars presented their views, most of which were immature and fragmentary, but he listened to them carefully and gave them academic advice.

At the same time he assigned them themes for their research work and asked them to prepare theses on their research subjects.

Pulling up the lamp wick in person, the leader appreciated their valuable opinions and earnestly advised them to train the students, future builders of the nation, and precious cadres, into excellent personnel with strong independent consciousness and great working ability. Every word of the leader was engraved deeply on the hearts of the professors and scholars as a compass in their life.

The next day the fatherly leader called at the dormitory of the students. Though he had had their dormitory built in this valley and provided every necessary condition for their studies and boarding, he wanted to check their desks and beddings in person.

When he dropped in at a male student's room in the dormitory, the students, standing in rows, welcomed him enthusiastically, clapping their hands. But there was a student who stood in the back row, looking vexed because he was unable to clap his hands.

The leader instantly perceived that he was a disabled soldier, one of whose arms was missing. He stepped up to him and gently asked him if the wound pained, touching the hollow sleeve of his military uniform.

Feeling sorry for having worried the leader, the student stood to attention and answered vigorously that it did not.

The leader was lost in thought for some moments with a grave look, and sat him on a chair. He asked the ex-soldier whether he had received adequate treatment at a rear hospital, what unit he had served, when he had been discharged. He also inquired about his native place and his parents and family. He listened silently to his answers and looked around the room. All of a sudden, his face clouded and he asked "Haven't you got any quilt?"

He had arrived at the university only two days ago, so he had not yet gone through the formalities to get a quilt. As the student hesitated to answer, the leader told university authorities, **"This comrade must be supplied with a new quilt. He is a disabled soldier. You must see that he had no inconveniences."**

Then he urged the students not to hesitate and let him know any problems they had. He made sure that everything necessary, from school uniforms to writing paper, was supplied to them.

Prior to his inspection of the dormitory, the leader had dropped in to

see the dining room, when students were eating breakfast. The students all stood up and warmly welcomed him, but he stopped them and asked them to go ahead and eat.

He bent forward to the low service window and asked the cook to give him a tray of meal for a student.

After receiving the meal, he tasted soup and side dishes and told the people in charge of the dining room to try to make more delicious food with the same material. He said he would send them bean, and advised them to make bean-curd frequently for the students and also supply them with cooking oil regularly and give them more meat. He kindly asked a young female student whether she was not hungry and what she wanted to eat. Hearing these very gentle words overflowing with parental affection, all the students in the dining room suddenly had lumps in their throats.

The leader repeatedly told them to eat before the soup got cold, but they swallowed the tears of emotion, instead of food.

That day the university visited by the leader had the atmosphere of a happy home. The high, rugged university ground also looked benevolent. And the grass and trees that would greet the leader's birthday two days later, on April 15, were glittering proudly in the spring day, as if reflecting the students' minds. To express their deep emotion of those meaningful moments on meeting him and by way of their loyalty, the faculty members and students of the university reverentially dedicated the following poem to him.

General Kim Il Sung, the sun of our people,
Illumines bright this land five thousand years old.
Under the benevolent effulgent rays of his,
A great powerful new Korea rose,
And yesterday's hired-hand put on a hero's guise.

Although the whole land is burning,
Everything in a sea of fire churning,
Yet bloom forth the flowers of learning,
Our glorious youth evergreen remaining.

O, you Chamo's undulating ranges,
Tell us of the Father's love that never changes,

Who through the smoke of guns plunges,
Where we for learning stay,
Even on his fortieth birthday.

You, land of glory, forever sing louder,
Of the great plan of our dear leader,
Who illumines our distant future clear,
With the whole night with us staying over.

Revolutionary flame intensely bursts,
Tingling the blood of our young hearts.
Here our great communist state shall stand,
On the victorious soil of our great motherland,
From where we wipe out the US robber band!

Let's exalt the land ever glorious,
Of General Kim Il Sung, our genius,
And make it known all over the universe.

Treasuring Scholars in the Midst of the War

On April 27,15 days after his visit to Paeksong-ri, the great leader convened a Congress of Scientists at the Moranbong Underground Theatre. At the meeting he set the orientation of work for scientists to develop a Juche-based science and proposed founding of the Academy of Sciences. As a result, this highest institution of scientific research in our country emerged in December 1952 out of the fierce flames of the war. It was a crystallization of the great and deep love of the fatherly leader for the scientists.

After liberation, the leader found all the scientists who had wandered about without any means of scientific research under Japanese imperialist colonial rule, and he enabled them to engage in worthy research activities. He did not forget scientists and looked after them and led them forward even in the hard days of the war.

It is inevitable that war involves heart-rending sacrifices, but the leader was deeply grieved to hear that a scientist had been killed in bombing, regarding it as a great loss. He was kind enough to get a scientist

who had been wounded in the leg in bombing, treated on time. However critical the war situation, he provided scientists with books, laboratories and laboratory equipment. Now he had the highest institution of scientific research set up for them.

Under the leader's loving care the scientists were conscious of their position as soldiers of science. They continued to advance, now seeking a new truth as scouts, now capturing new heights of science as a storming party.

South Korean scientists who had groaned under the repression of the US imperialists also came over to the north to become soldiers of the leader.

Here is a story which touches the heartstrings of everybody. It happened in mid-October 1950 when the People's Army was making a temporary strategic retreat.

Among scientists and technicians who were retreating north from Seoul was a scientist who had to take along his wife in the eighth month of pregnancy and five little children with him. He was Dr. Li Sung Gi who made a great success in the research on vinalon later.

Under the utmost care of the Party, he and his family arrived at Yonpyong, Sinpa County, Ryanggang Province. After an overnight stay there, they were about to leave, when one of the scientists who had left the place the previous day came back with a peasant, bringing an oxcart. He grasped the doctor's hands with joy and said in excitement: "The leader has sent this cart." Not understanding what he meant, Dr. Li Sung Gi remained completely perplexed for many moments.

According to his colleague, the leader who had been concerned over the scientists and technicians retreating from south Korea, heard that Dr. Li Sung Gi was having a hard time on the way. He personally sent a man with an oxcart for his family, saying that in the fierce bombing of the enemy it would be better to carry children by cart through a mountain path rather than along the highway by car.

Overwhelmed with a deep emotion, Dr. Li Sung Gi felt his throat contract and he remained speechless, gazing vacantly at his wife. Tears welled up in the eyes of his wife, who turned round and sobbed quietly.

The leader who was sharing the most severe trials with the entire people, was so deeply concerned about a scientist's safety. No father would show such concern over his own child as the leader did. The leader

had him carry the children by cart through a safe mountain path because it was dangerous on the highway. The doctor who had lived in poor and humiliating conditions in Seoul until the outbreak of the war, called the name of the leader again and again in a choked voice, looking up to the northern sky and, at last, burst into a convulsive sob, clutching at the cart. Neither the golden cart nor the flowery cart of bliss in fairy tales could be more precious than the plain cart sent by the leader.

Afterwards, the leader continued to show warm concern for this south Korean doctor. Even in the difficult conditions of the war he provided him with a laboratory and every necessary condition so that he could concentrate his efforts on the research on vinalon in which he specialized.

Early in June 1952, a truck came and stopped in front of the doctor's laboratory. It was full of test equipment and reagents which had been obtained by a man the leader had personally sent abroad for the purpose.

Having received these things that filled up his laboratory that day, the doctor sank in deep thought.

He looked back with deep emotion on the unforgettable day when he met the fatherly leader for the first time. He had revered the leader from the bottom of his heart for long years and recalled that at the recent Congress of Scientists he had kindly given him the honour of being seated on the tribune and, during a break, called him in person and asked him about his health.

In the days of Japanese imperialist rule he made an important scientific invention, but being a Korean, had to suffer unbearable racial insults and contempt. Even after liberation he had to lead a wretched life in south Korea under the occupation of the US imperialists, and could not even get a lump of ice for experiment and had to suspend his research.

But, now, in the embrace of the fatherly leader, he was able to take great pride and feel honoured as a scientist. He poured all his energies into the research work to bring his scientific imagination into full play in the happy circumstances where every necessary condition was fully ensured. He could not repress a deep emotion in the present situation which was too different from the past.

Passing his hand over reagent containers and experimental apparatus he sat silent for some while. Then he suddenly rose to his feet and put on his white overall to set about his research work. He could not waste even a

second at the thought of the favours given him by the fatherly leader.

6

The situation at the front was extremely tense as a showdown was approaching to decide the fate of the war. The bosses of the US imperialists shifted the responsibility for their ignominious defeat in the Korean war on to Truman and ousted him from the presidency. They put up Eisenhower instead, whom they regarded as "war hero", and pinned their last hope on him.

Eisenhower flew to the Korean front and mapped out a plan for a "new offensive". He bragged that "action is better than negotiations". The basic object of this offensive was for the US imperialist armed forces of aggression to carry out large-scale landing operations on the east and west coasts and spread a second front linking Hanchon, Pyongyang and Wonsan, while intensifying attacks on the main front, and encircle and hit the People's Army from the front and the rear and thus bring a "victorious end" to the war. For this adventurous "new offensive" Eisenhower got many warships and aircraft and massive troops ready for action. He reinforced the Syngman Rhee puppet army on a large scale and even planned to draw in the mercenaries of Japan and Chiang Kai-shek.

However, in these US imperialist moves Marshal Kim Il Sung, ever-victorious, iron-willed brilliant commander, saw the deathbed struggle of those on the brink of destruction. He made full preparations for dealing a decisive blow at the enemy so that they could not rise up again.

For final victory in the war, the great leader felt the necessity of building up the revolutionary ranks. Thus, in December 1952 he called the Fifth Plenary Meeting of the Party Central Committee and waged a struggle to strengthen the Party organizationally and ideologically. In course of this, the Pak Hon Yong and Li Sung Yop clique were liquidated. As spies on the payroll of US imperialism and counterrevolutionaries, they had, while in south Korea, inflicted a great loss on the revolution

through ultra-Leftist phrases and activities which benefited the enemy. After their entry into north Korea, they slandered the Party overtly and covertly and even plotted an armed revolt in line with the "new offensive" of the US imperialists. All the crimes of this clique were brought to light and their consequences wiped out, with the result that the unity of thought and will within the Party was strengthened further.

In January 1953 the leader got the Party Central Committee to address a letter to all Party organizations and their membership to rouse the entire Party membership and people, officers and men of the People's Army at the front and in the rear for the final and decisive battle against the US imperialist aggressors and appeal to them not to yield even an inch of land of the motherland to the enemy.

With the Party strengthened, and the front and the rear roused to the struggle to crush the enemy, all officers and men of the People's Army and the people in the rear rose up in the final battle like angry waves, with burning loyalty.

Letter from a Soldier

The front was seething with a fresh fighting spirit and revolutionary enthusiasm. The morale of every soldier was sky-high, ready to annihilate the US imperialist butchers at one stroke. The leader's appeal not to yield even an inch of land of the country to the enemy implanted a steel-like fighting will in the hearts of the entire People's Army officers and men.

The People's Army soldiers wrote letters to the leader on the eve of the life-and-death struggle. They wrote them on sheets of paper spread on their rifle butts or while cooling off the hot machine guns after mopping up the oncoming enemy all day long. In the letters they firmly pledged themselves to devote their lives to the motherland, assured him that the heights of the motherland were impregnable, and informed him of the situation of the front, their living conditions and their constructive suggestions.

The letters from the front were piled up on the leader's desk in his office room. He read many letters, regarding them as the most delightful and valuable thing in the world. Though he was very busy commanding the three services of the People's Army and rousing the whole of the country to a decisive struggle, he read letters from soldiers at night and, sometimes, wrote replies then and there.

One day, the great leader received a letter from an artilleryman. It contained his burning determination to pay allegiance to the leader with his youth and life, and his request for more guns and shells needed to kill more enemies. The leader read it thoughtfully. He felt that the request expressed the ardent hope of the fighters at the front, the urgent demand of many heroes and revolutionary fighters who were defending their heights and rushing the enemy's positions. The leader thought that the People's Army soldiers were not mere people acting mechanically under orders from above, but revolutionary comrades marching with him towards the same goal. So he regarded meeting the request as his own pressing task and sacred duty.

Treasuring a common artilleryman's letter more than anything else, the leader made up his mind to boost the production of munitions.

In fact, he had already had munitions production stepped up while mapping out a plan to deal a decisive blow to the enemy and had taken specific measures to supply guns and shells to the front in large quantities. But sharing the feelings of the soldiers, he left for a munition factory in person to reexamine the measures taken by himself in the light of this brief letter.

One early morning in February 1953 the leader visited the workers of a munition factory located in a remote mountain valley. He walked through a rugged lane covered with the previous night's snow.

As the day did not yet break, people were sleeping. His adjutant was about to inform the responsible officials of the factory of the leader's arrival, but he stopped him. The leader said they would have gone to bed in the small hours after working late at night for war production, and suggested they would go to the office in the tunnel to wait. The leader himself had had no sleep either while coming by way of the rugged mountain path and through the snow-covered fields. But he quite forgot his fatigue. The underground office was cold and damp, and drops of water fell ceaselessly from the ceiling. There he remained seated and waited till the workers woke up.

Before long, responsible factory cadres and workers came to the workplace. The motors were started and machines set into motion. The leader went to the workplace at once. Factory officials came hurriedly to greet him and suggested that he should meet workers at the office. They

felt sorry to usher him in the underground workshop where water dropped and even stones sometimes.

"We must go to see the workers anywhere they work," the leader said, and went straight into the workshop in person.

The workers shouted for joy. Looking up to the leader, their faces brightened with pride, as if the sun had suddenly risen in their sombre workplace.

The leader clasped their greasy hands one by one and warmly encouraged them to labour hard.

Saying that only when the soldiers at the front were supplied enough guns made by our workers themselves, could they crush the enemy, the leader taught them that they should work harder by the sweat of their brow to make guns more powerful, because it would lessen the sacrifices of our army.

That day the leader acquainted the workers with the heroic deeds of the People's Army soldiers and with the urgent request of the artilleryman who had pledged to him to wipe out the enemy by showering them with the rain of shells.

Looking around the workers with benevolent eyes, the leader said that it was nobody else but they who could meet the urgent request of the People's Army warriors without fail.

His voice was soft, but it greatly stirred up the workers. Let's make every effort for the victory in the war! Let's handle the machines in the spirit of handling rifles! Let's alleviate the cares of the leader in this way! The workers in charge of wartime production made a pledge of loyalty, which was immediately transformed into brilliant achievements in production. The output of shells and weapons rapidly doubled and trebled even in the deep underground factory where water dripped from rocky ceiling.

A Soldier Revived by Fatherly Love

To crush the large-scale offensive of the US imperialists and deal a decisive attack at them, the warriors of the People's Army dealt the enemy heavy blows at the front and on the east and west coasts, while, at the same time, they made vigorous assaults upon the enemy's major heights of tactical importance.

During our assault to retake Height 565.7 on the eastern sector of the front, a soldier Kim Song Jin blocked with his own body an enemy pillbox

firing at our charging troops. This was how our assault made a breakthrough. But he got severely wounded and fell bleeding, getting 11 heavy machine-gun bullets in his shoulders and chest.

On hearing the report, the fatherly leader emphatically said over the phone to the unit commanders and army doctors that the wounded must be saved at any cost. Furthermore, he made sure that the soldier was carried to a hospital in the rear without delay and that a group of able military surgeons was formed to treat him. He made a phone call every hour during the night to get informed of the condition of the patient.

Modern medicine has no means to revive the life of a man who has had his chest shot through by eleven machine-gun bullets. But the fatherly leader believed more in the heroic fighting will of the People's Army than in the generally-accepted medical notions.

He thought a brave fighter should not die. A hero who held the country dearer than his own life must tread on the ground of the victorious motherland again and see new towns and villages built out of the ashes and a new life coming into bloom. He strongly believed that the iron will of a matchless People's Army soldier would definitely overcome death.

This firm belief was carried, through pulsating warm blood vessels, into the hearts of the army doctors and commanders, and the soldier lying on the operating table.

"Comrade Supreme Commander said you must survive without fail!"

The soldier heard the words. He felt Comrade Supreme Commander watching him and he knew he was now assigned to a new combat task. He clearly realized that he had no right to die and had to live at all costs, by stubbornly fighting with death that attacked him mercilessly.

His heart was ablaze with intense loyalty. He thought he must not die and sadden the leader, but survive to gladden him. This enabled him to turn death into life.

It was late at night when the leader, deeply worried about the soldier who might be lying unconscious, received the report that he had come to himself. He was more delighted than when informed of any victorious battle at the front.

Even after the soldier was revived, the leader inquired after his health as often as opportunity allowed him and even sent different sorts of drugs and even *insam.*

Under the warm care of the fatherly leader he gradually recovered his health.

When he was informed that the soldier was leaving the hospital, the leader sent a car to bring him to the Supreme Headquarters. He wanted to see him.

As soon as the soldier entered the room, the leader hurried forward and hugged him tightly.

"...You fought well! Fought bravely! I'm really glad to see you like this!" His trembling hands stroked the soldier's shoulders and back.

"You still have a pain if you are touched here, haven't you? It's also hard for you to breathe?..."

So saying he put his hand under his arm and tenderly stroked his scars, when the soldier threw himself in his arms, bursting into a sob.

"Comrade Supreme Commander!"

"Good, good..., good..."

The leader said soothingly patting him on the heaving shoulders. Now, he seated the soldier on a chair and stared into his face before saying with a worried look:

"I think you haven't yet recovered...."

Then, turning to an officer standing by him, he said, "Why can't we fully recover Song Jin's health?..." and, without a word, paced back and forth in the room.

Though he had saved the wounded soldier miraculously by the strength of his warm love, he was still sorry for his lean body and the pain in his wound.

The leader stopped pacing and approached the soldier, and placing his hand on his shoulder, said in earnest that he should recover himself speedily to do more work in the future as the revolution would not end in a day or two. Then he proposed to meet again when he has recovered completely. Later, the leader did meet him again and showed deep solicitude.

Like this, the leader's love for the fighting soldiers knew no bounds. He showed fatherly affection, finding himself now among combatants in trenches at the front veiled in gun smoke, and now among artillerymen and sailors on the shores.

The leader personally met and looked after an engineer squad leader who had got wounded while removing a time bomb. When the soldier

regained his health, he granted him the favour of sending him to his uncle's place so that he could be treated with delicious food to whet his appetite.

This love of the leader gave strength and courage to the soldiers and roused them further to heroic deeds.

Last Strike, Great Victory

The US imperialist aggressors hurried with landing operations, placing most of the US Seventh Fleet along the east and west coasts of Korea and staging ceaseless bombing, naval bombardment and shelling, while, at the same time, making a desperate attack on the front.

But the People's Army built up impregnable defences and hit the desperate attackers hard. The enemy troops went down en masse in the air, on the ground and on the sea every minute. The numerical and technical superiority of the US armed forces of aggression proved futile before the peerless bravery and inexhaustible might of the Korean People's Army.

In this way, the much-advertised "new offensive" which the US imperialists had prepared, and on which they had pinned their last hope, fizzled out before it had scarcely begun.

This was a great victory won by forestalling the enemy to scare them out of their wits.

The great leader was determined to deal a last decisive blow on the US imperialist aggressors in the spirit he had displayed in crushing their "new offensive", to make their defeat final and complete. He ordered the units of the People's Army to occupy the enemy's heights in succession and put large enemy forces out of action.

The People's Army soldiers, faithful to the leader's order, occupied all positions they had planned to occupy in three counteroffensives from mid-May, and dealt a terrific blow on the enemy. In particular, our attack on Height 351 which the enemy had boasted to be an "impregnable fortress", demonstrated the great might of the People's Army; they captured it in 15 minutes. This got the top brass of the enemy frightened out of their senses.

When hot fighting was taking place on Height 351, Height 811.7 and Height 854.1 in the eastern sector of the front, the People's Army units in other parts of the front continued to march southward, running over one enemy position after another in accordance with the leader's operations

The respected leader President Kim Il Sung acknowledges the enthusiastic cheers of officers and men of the heroic People's Army and people who won victory in the Fatherland Liberation War (July 28, 1953)

plan. It was like a giant tightening his strong grip on US imperialism's windpipe. The US imperialists shuddered. The chiefs of US imperialism realized, though belatedly, that if they dared to continue the war, they would be doomed to total ruin.

During the war, the US imperialists lost 1,567,128 men, including 405,498 men of their own troops, and an enormous amount of war equipment, including 12,224 aircraft and 564 warships of different types. This loss was nearly 2.3 times as much as they had suffered in the Pacific War during the Second World War. They also suffered political and moral setbacks. Looking back on the three years of the Korean war in which they had suffered one miserable setback after another, they trembled and writhed with fear.

Now, they had lost all hope and were not in a position to keep their face as "great power", so they were compelled to appear at the place of armistice negotiations, where on July 27, 1953, they bent their knees before the national flag of the Democratic People's Republic of Korea and signed the Armistice Agreement.

The Korean war ended in glorious victory for the Korean people.

This historic victory was a victory for the revolutionary and Juche military strategy of the ever-victorious iron-willed brilliant commander Marshal Kim Il Sung, over the bourgeois military strategy of the US imperialists, who had relied only on barbarity, number and technique. It was a victory for a revolutionary army and its people over a brigandish aggression army and the imperialist forces of reacion.

When the US imperialists regarded their most up-to-date, highly destructive war equipment and technique as the guarantee for victory in the war, the great revolutionary leader Comrade Kim Il Sung firmly believed in the revolutionary will and inexhaustible strength of the popular masses who had entered the arena of history to lead an independent and creative life. He clearly proved the truth that the factor for victory in a war was not weapon but the people.

The victory of the Korean people was also a victory for ardent patriotism displayed by them under the guidance of the leader in the struggle against the imperialists indulging in aggression and massacre of other nations. It was a brilliant victory for creation, construction and the spirit of protecting man. The Korean war showed that no imperialist allied forces, however strong, and no destruction and slaughter, however

heinous, could frustrate the struggle of the awakened people who had risen to defend the honour of their motherland and a free life.

Indeed, the historic victory won by the Korean people in the Fatherland Liberation War was a victory for the great leadership and Juche-oriented military art of the great leader Comrade Kim Il Sung. At the same time, it was a victory for the great love for the people of the leader who had devoted himself to the struggle for their freedom and happiness.

From the first day of the fierce war, the leader always found himself among the soldiers and people at the front and in the rear. He always shared joy and sorrow with them, warmly looked after them with paternal affection and trained and tempered them to be indomitable fighters and heroes.

The leader boundlessly trusted and loved the people, and the people followed the leader with loyalty—herein lay the source of inexhaustible strength and the actor of the victory. The unshaken unity and cohesion of the people around the leader and the laudable solidarity between the army and the people and between men and officers were based exactly on that love, trust and loyalty.

The US imperialists could not calculate this enormous strength of Korea and the might of the rock-firm unity, which could not be measured even by the most accurate electronic computor. This is their "tragedy" and the cause of their defeat.

On July 28, 1953, in the revolutionary capital city of Pyongyang, a grand mass meeting was held to celebrate the victory in the Fatherland Liberation War, in the presence of the great leader Comrade Kim Il Sung.

The valorous People's Army warriors, led by the colours stained with the smoke of guns, marched in a fine array in front of the high tribune where the leader stood amid the enthusiastic cheers of the masses which shook heaven and earth. In their wake marched proudly the victorious people on big parade, shouting hurrahs at the top of their voices.

The great leader Comrade Kim Il Sung waved his hands to the heroic People's Army and the people, warmly congratulating them who had caused US imperialism, the ringleader of imperialism, to go down, and had firmly defended the honour of the motherland and world peace.

Chapter VII

JUCHE BOTH IN THE REVOLUTION AND CONSTRUCTION

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1

The war was over. The fog of powder fumes was dispelled by the wind. But the land looked too distressing. The whole land was a devastation; only the map could show where towns and factories had existed. Birds were building their nests on smokeless chimneys remaining here and there in the debris. People were living in damp dugouts or semi-dugouts. There was not a single bright classroom for their dear children. Peasants were seen standing with vacant looks by demolished banks and irrigation canals. Only frogs were croaking in the bomb craters flooded by the nasty rains.

What did the great leader Comrade Kim Il Sung have on his mind in this situation? He was very sorry to see his beloved people living in dugouts even for a single day—the people who had gone through the raging flames of the three-year war against the US imperialists and had defeated them. He wanted to hear the song of happiness resounding all over the land, by giving full play to the great effectiveness of the new system and the new life which the people had defended with lives. He was eager to usher in as soon as possible a new epoch of pride and joy, for the heroic people who, silently enduring the loss of their dearest ones, were looking to their leader.

The US imperialists bragged that Korea would be unable to rise even in one hundred years. The Marshal, however, made up his mind to humble the devils by slapping them hard again in the face, that is, by making the reconstruction a brilliant success. He was determined to display, like a glorious banner, to the whole world the mettle of the Korean people who are staunch and diligent without any comparison.

The leader spread a blueprint for gigantic postwar economic reconstruction. The plan which marked a new milestone of nation-building, had been mapped out during the sleepless nights of the howling war.

Bright Lights on the Taedong River

On July 28, 1953 the great leader Comrade Kim Il Sung went to visit the Kangnam Brick Works straight from the platform of the Pyongyang mass rally which had celebrated the victory of the Fatherland Liberation War. He was going to launch a new campaign for reconstruction without taking rest even on the day of victory in such a fierce and big war.

Production was already under way at the Kangnam Brick Works. Towards the end of the war the leader had chosen the site of the works and organized its construction. The workers had been ready in every way to play their part in the forthcoming reconstruction.

Brick works usually have soaring chimneys, but this one had none. It had been built to suit wartime conditions and the production process was modernized by using fans in place of chimneys.

Satisfied with the ingenuity and fortitude of the working class, the leader was smiling from the moment when he got to the entrance of the works.

Affectionately squeezing and caressing the rough hands of the workers handling clay and fire, he said how precious their hands were since they were to rebuild the whole Pyongyang and the whole country.

The bricks taken out of kilns were still emitting heat. The yard was not yet fully provided with storehouses and workshops, and a mountain of bricks lay cooling in the open. Nearby the workers were carrying clay and fuel with push-carts. Soon the workers gathered around the leader. They were so happy to meet him even in such an unshapely work site, and the leader, too, was glad to see them.

Now feeling a rip in the work dress of a heater, now looking down at the worn-out canvas boots of a carrier, the leader said in a calm voice that the Korean people had at last defeated US imperialism, and explained in easy terms the brutality of the US imperialists and the great significance of the victory in the war for the development of history. He referred to the need to build more splendid towns, factories and villages on this land which had been devastated by ceaseless bombing of the US imperialists, encouraging the workers to display their unconquerable might in reconstruction just as they had shown peerless valour in the war.

He stressed that Pyongyang, the heart of the country, should first be built excellently.

The Taedong River flows leisurely by the brickyard. One can get a good commanding view of Pyongyang across the river from the bank which is pretty high.

The great leader accompanied by the workers got on the bank, the skirt of his dress fluttering in the wind. He looked round and said, **"Put up bright lamps here, and work in the light as bright as daylight."** He added in a rather excited voice that the light would inspire the Pyongyang citizens with firmer confidence in victory. He reiterated the need to put up many large electric lamps.

His words touched the hearts of the workers. They sounded like a word of command to put up a flag at the head of the ranks arrayed for a new battle or to light a beacon indicating the route of voyage on the rough sea.

Feeling that they had been given an honourable combat mission, the brick workers saw off the leader and set up strong posts on the riverbank of the Taedong, and hung electric lights which illumined the tracks of push-carts, the mountain of bricks, and the proud faces of the workers.

The Pyongyang citizens were amazed at the new riverside lights lit up with the armistice. They looked like a torch-light flaring up furiously at a bugle signal for a forward march. The townsfolk who had had to black out against enemy air raids only yesterday, were delighted at the sea of sparkling lights that flooded the sky all of a sudden. Some of them talked to each other:

"That means bricks pouring out—a signal for the start of grand construction!"

"The whole city of Pyongyang should be lit up like that. We must rebuild the revolutionary capital magnificently for the whole world to see!"

The people began to rise from the debris with a firm determination.

Indeed, the lights on the Taedong River lit up by the leader set every mind afire. So a severe destruction and such great sufferings could have discouraged people and turned them even hopeless. The leader was more concerned about possible frustration among people than he was about the many-fold difficulties ahead. He resolved: the people must be instilled with a bright hope and firmer confidence in victory! The people can be all-mighty when they rise with revolutionary consciousness. This was in his mind when the leader told the

frontrank builders to put up the torch.

The light not only illumined Kangnam but also inspired the minds of Pyongyang citizens. This light spread all over the country just as the water of the Taedong River ripples all around.

To Show the Stamina of Koreans in Construction

The fatherly leader continued his on-the-spot guidance from one place to another, without a moment's rest or a night's good sleep, in order to lessen the sufferings of the people and provide them with a happy life. The visit to the Kangnam Brick Works was followed by his guidance to the Pyongyang Textile Mill and to the Hwanghae Iron Works the next day, and then immediately to the Kangson Steel Plant and many other factories and enterprises.

When the great leader inspected the Pyongyang Textile Mill, all the machines were in the underground bunker. Not a building remained undamaged on the factory site.

The manager and the workers rushed out to greet the leader, but they were very sorry that they had no room worth mentioning in which they could meet him.

Warmly squeezing their hands, the leader suggested that they first discuss the rebuilding of the factory. He said that, though the war had been won, the people were in rags, especially the dear children and the aged. His slightly hoarse voice touched the hearts of the workers.

(The leader has called on us because of the problem of clothing for the people....)

With this thought the textile workers gathered round him in silence.

Hearing the report of the damage investigation commission for the textile mill that it would take five years to rebuild it, the great leader Comrade Kim Il Sung thought the matter over for a while and looking around at the workers, he said:

"They say it will take five years to reconstruct this mill. If so, it would need several decades to rebuild all the damaged sites. But we must reconstruct it in two months, not in five years."

Stressing that the task should be handled in the spirit of destroying the enemy, regarding the reconstruction as a battle, the leader explained in detail how to do it in a couple of months.

The workers rose to the occasion to implement the leader's instruc-

The beloved leader President Kim Il Sung among workers of the Hwanghae Iron Works

tions. They were determined to relieve the burden from his mind by quickly providing everyone on this land with decent clothes. Two months was the time set by the leader! The workers took up shovels to begin reconstruction in the spirit of soldiers taking up their weapons. The leader's reference to reconstruction as a battle gave the people a great strength to rise in high spirits for the magnificent struggle for construction.

The number of severely damaged factories alone ran to more than 8,700. If they were to be rebuilt in an ordinary way, the country would be unable to heal the war wounds even in many a decade, and the people would continue to live in poverty for a long time. So the leader set the two-month period instead of five years, relying on the militant enthusiasm of the people. That was the first step towards the ensuing miraculous successes in construction.

The instruction of the leader brought forth material force at once, and the great struggle for reconstruction swept across the country. After his guidance to the Pyongyang Textile Mill, the great leader visited the metallurgical works which were to take the lead in rehabilitation. He inspected the Hwanghae Iron Works and then the Kangson Steel Plant which had also been devastated. The ground where the steel plant had stood was now overgrown with reeds and littered with 30,000-odd broken machines as well as more than ten thousand bomb craters.

The railway tracks and sleepers in the factory yard were blown up and twisted like sticks of candy, and the high tension lines were scorched and entwined. Rusty pipes also were twisted or broken to pieces and iron frames were writhing, entangled like tree roots. Everything seemed to give vent to its resentment at the wrongs, telling the world the story of the brutality of the US imperialists.

Seeing the great leader coming to the scene, the officials and workers of the steel plant were quite at a loss what to do. The reeds were running riot, leaving no passage.

A worker was hurriedly mowing the reeds with a sickle to open a passage for him. Noticing him, the leader patted him on the shoulder and significantly remarked:

"Clearing the way with a sickle! The working class should break a way with steel."

The leader walked through the reed, stepping over fallen pillars and turning round puddles, looking for a long time over the sites of the

electric furnace shop, blooming shop, and the repair and maintenance shop.

Everything in sight looked distressing, but an electric motor, the heart of the rolling machine at the blooming shop, had survived the war to gladden him even for a while. Given an account of how the motor had been saved by the workers, he mused probably over their loyalty and caressed the prime mover with an affectionate smile on his face. He said that he wanted to see these workers, and proceeded to the dugouts where they were living. He was very glad to see the men. But, looking over the place, he was very sorry to find them living in dugouts and said that the first thing to do was to build houses for the workers. Seeing the gaunt face of a worker, he instantly realized that he was ill, and took measures to get him medical care.

The eyes of the men blinked with tears. They had never shed tears even over the immense hardships they had suffered in the raging war. But they felt their hearts swell when the leader squeezed the hands of nameless men as if welcoming his old friends; they were shedding silent tears as the leader showed great concern for their living conditions. Though stout-hearted, the men could not resist tears welling up in their eyes. Many a difficulty would lie in their path ahead, but they knew that nothing would be impossible as long as they went with the leader. That was why they were happy and their hearts were afire.

A man spoke of what was in the hearts of all his fellow workers: "Don't worry too much, leader. We can put up with it. We have survived even the storm of fire.... If we rebuild the plant and produce steel as you wish, we shall be better off."

The leader's anxious face brightened as he listened to the man seriously. He encouraged them ardently.

After inspecting the whole place, the great leader suggested a meeting with the workers to discuss how to rebuild the plant. To their regret, however, they did not have a decent room for the leader: the plant had been large and old, but the damage was too severe. The leader walked to a poplar in the midst of the debris and sat down on a fallen wall unreservedly. A man fetched a chair in a hurry, but he declined, saying that he preferred sitting as he did. Then, he heard their suggestions attentively and explained to them how to rebuild.

On his earlier visit to the Hwanghae Iron Works which had also been

reduced to ashes, the leader had said to the men:

"Comrades! We must not feel depressed. We have defeated the US imperialists, haven't we? We will win in the future, too."

The first thing he did was to give them confidence in victory. He emphasized that, although everything was destroyed at the hands of the desperate US imperialists, the national economy could be rehabilitated excellently as long as there were the heroic people, the Party, the people's government and the land rich in mineral resources.

The workers of the Hwanghae Iron Works and the people raised their heads high and looked up to the leader. Their eyes brimmed with joy over the prospect of victory. The fatherly leader was in high command and now he said that victory was in sight. They believed that they were bound to win, no matter how difficult their militant tasks.

The leader explained the situation simply and frankly:

"If we are to rehabilitate the devastated national economy and make our country rich and strong, we must develop heavy industry. This is also the way to advance light industry and agriculture, to strengthen our economic foundations and improve as soon as possible the people's living standards. There is no alternative.

"The most important in heavy industry is the iron and steel industry. So we must rebuild the Hwanghae Iron Works quickly and turn out plenty of iron."

As he spoke, he looked attentively at each of the sturdy workers.

Holding back his excitement, one of the workers said in a low but emphatic tone:

"Believe us! We'll take the lead in construction just as the soldiers on Height 1,211 did in the war!"

The leader was very much pleased with their firm pledge. He unfolded the grand plan of rebuilding the Hwanghae Iron Works. It was a blueprint with details as in operations map—great and magnificent enough to amaze the world. The plan contained the layout of the furnaces which were to rise like mountains, open-hearth furnaces which would pour forth molten iron, and the storages of mountains of standard steel goods and stacks of rails for building railways all over the country. It also contained the layout of coke ovens, sintering furnaces, and many other heating furnaces as well as industrial lines and the hauling system which was to extend to the sea.

The future Hwanghae Iron Works conceived by the leader was not like the one destroyed by the Yankee bombs. It was to be a thoroughly independent, modern metallurgical centre which, in the eyes of the world, was to be the pride of the Juche-oriented industry.

The great leader explained not only the plan of rebuilding the plant but also the plan of housing and school construction including details of the kitchens for the working families.

He said, **"We've got to build a bigger open-hearth furnace on the spot where the small one was destroyed by the Yankee devils, and replace the thatched huts with brick buildings. We must show the Yankee villains the worth of the Korean people in reconstruction work as well."**

Thus stirring up fiery enthusiasm for reconstruction in the minds of the workers, the great leader laid down the programme for the rehabilitation and development of postwar national economy, basing himself on the outline he had worked out during the war and a week of his on-the-spot guidance since the armistice.

On August 5, 1953, speaking from the high rostrum of the 6th Plenary Meeting of the Party Central Committee, the leader put forward in concrete terms the general task for building the foundations of socialism and the basic orientation of postwar reconstruction. He clarified the basic line of socialist economic construction—the unique and thoroughly revolutionary line of giving priority to the development of heavy industry and advancement of light industry and agriculture simultaneously. This was a triumphant strategy that could only be worked out by the great leader who was eager to build a paradise for the people as quickly as possible, who was endowed with genius to cope with the task, and who was in command of the heroic and militant people tempered in the crucible of war.

Underground Treasures Too Shine

The great leader Comrade Kim Il Sung roused the whole country for the struggle for reconstruction, putting forward the militant slogan: Everything for the postwar reconstruction!

Working as chairman of the Pyongyang Reconstruction Committee and guiding the struggle to rebuild the revolutionary capital into a magnificent city on its debris, he organized construction projects in other towns, villages, factories and fishing villages in all parts of the country in

accordance with the plan he had worked out since the days of the raging war.

With the progress of construction throughout the country there was an enormous demand for materials everywhere.

The great leader directed much effort to mining mineral resources on a large scale.

On September 1, 1953, a leading official of the Geological Prospecting Management Bureau of the then Heavy Industry Ministry was summoned by the leader and hurried to the Cabinet Building.

The leader cordially received him and asked him how much ore was secured at the Kapsan Mine. He replied that two thousand tons had been obtained and that the estimated deposit was much larger.

The leader was quite satisfied.

"That's it. Our estimate was correct. The Kapsan Mine will solve a major problem in our economic construction."

Seeing the leader happy over the bright prospect of the mining of copper badly needed for the nation's economic construction, the official was deeply moved and vividly recollected the event which took place one day in July in the previous year when the war was at its highest pitch.

On that occasion, too, he had been to the Supreme Headquarters, called by the leader.

"Well, sit down and look at this map." The leader said pointing to a map of Korea spread on the table.

Numerous blue and red lines were drawn on the map—the blue ones ran from Pyongyang to Sinuiju, Rajin and Sariwon, and the red ones from the Supung and Changjingang Power Stations respectively to Pyongyang and Hamhung and from there again in all directions. The blue lines indicated the railways planned for electrification and the red ones showed power transmission lines.

The official was enveloped in great excitement at the thought of electrification of all the major railways and the ramification of the electric lines covering the whole country. Modern factories would then spring up along the electric lines, and every farm village would get electric supplies and mechanize both crop and livestock farming. And the electrified railways would provide high speed transport to link the factories and rural villages.

What a promising future!

The official had been well aware of the great importance of copper prospecting, but he had not known that in the grim days of war the leader was planning the utilization of copper for such a gigantic electrification.

Vivid in his memory were the scenes of where he consulted the map, hearing the sound of explosions and then dust dropping from the ceiling of the bomb-shelter and water quivering in the cup standing on the table.

At that time the great leader said, pointing to the map:

"Look.... Both the red and blue lines require copper." Then he measured the length of the red and blue lines with a rule and said:

"When the war is over, 10,000 tons of copper line will be needed to rebuild the electric lines in our country, and another 10,000 tons to electrify the major railways. We can't afford to import all that, can we?...

"Under the circumstances we must develop copper mines preferentially to meet the demand in the postwar period.

"No doubt there will be copper deposits in the Kapsan Mine in view of the fact that it is a long-standing mine, developed since the years of Japanese rule. It seems improbable that the Japanese imperialists with obsolete technology could have exhausted the deposits." He further strongly encouraged the official to boldly go ahead with the project without being swayed by the nonsense that there were no more veins and that it was a hopeless attempt.

This was how the development of the Kapsan Mine held an important place in the leader's plan of reconstruction which was conceived in the war days.

Nevertheless, those who grovelled before great powers doggedly opposed the idea when it was put to them. They argued: "How can we find the veins which even the Japanese failed to do inspite of their highly developed mining technique?"

However, the great leader gave a scientific analysis of the backward mining technique of the Japanese imperialists, the degree of their actual exploitation of the mine, and especially the geological features around the Tongjom Pass. Thus was reached the conclusion in the affirmative. He brushed aside all oppositions and pushed forward the project.

The prospecters worked heart and soul to carry out his great plan, with unqualified faith in him. He was now reporting to the leader about the discovery of a new deposit of copper.

Pleased with his report, the leader asked how much money he had

spent for the prospecting of the Kapsan Mine and its vicinity and how much more he would need for further efforts.

He replied that he had spent 20 million *won* and that 100 million would be necessary.

"100 million *won*..." the leader remarked after giving thought to the matter for a while. **"You shall have 400 million *won* instead of 100 million."**

This indeed was a surprise to the official.

The official thought he was bold in requesting 100 million from the leader: he had never imagined that the leader would place at his disposal four times as much money as he had proposed.

He looked up, dumbfounded, at the leader. Other officials, too, gazed at the leader's radiant eyes, leaving aside their hands with which they had been putting down the leader's instructions, probably overwhelmed by the same feelings.

"You shall have 400 million *won*. When you have used it up, come and report to me again. You would not be held answerable even if no copper is found after spending all that money."

The great leader rose from his seat and walked up and down the room in deep thought, and then resumed:

"If no copper is discovered till the 400 million *won* is spent up on prospecting the Kapsan Mine, we would put up a stone monument on the top of the mine, with an inscription: 'Children, don't dig up here. There is no copper here!' This will prevent the coming generations from suffering the loss we bear."

He solemnly looked round at the company. Silence followed for a while.

The official and other cadres present there felt an indescribable excitement. The ardour with which the leader wanted to comb through the depth of the earth to find the treasure which would give light and strength to the country and the warm love with which he was striving to realize as soon as possible the plan of electrification he had worked out during the raging war for the people, touched the hearts of the officials. They felt as if they had been showered with a torrent of waterfalls. They were moved by his ardent desire and will power to carry the projected work to shining victory through bold struggle and by the deep trust he placed in his subordinates.

How happy the Korean people are, working creatively and struggling under the leadership of such a great man! Such a leader who, though

firmly confident of success, is thoughtful of ensuring that even the coming generations would not repeat futile efforts by providing against the least possible failure! The official was moved to tears in his heart by his ennobling personality. He was sitting on a chair physically, but in mind he was bowing deeply to the leader.

The official was again moved greatly while taking leave of the leader that day.

The fatherly leader asked the departing official, "Your car must be worn-out? That was a wartime supply."

The leader remembered that he had provided him with the car a year before—in July 1952.

Thoughtlessly, the official replied in the affirmative.

There and then, the leader called in the Chief of the Secretariat and told him to bring a car for the prospecting corps. But when the leader was told that the car had not come and there was none ready, he instructed the Chief of the Secretariat that one of his own cars should be given to the prospecting official.

Both the Chief of the Secretariat and the prospecting official were quite at a loss. Prospecting was important, indeed, but how could they afford to divert a car from its mission to guard the leader?

The embarrassed prospecting official took a step forward and said that his car was still serviceable, though rather old.

The leader nevertheless insisted that it was unnecessary to keep two cars for his bodyguards and that the official should take one of them with him.

The official was simply overwhelmed with the feeling of respect for the leader who was so considerate of the comfort of the prospectors negotiating rugged mountains all the time that he detached his own escort car for him.

On receiving the car sent by the leader, the workers of the Kapsan Geological Prospecting Corps carried out the leader's great plan for the development of the Kapsan Mine by working as if they themselves were guarding the personal security of the leader.

This was how a big copper deposit was struck at last in December 1953. The prospecting workers all shed tears of joy, caressing the bright mass of copper ore and embracing each other and shouting: "Long live the leader!"

2

Remembering the Days at Secret Camps in Mt. Paekdu

Reconstruction was making brisk headway everywhere, but the people were still in poverty. They went to work tightening their belts. Being heroic, they surmounted all difficulties cheerfully. But the fatherly leader was feeling in his heart how the people toiled. Day and night, he was among them. The thought of the leaking roofs of makeshift dwelling houses, and the concern for the meagre meals at dormitories, inadequate clothing for pupils and students, and the shortage of food for the peasants who had to meet it by gathering wild greens, would distract the attention of the leader at conference and keep him sleepless in bed.

People want material abundance. They say they are happy when they have plenty of food and good living conditions and all that they desire.

The fatherly leader, Comrade Kim Il Sung wants the same, not for himself, but for the happiness of the entire nation and all humanity. He shares joys and sorrows with the people. He feels the sufferings of the nation in his own heart and strove to realize his ardent desire to give paradise to the last crying unhappy man. He has been devoting all his life to the ceaseless struggle for the happiness of the people. Yet he is not always satisfied and urges himself critically forward. Maybe he seeks happiness in the spirit of great self-sacrifice.

One day he happened to see leaves of cabbage thrown in the dustbin while looking over the quarters of his guards. They were still fresh. He summoned the officer in charge and rebuked him; he said the officer should feel ashamed to see eatable cabbages thrown away when the people were short of food. He got the leaves taken back there and then. He never sat at table but thought of the people. So, he could not overlook even such waste.

One day when the struggle to heal the war wounds was at its height,

one of his maternal uncles called on him at his residence, incidentally, at meal time.

His uncle sat by the table, looking closely at the food in a bowl, cocking up his head. The food looked yellowish—something like maize porridge. He never imagined that such a meal could be served to the leader of a country, and still wondered what it really was. The leader invited him to join and offered another bowl of the same food. The uncle was surprised at it.

The leader said: **"It's nothing special—maize porridge, well boiled. Please help yourself."**

The uncle still thought that the leader would be eating something different from the ordinary maize porridge which mountain tillers used to eat in the old days. With this illusion the uncle ate a few spoonfuls, to his disappointment.

"General, you seem to like it, but I don't," said the uncle, laughing, and put down his spoon.

The leader, too, laughed, and then said in a low voice: **"In the years of the anti-Japanese armed struggle we used to eat maize porridge in the mountain. It was so delicious in those days that I have it from time to time even now. It is still delicious."**

Then, the uncle nodded and gazed at the porridge significantly. He was moved and overwhelmed with august feelings for the noble idea of the leader who ate it like a sumptuous feast.

True, the people were not well-off, but the situation was not so serious that the leader himself had to be so frugal about his meals. He got the maize porridge cooked on purpose and had it deliciously, recollecting the difficult years of the anti-Japanese war! Considering the nation's situation and the people's hardships, the leader, though holding the responsible post which commands worldwide respect, always urges himself to be on the alert to keep the spirit of the battles he had fought in Mt. Paekdu by preserving the familiar flavour of the maize porridge which he had shared with his men by the campfire. The leader's great concern for the welfare of the people is giving light and warmth to this land. Under the shower of his warm love and care, the people's lives are flourishing like flowers in spring sunshine.

Sorry for a Bare-footed Boy

One day in the summer of 1955, the fatherly leader was on his tour for on-the-spot guidance to Changsong County, a remote mountainous district. When he was passing a bridge near the Yaksu Middle School, he met with a group of primary schoolchildren on their way back home after school. The children ran up to him with cheer. Some of them saluted him by raising right hands after the manner of the Children's Union and others gave a deep bow to him. Many of them clung to his clothes and were frolicking with joy. Everyone was in a neat uniform and cap. But one was bare-footed. It seemed he was trying to conceal his feet behind his mates from shame. With a shadow of cloud on his face, the leader held the boy's hand in his and kindly asked him about his family.

The boy answered that he had grandmother, mother and younger brothers at home. Suddenly he dropped his head, and scarcely holding back his tears, added that his father fell in the fight against the Yankees. His father had been a mountain peasant before he took the field. To make the matters worse, his family suffered many air raids by the Yankees. So, he could not afford to buy a pair of shoes.

The fatherly leader, holding the boy in his arms, said regretfully to his company: **"Look, I have not yet provided this boy with a pair of shoes, but he greets me."** The leader's voice sounded somewhat hoarse. No one responded to him. He raised his head and looked at the distant sky over Mt. Satgat.

The war devastation was unprecedented in history, and it was only a year and more since the start of reconstruction. Was it not possible in those circumstances that some people were going bare-footed in the mountainous region in this warm season of the year? Yet the leader was so remorseful for the bare-footed boy as if it was he who was to blame for it.

In spite of the pressure of other work, the leader turned his car in the direction of the boy's home and told the boy to get on.

The boy said he would like to walk because his feet were dusty, and then looked down at his feet.

Feeling a strong compassion for the boy looking down at his dusty feet, the leader picked him up into his car and said:

"That will be all right, if you buy a pair of shoes.... Let's drive!...

Footsore, walking the stony path? If your feet get hurt, it will be a great trouble. You can't go to school...."

Stroking the boy's head all the time, he kept talking like that as if trying to get a weight off his mind, until the car got to the boy's home.

In the house, the leader said many things to the boy's grandmother to console her and looked after the family in every way, helping to solve all problems ranging from securing provisions and farming preparations. And then he told his adjutant to take the boy and his two younger brothers in his car to the shop and buy them shoes. When the boys soon came back with new shoes in hands and smiles on their faces he, too, stepped out to the yard with a broad smile on his face, and got the boys to put on the shoes one by one. He personally felt their shoes back and forth to see if they felt comfortable, and even helped them to tie the laces neatly. The boy's mother and grandmother were so grateful to him for his paternal love that they could not conceal the tears rolling down their cheeks.

This is a glimpse of the leader's boundlessly tender heart which never overlooks even the smallest discomfort of the people.

It was under his energetic guidance and care that the people were able to stand up from the debris of war and rebuild quickly. Cheerful songs echoed over every construction site; farmers raised rich crops on every farm; modern houses and large schools sprang up in every village; and flower-beds and new roads were laid out all around.

The people were clearly aware that speeding up reconstruction meant defeating the US imperialists once more and also taking the load off the mind of the fatherly leader.

Turning a Commercial Town into an Industrial One

The fatherly leader Comrade Kim Il Sung paid special attention to the welfare of the people in the newly-liberated districts as part of his effort to improve the people's livelihood in the postwar period. He did everything in his power to bring bright hope and happiness to them who had been liberated from Japanese imperialist rule on August 15, 1945, like their brothers in the north. But they were again subjected to colonial oppression and exploitation during the ensuing five years under the US imperialist occupation of south Korea and then suffered in the war much more than in any other part of the country.

The leader's concern for the well-being of Kaesong citizens, for instance, amply shows how great his consideration was for the people in the newly-liberated areas.

Kaesong had been the capital of Koryo nearly 500 years. But in the period of the Li dynasty the town had been totally neglected and the townsfolk had mainly engaged in commerce; politically isolated for a long time. Those were bitter days for them, but greater misfortune came later when they were under the rule of the US imperialists, when the town was trampled under the jackboots of soldiers and policemen because of its strategic location near the 38th parallel, when its patriotic citizens were arrested, imprisoned and massacred almost every day. During the war many young and middle-aged people were dragged away to the south by the enemy. This tragedy involved almost every family, partially or totally.

Fully aware of this situation, the leader thought over for a long time on how to save the suffering city and guide it along a new road of prosperity, how to bring hope and real happiness to every heart.

The leader decided to turn this commercial town into an industrial city, and the consumers' community into a producers' community. He thought that giving them the honour of belonging to the working class and inspiring them with the strength of building socialism was the best remedy for them who did not know the nobility and value of labour, who did not know how to lead a decent life as producers, as masters of their own destiny, and who were dejected self-seekers.

One October day in 1956, the great leader Comrade Kim Il Sung called a leading official of the Kaesong city to his office and said in the following vein:

We must set up factories in Kaesong. This is particularly intended to provide jobs and working conditions to the townspeople who are loafing about the street, drifting away from labour and out of work.

We can't leave them behind as "merchants" as they used to be, can we? All the people of the Republic are now advancing and working proudly.

Factories are needed there, even if they are not payable and conditions are lacking.

The municipal official was fascinated by the words of the leader. How good it would be to see towering factory chimneys in the town which had been the den of peddlers from old days, which had been celebrated for its rich crop of *insam* roots, but did not have a single factory to process it!

The official, however, was not free from problems. Born and bred in this town, he thought he knew his home town better than anyone else, and it seemed almost impossible to him to build factories there. If factories were to be run, there should be sufficient raw material bases, fuel resources, smooth transport and industrial traditions of the region. But Kaesong had none of these. Having so many factories in these circumstances as to provide jobs to all the citizens seemed an insoluble puzzle.

The leader asked him what kind of factories the townspeople needed if they were to lead a worthwhile life as socialist workers.

Having never given thought to the matter, the official was unable to give a ready answer. "For instance," said the leader with a generous smile on his face and pointing to his shoes, "something like this". The leader meant that shoe factories and the like would be advisable.

Taking into account the lack of raw material sources in that area and the makeup of the town's work force consisting mostly of the women and the old, the leader said that it would be a good idea to set up light industries which would not require outlay of heavy labour and handling and transport of huge amount of goods. And then he gave details of the need to set up textile mills and clothing factories for women, factories to process the traditional products of Kaesong, and producers' cooperatives for the aged to turn out handicraft goods with various raw materials available in that district.

Listening to the leader's instruction which included concrete practical solutions suitable to the historical, cultural and natural conditions of Kaesong as well as the character, traditions and customs of the citizens—solutions derived from the leader's profound knowledge of these features—the official felt a sense of shame and remorse for his neglect of study of his own native town. At the same time, he felt an irresistible swell in his heart at the thought of the town's future when the citizens, as socialist working people, would be proud of their homes and sing the song of happiness.

Later, the leader visited Kaesong on five occasions to give concrete guidance to the implementation of his plan of building the town. Climbing on the top of Chanam Hill which commands a full view of the town, the leader explained the general orientation of town-building. He fixed the sites of factories to be built. He visited homes of the workers who were feeling the joy of labour for the first time in their lives, and took care of

them. He also exhorted that the city should be built in a modern way, that its old look as cultural centre of Koryo should be preserved by protecting, repairing and taking good care of the cultural relics, and that a holiday home should be built at the Pagyon Waterfalls and parks and green belts laid out properly so that the workers could enjoy holidays to their hearts' content.

Under the meticulous guidance and great care of the fatherly leader, many light industry factories of different kinds were built in Kaesong so that everyone was provided with a job; rows of high-rise apartments for the workers sprang up around factories and at beautiful sites in the town; a large number of educational and cultural establishments were set up 150-odd schools of various levels including two colleges, the students and children's palace, theatres, cinemas, and a T.V. broadcasting station. Thus, the once inanimate, gloomy town of consumers was transformed into a cultured, lively, industrial-modern socialist town, a town of light industry, good to work in and good to live in. The relics of ancient culture are more lustrous in this background.

People, too, changed. Those who considered labour something menial, the women who were shy of going to factory at first, now became socialist workers, fond of work, proud of working, and happy over the prosperity of the country. So the citizens of Kaesong are immensely grateful to the beloved leader President Kim Il Sung who has provided them with jobs, opened up the way to a new life for them and brought them up to be socialist workers.

3

When the war was over, the rural situation was very difficult. The war caused shortage of manpower and draught animals, and devastated farm land and irrigation facilities. Because of the war even farm implements became insufficient. The farmers were not left with any furniture and other household goods.

It was no easy task to raise good crops, solve the problem of food for the country, and improve the living standards of the peasantry.

Much worried about this situation, the great leader Comrade Kim Il Sung proposed the line of organizing peasants into cooperative farms, in other words, transforming rural economy along the socialist line as the decisive measure to overcome the difficulties. It was painful for him to see the peasants in such a poverty. As father of the people, he could not pass even a night in peace to hear the merry laughters of the peasants. This prompted him to put forward a completely new and original policy which no one had yet attempted.

According to foreign experience or the view generally accepted by that time, it was inconceivable to start socialist transformation of agriculture without developed industry capable of supplying the countryside with plenty of farm machinery. This foreign view had been considered something of an iron rule. And even in our country certain persons argued that cooperation was "premature" or that the project had to wait until the country was industrialized.

The great leader categorically rejected their argument because that meant remaining onlookers to the sufferings of the peasants by blindly following foreign experience. Can revolutionaries ever be indifferent to the backbreaking toil of the peasants who had to pull ploughs to make up for the shortage of draught animals? The leader who boundlessly loved and trusted the people awakened and tempered in the long-drawn-out revolutionary struggle, especially in the war, steadily pushed forward the plan of agricultural cooperation. In fact, the peasants on their part eagerly wanted it because they knew that they would be unable to do farming without pooling their efforts in one way or another.

Indeed, the leader's idea of agricultural cooperation indicated the road of change along which the peasants who had been tied to the small plots of private farms were transformed into proud and well-to-do socialist working people devoted to the cause of their collective, their society. It was the road of great love, and along it the peasants who had been freed from feudal fetters by the agrarian reform, were emancipated most quickly and once and for good from all sorts of exploitation.

Among Peasants Even on His Birthday

For the great leader it was a foremost task to convince the peasants of the advantages of agricultural cooperative farms (initially called agricultural cooperatives). An object lesson was better than any precepts. He saw to it that a few cooperative farms were formed in each county on an experimental basis with poor peasants and hard-core members of the Party and the state helped them to obtain seed grains, farm implements, fertilizer, and the like. He helped them in every way to build their economies properly. Feeling unrelieved by all this, he personally visited cooperative farms and meticulously guided and looked after the newly incorporated farmers.

On April 15, 1954, the great leader paid a visit to the cooperative farm in the village of Samjong-ri, Chunghwa County.

It was his birthday, the greatest holidy for the whole nation. In the morning on that day, those working by his side wished him to make an exception, at least for the day, and have a good rest. And, as a token of their best wishes, they had arranged some special dishes. But without giving thought to his birthday, he came to this farm early in the morning.

Even the farmers were not yet out in the field while he was treading the morning dews along the footpath in a fresh green barley field. Now and then he stooped to finger moist clods of earth, stroked the young barley, and with a smile on his face surveyed the layout of the village and the scenery of the place.

Officials of the farm had got wind of his presence and came to him first. Of course, they had known what day it was and had believed that the leader would have a pleasant time over his breakfast at home at least on that morning. But they were very sorry to find him in the field, more concerned about farming than the farmers themselves. They felt they had added to his burden by not working properly.

They felt warmth in their hearts with respect for the leader who was standing augustly before them.

He sat down without reservation on a patch of dewy turf at the edge of the barley field and talked with the officials about their farm affairs for a while. Hearing that wheat was being sown with machines in a neighbouring village, he walked there along a rugged lane since there was no vehicular access to that spot. Among the state measures he had taken

one after another to provide the newly-organized cooperative farms with adequate farming conditions was the establishment of county farm-machine-hire stations. Thanks to this measure, the cooperative farm here in Samjong-ri, too, was planting barley and wheat with the help of machines from the first year of their cooperative farming.

The leader watched with satisfaction the farmers working cheerfully. Then, hearing that there was a fine spring nearby, he proceeded there to see if it was possible to build a fish-breeding pond for the farm. He rolled up his trousers and stepped into the swamp without hesitation. The farm official who was accompanying him was quite bewildered and hurriedly tried to dissuade him:

"Leader, you must not. That's a mire."

But the leader waded through the vast swamp, saying that he had crossed more dangerous mires than that when he was fighting the Japanese imperialists.

This was how early in the morning even on his birthday the great leader visited the peasants who had embarked on the road of building a new life, and gave them warm love and wisdom, treading the lanes through the fields, wading across the swamp, teaching them what to do to raise rich crops, and explaining the tasks for the year and for the distant future, showing them the way to harness the River Taedong for rice cultivation, lay out orchards on the hillock of Pongi and build a fish-breeding pond around the spring.

A Wide Avenue to Socialism in the Countryside

The experimental cooperative farms with promising future were still incipient, but they began to display its great vitality under constant care of the leader. The farmers' thinking and work attitudes changed beyond recognition. Inspired by the leader's instructions and consideration, the farmers united their efforts and worked zealously to develop their cooperative economy, looking forward to the bright future of their cooperative farms. They now became free from the worries about fertilizer and draught animals which they had had to obtain to cultivate small plots of private farms. Individually, they had been unable to remove a stone pile in their fields, but now they were able to cut canals across hills with joint efforts and resources. They were able to rezone small patches of farm land to admit mechanized sowing, build

ponds to start raising fish, and also increase the output of vegetables to such a degree as was inconceivable when they had been private farmers.

Thanks to the leader's measures for agricultural cooperation, the cooperative farms including the one at Samjong-ri reaped an unprecedentedly bumper harvest in their first year's farming. Immensely happy over the swaying waves of rich crops of various kinds on the cooperative farm, the great leader remarked on the satisfactory change:

"This year we visited the Chunghwa Agricultural Cooperative three times. In spring, some peasants received us with heads lowered; in summer when farming was picking up, their faces were beaming with joy; and in autumn they were so full of joy that their faces were all smiles. An old man said: 'I've been farming since the closing period of the Li dynasty, then under Japanese rule, and in the era of our Republic, and I have never seen as fine crops as this year's'."

In fact that year's per-*chongbo* rice output at the cooperatives organized experimentally in different places was 1.1 to 1.5 times as much as the amount they had produced when they had been individual peasants; and their cash income, two to seven times over. Individual peasants were amazed at this astonishing fact. It became evident that even the individual peasants of yesterday could show surprisingly great strength, if only they were united into cooperative farms. The increased crop yields and cash income per capita proved this. Besides, the cooperative farmers improved farm land, rezoned their plots on a large scale and introduced mechanized farming, drawing on their collective efforts whereas the private farmers were incapable of even soil improvement. The latter looked with great envy at the former who were now working enthusiastically, laughing and singing, although they had used to work lonely within the small patches of private farms.

Thus, reluctant private peasants made up their minds to join the cooperative farms. One after another they applied for the membership of the existing cooperatives; and where there were no cooperative farms, they vehemently discussed organizing new ones. But some middle peasants, though willing to join, were anxious about the matter of putting their land, draught cattle and farm implements under cooperative ownership. Those who had long suffered from poverty and exploitation until they benefited from the agrarian reform and became middle peasants were awakened. But those middle peasants who had owned land, farm implements and

draught cattle from the outset were very much attached to private ownership and were highly conservative. They were always calculating, though they wanted cooperation.

But the great leader didn't mind the mentality of the middle peasants. He knew that that was a propensity hardened in the long years of their lives and that it could only be washed, cleaned and purified in the turbulent waves of cooperative lives as well as through tireless ideological education. With due regard for their mental inclination, desires and interests, the leader indicated the way for them to form cooperative farms that conformed to their desire and interests. He saw to it that three types of cooperatives were organized, namely, the permanent mutual-aid team in which only farm work was done jointly, leaving the private ownership of land, draught cattle and farm implements intact; the semi-socialist type in which the land was pooled for joint farming and distribution was made according to the land and labour contributed; and the completely socialist type in which land and other major means of production were brought under joint management and distribution was made only according to work done.

Even the merger of production means such as draught cattle and farm implements was not carried out mechanically. They had the choice of making them communal property or of retaining private ownership for a certain period while they were used jointly. Payment was made as a rule for the property which was made communal.

This was motivated by the fatherly love of the leader who was eager to bring all peasants including middle peasants into the community of cooperative farmers as soon as possible so that everyone of them might benefit from communal life.

The object lesson given by the leader to demonstrate the superiority of the cooperative farms organized on an experimental basis, and his leadership and policy which took into account the desire of the peasants, respected their interests and conformed to them at the stage of the massive development of the cooperative movement—all this encouraged all the peasantry including the middle peasants to emulate for the membership of cooperative farms.

A New Legend at the Village of Ranchon

Giving wise leadership to the agricultural cooperative movement, the great leader got his name registered at the head of the list of farmers of the Wonhwa Cooperative Farm which he had constantly looked after from the wartime. With the heart of a cooperative member himself, he took care of the new life at the cooperative farms which sprang up all over the country like bamboo shoots after the rain.

Everywhere he went, he closely acquainted himself with the lives of the cooperative farmers, found out reserves for increased production latent in mountains, fields and everywhere else and gave all of them strength and courage by showing them the bright future of their farms.

In October 1954 the fatherly leader Comrade Kim Il Sung was giving on-the-spot guidance to Iap-ri, Chungsan County, South Pyongan Province.

One day he looked over many villages in that district and dropped in at the house and office room of an old man Pae, chairman of the management committee of the cooperative farm at the village of Ranchon. The great leader was briefed on the farm work and livelihood of the peasants. Aware of the fact that the village had suffered more than any other villages during the war, he asked about atrocities committed by the enemy in the period of temporary retreat and about the family which had lost lives most at the hands of the enemy.

The old man was giving ready answers to the leader's questions but the last one. Why? An official from the county Party committee explained the reason—33 of the old man's family and relatives had been slaughtered by the enemy. The leader's face became clouded and his eyes turned to the outside mutely. The room became oppressive with a heavy silence as the time dragged on.

Soon the leader gripped the old man's rough and stiff hand and caressed it. The old man burst into sobs. The leader mused upon the shaking shoulders of the old man and was about to say something probably to console him. But he pulled out a cigarette and struck a match only in vain.

The adjutant looked at the moon-lit window and then at his watch and advised the leader twice that it was time to leave. The moon had already been up above the sky line of Mt. Muje. The leader did not seem to

have the thought of leaving the place. After a while, the adjutant told him in an impatient tone that he must go. The leader glanced at the window and then nestled close to the old man. He put his hand on the old man's lap and advised him to brace up, repeating words of deep sympathy for the old man in grief.

And then he rose to his feet heavily and stepped out of the room to the courtyard. He took a step forward, glancing up at the night sky and then at the old man standing at the gate. He came to a halt and looked back at the room which was empty and wrapped in dead silence.

"If I leave here, the old man will be lost in grief all night alone. I must be a member of his family at least one night, however busy I may be."

With a warm heart of sympathy he got back to the porch.

Thus, the fatherly leader and the old man sat together again. The old man was very sorry to have delayed for his personal reason the departure of the leader and wasted his precious time. The leader who was soothing the old man, asked his adjutant to bring a bottle of wine, if any. And then he personally opened the bottle, filled a cup and offered it to the old man.

"Please take it. A cup of wine might help you to allay your grief."

The wine was the token of his fatherly love and warm sympathy for the wound that had stiffened the heart of the old man. The old man bit his lips as he resolved not to torment the leader any longer by showing him tears. Nevertheless, the old man who was moved by his love and care was unable to keep back the tears dropping irresistibly on the cup. He finally put down the cup.

"Excuse me, leader, I am not used to drinking." The old man said in a feeble voice. Then the leader peeled an apple in person and offered it to the old man. He put it in the old man's hand and urged him to eat it. As the old man declined, the leader held the old man's hand in his and said that he would be glad if his offer was accepted. The adjutant and the suite as well as the old man felt a lump in their throats and shed tears.

The deep night at the Ranchon village was filled with the boundless love of the great leader for the farmers and the rest of people. Listening to the leader's kind words of encouragement that would prop him up and give him a strong will power in his life devoted to the farm, the old man resolved to himself: "Leader, please don't worry any more. No one in the world is happier than me, living in your love!"

The fatherly leader spent that night with the old man to befriend him.

Still unrelieved, he spent the next day and the fifth day at the village. During the stay the leader took the old man in the morning to look over the expanse of a marsh overgrown with reeds and *chalpi,* Mt. Muje and other hills in front of the village; and at noon when the autumn sun was broiling, he put off his lunch to have a talk with village farmers on the edge of fields. Towards the evening he again walked about the marsh, splashing through the ankle-deep mud, and got aboard a boat and made a round of the vast pool elbowing through the bush of reeds and *chalpi.* Acquainting himself with local conditions in this way and elaborating his plan to turn the Ranchon village into a people's paradise, the leader showed the old man a bright future for the farm.

He said that 100,000 *pyong* of new land could be obtained by damming off the pool for rice cultivation, that ducks could be raised in the march, pastures developed in the mountains, and maize sown in the non-paddy fields and that, then, the farmers of the Ranchon village would be well-off, eating rice, meat and eggs.

Still unhappy over the thought of the old man in grief in spite of the love and solicitude he had shown him on his visit to the village, the leader later made a present of a suit of high-quality dress and a double-barrelled hunting gun to him. Receiving the hunting gun, the favourite of the leader himself, basked in the warm caress of his hands, the old man was lost in a deep thought. To the old man the gun was not a mere weapon to ward off crop damages by wild ducks and geese whose raids had been brought to the leader's attention during his chat with the farmers of the village. It was an extension of the warm sympathy of the leader, which would help the old man to recover from the mental wound by hunting with it as a friend whenever he was haunted by bitter memory. So the old man hugged the gun with a warm caress, renewing his life-long allegiance to the fatherly leader and the determination to devote himself to the flourishing of the farm as desired by the leader.

The ensuing years found the village of Iap-ri developing and prospering with each passing day under the care of the leader. Such amazing changes also took place throughout the country, both in factories and farm villages.

Looking at the Rice in Children's Lunch Boxes

One day, several years after his visit to the old man of Iap-ri, the fatherly leader President Kim Il Sung was giving on-the-spot guidance to the rural area of South Pyongan Province. Passing by the same village, he came across children going to school and called them to stop.

Instantly recognizing him, the children ran up to him with cheer and saluted him. He looked affectionately at the lovable children as if they were young doves, and asked them if they carried lunch with them. The children replied in high spirits and with one voice "Yes!"

"Well, let me have a look at it," said the leader.

The children hurriedly took out the lunch boxes from their bags and vied with one another to open them before the leader. All was gleaming with rice. On seeing this the leader smiled from ear to ear and burst in a merry laughter. Watching the rice of children with a radiant smile for a while, he hugged them in his arms and cast his eyes towards the village of Iap-ri looming up in the distance like a picture.

The villagers who had been poorer than any other people and had to live on minor cereals from their sterile land, were now eating rice by working zealously since the organization of the cooperative farm.

The leader seemed to have seen in the children's rice the smiling faces and merry songs of the farmers who emerged victorious in their difficult struggle. How lovely were the children showing him the lunch boxes filled with rice! The field swaying with rich crops, the blue sky and the endlessly flowing canals seemed to have filled their lunch boxes with fragrance, pride and smiles.

The leader must have felt his heart swell with ecstasy at the sight of the fact that socialist cooperation in the countryside was now proving its great merit. The sagacity and love with which he had ceaselessly visited the peasants and their farms at rainy dawns and snowy nights brought about an orchard where all kinds of fruits were thriving.

The children were only glad to see the leader, but they did not know why he was so satisfied. They were too young to know that he was so glad to see in their rice the great change that had taken place in the rural areas. Socialist cooperation in the countryside was, indeed, a proud, royal road to socialism paved by the leader. On this road, fortune smiled on those

engaged in cheerful cooperative labour, on the great socialist family; the new revolutionary ideas flourished and big strides were made towards cultural advancement and mechanization. On this road, the farmers would look back with deep emotions on the lonely lane they had once trodden as private peasants.

Everybody laughed in boundless happiness, bidding farewell to the past which was full of hardships. Laughing, working cheerfully, moving into the newly-built modern houses, looking over the schools, kindergartens and other cultural establishments which sprang up, they felt the same warm feeling of immense gratitude and fidelity to the fatherly leader who led them to happiness.

4

Flunkeyism and Dogmatism Rooted Out

It was a summer day in 1955 when the socialist revolution and socialist construction was in full swing in the northern half of the Republic after the serious war wounds healed.

The great leader Comrade Kim Il Sung dropped in at the democratic publicity hall of a village on his inspection tour of the countryside which was advancing along the road of socialist cooperation. In the hall were photos showing scenes of success in construction and diagrams depicting the prospects of construction for the farmers. An unusually dark shadow flitted across his face as he watched the pictures.

The photos and diagrams were mostly about the achievements in foreign countries, and little about our own. Such visual media were not only out of place in the democratic publicity hall, the centre of educating the villagers, but were a matter of some surprise to him.

Considerable progress had been made in establishing Juche in all domains in accordance with the Party's consistent policy in this regard, but here and there the habit of slighting one's own things and getting dazzled by foreign things persisted now and then.

When he was inspecting a primary school, the leader discovered that pictures of renowned foreigners were on display, but there was none of any Korean. In a People's Army holiday home were hung foreign landscapes, not the pictures of our beautiful Mt. Kumgang, Mt. Myohyang and the like. Some people went so far as to regard putting the contents of a book on the back side as "refined", instead of the first page, and others compiled textbooks with material from foreign literature rather than our own. Foreign newspaper headlines such as "A Day in Our Country" were copied by some of our papers.

The great leader took a serious view of the tendency to follow others blindly, without establishing Juche. This tendency was the direct outcome of the detrimental acts of the obstinate flunkeyists, dogmatists and anti-Party factionalists entrenched in the Party's ideological work. The flunkeyists and dogmatists did not try to know the revolutionary traditions of our country and the history of our people's struggle, but spread national nihilism, learning and imitating foreign party history and experience by rote. Swallowing up and parroting exotic formulas, they raised their heads at every turning point of the history or at every new stage of revolution and obstructed the implementation of the creative line and policy of our Party. As our socialist revolution and construction picked up momentum along a unique, creative path, they came out in the open. When the socialist reorganization of production relations in the countryside was being carried out prior to technical transformation, they hindered it, arguing that no classics in any socialist country had ever referred to such examples. Later when the agricultural cooperative movement was advancing quickly, they carped at its high speed.

It was these flunkeyists and dogmatists entrenched in the Party's ideological work who put up the foreign economic diagrams and photos of factories on show in the democratic publicity halls in our villages which were advancing along the unbeaten path of socialist agricultural cooperation. Flunkeyism and dogmatism had to be eliminated to find creative solutions to hosts of new problems arising in our revolution and construction which entered a new stage of development in the postwar years. Otherwise, it was impossible to move a step forward. The Korean people had suffered bitterly from flunkeyism which had struck deep roots over a long period of time; there were reasons for this: the geographical location of their country surrounded as it was by big powers from olden

times, and the peculiarities of their own historical development. The idea of big-power worship implanted by degenerate feudal rulers for a long time since the fall of Koguryo had produced a lot of spineless politicians and ideologists and spiritual cripples. Let us not take the trouble of going back to the distant past, but take an example of the Li dynasty which brought misfortune to the country. It openly pursued "flunkeyist diplomacy" virtually as its state policy and exiled or murdered those who opposed Confucianism by branding them as "rebels". Blind worship of big powers was prevalent among the men of letters who raved that divinity resided in a big country—an evil trend which took it for granted that whatever big powers did was right, exemplary and inviolable. Even a saying came into being: "A legal case is started counting on Confucius." In other words, the confucian doctrine was considered all-mighty. One had to kneel unconditionally or grovel before this doctrine. Those who worshipped great powers not only took to flunkeyism themselves, but also imposed it on the people for ages. At the end of Li dynasty they fought among themselves, each backed up by a big power which kept a covetous eye on Korea. Finally they surrendered the country to the Japanese imperialists.

The beloved leader President Kim Il Sung said:

"Historical experience shows that when a person turns to flunkeyism he becomes an idiot, when a people takes to flunkeyism their country falls into ruin, and when a party acquires flunkeyism it makes a mess of revolution and construction."

The leader's oft-repeated instruction expressed concisely the sorrow and indignation of the people who had been long abused by the evil practice of flunkeyism, and their firm determination never to fall victim to that evil.

In view of the spiritual climate when he, with the aching heart of an enslaved nation, embarked on the road of revolution for liberation of the country, the great leader President Kim Il Sung unfurled the banner of the Juche idea at the outset and waged a determined struggle against the imperialists who were trampling on the dignity and natural rights of man, and also against flunkeyism and dogmatism.

All along since the enunciation of the immortal Juche idea in the early days of his leadership to the Korean revolution, he waged an uncompromising struggle against flunkeyism and dogmatism. It was a

sacred cause in defence of the people from the poisonous germs which had disgraced our history since the fall of Koguryo, had blinded the minds of people, and had crippled them socially. The course of the struggle was one of building up the Juche force of the Korean revolution and a process of the great struggle to defend man's independence.

Korean Revolution—Our Juche

The great leader Comrade Kim Il Sung convened the meeting of Party propagandists and agitators in December that year and delivered a historic speech *On Eliminating Dogmatism and Formalism and Establishing Juche in Ideological Work*. It brought about a new change in the ideological and spiritual life of our people. After pointing out the harmfulness of flunkeyism and dogmatism in detail, the great leader said:

"What is Juche in our Party's ideological work? What are we doing? We are not engaged in any other country's revolution, but precisely in the Korean revolution. This, the Korean revolution, constitutes Juche in the ideological work of our Party. Therefore, all ideological work must be subordinated to the interests of the Korean revolution."

He explained that the Korean revolutionaries and the people must first acquaint themselves well with the Korean reality, the Korean revolution, not that of any other country. And then, referring to the way to establish Juche, he said as follows:

"We should study our own things in earnest and be versed in them. Otherwise, we shall be unable to solve creatively in keeping with our actual conditions the new problems that confront us one after another in practice."

He again emphasized what was meant by our own things and by the assets of our revolution. They meant our Party's glorious revolutionary traditions, its line and policies. They signified the history of our people's struggle, the geography and culture of our country, the life and the customs of our people, i.e., Korea and the Korean revolution which represented them all, and the responsibility of the Korean communists and her people.

Denouncing the flunkeyists who attempted to import even foreign culture and customs uncritically, the leader stressed the need to give wide publicity to the successes of the Korean people in their progressive struggles in history and their achievements by their creative endeavours during the present time. Criticizing the wretched flunkeyists for their

distorted notion which regarded the blind worship of other countries as internationalism, he clearly explained the relation between socialist patriotism and proletarian internationalism as follows:

"...Patriotism and internationalism are inseparable. He who does not love his own country cannot be loyal to internationalism, and he who is unfaithful to internationalism cannot be faithful to his own country and people. A true patriot is precisely an internationalist and vice versa."

This teaching of the leader was a decisive blow at the flunkeyists and dogmatists and provided the people with the guide lines to make a distinction between flunkeyism and patriotism.

The leader regarded men as most precious and most powerful and trusted them boundlessly. He regretted most to see the habit of depending on others, instead of striving to hew out their own destinies for themselves.

Believing that the worth and true happiness of man as social being consisted in his independence which enables him to think and judge everything with his own head and act accordingly, the leader considered it one of his most important duties to imbue the minds of the people with the sense of man's dignity and independence and with national pride. During the years of Japanese imperialist rule, therefore, he launched the anti-Japanese revolutionary struggle to free the people from the yoke of Japanese imperialism and, at the same time, combated flunkeyism which was shackling the people in double fetters of slavery. Since he liberated the country, he has never ceased to fight flunkeyism and dogmatism in order to free the people from all sorts of fetters and ensure them an independent and creative life. He did this because, if one is to become the master of nature and society, one must be conscious of one's being such. For this purpose, one must establish Juche first in ideology.

Because the leader was always eager to provide the popular masses with an independent and creative life, and he boundlessly loved them as the creators of history, it was only natural that he had a bitter hatred for the band of flunkeyists who were paralyzing the sense of man's independence and dampening the immeasurable strength and wisdom of the people.

In spite of the repeated blows they had sustained, the flunkeyists and dogmatists raised their heads again when the country embarked on the road of independent and creative development after the war. They now brought forth dogmatism and opportunism in place of Confucianism in

opposition to the creative line and policies of the Party. They even tried to draw in modern revisionism when it made its appearance in the international communist movement. The flunkeyists who were used to dance to the tune of others, swayed with every wind, now following dogmatism when others pursued it, now following revisionism when others fussed about it. Therefore, when obstinate flunkeyism and dogmatism raised their heads again, taking advantage of the difficult situation of the postwar rehabilitation, the leader again made it clear that our Party and our people were masters of the Korean revolution and that the decisive factor in the victory of the Korean revolution consisted in our own strength. He also taught that flunkeyism and dogmatism had to be combated mercilessly in order to oppose modern revisionism and uphold the revolutionary principles and purity of the revolutionary ideas and theory of the working class.

The teachings which clarified in an all-round way the essence and validity of the great Juche idea and the correct way to establish Juche, served as a great banner that brought about tremendous changes in the ideological life of our people.

Upholding the instructions of the leader, all Party members and people vigorously strove to sweep away flunkeyism and dogmatism which shirk the responsibility for revolution and impair independence and national dignity. The struggle was a course of realizing the worth of man's existence better, and a course of establishing Juche to increase the sense of responsibility, pride and ardour of our people as masters of Korea and the Korean revolution.

No words will be adequate to pay homage to the love and care of the great leader President Kim Il Sung who raised the Korean people to the mastership of Korea, both in name and practice, and put them at the centre of the Korean revolution by eliminating the ideological remnants of flunkeyism and dogmatism that once paralyzed and stained the spiritual aspect of the people for many generations.

Chapter VIII

USHERING IN AN ERA OF CHOLLIMA

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The country was in a very difficult and complex situation when it turned from the Three-Year Plan after the war to the Five-Year Plan for building socialist foundations.

International reactionaries headed by the US imperialists stirred up a strong "anti-communist" wave and, taking advantage of this, the US imperialist aggressors and Syngman Rhee clique in south Korea clamoured louder for a "march to the north". Meanwhile, the modern revisionists raising their heads within the international communist movement, turned away from the revolution, collaborated with the imperialists and forced their erroneous policy upon the parties of fraternal countries.

The country's economic situation was also difficult. Funds and materials were short and there was a great strain on manpower. Yet, the vast tasks of the Five-Year Plan had to be done by relying on internal resources and accumulation. The living standards of the people were still low.

At this grim and turbulent juncture, the anti-Party, counter-revolutionary factionalists who had long been engaged in wicked intrigues, now with the backing of the outside forces, threw down the gauntlet to the Party. They turned against the basic line of our Party for economic construction saying, "Machines do not turn out rice," or "It is not time to develop heavy industry when the people are badly off." They preached squandering of everything that existed or came in. They had gone the length of scheming to dethrone our Party and government. Thus, the Korean people faced stern trials. On the path of the revolution, they had to battle against the enemies and obstructionists of all shades who came attacking from all directions.

This time too, without the slightest vacillation, Comrade Kim Il Sung, who bore the brunt of every storm and always led the Korean people to victory ever since he set out for the revolution, decided

to break the impasse by administering a deadly blow at the enemies at home and abroad. For this, he worked out a plan and convened the December 1956 Plenary Meeting of the Party Central Committee. At the meeting, he raised the target of struggle for increasing the industrial output of 1957, the first year of the Five-Year Plan, by 21 per cent over the previous year, and gave the militant slogan, "Maximum production with maximum economy".

Written below are some of the events that took place between the leader and the people, workers included, around the time the country was going through the severest trials.

Birth of Chollima

On December 28, 1956, after the plenary meeting, the great leader went to the Kangson Steel Plant braving a snowstorm. That day too he went first to the work place of the smelters. He tenderly pressed their oily hands and, looking at the electric hearth spurting flames with a heavy buzz, said: "Those flames give me strength! I feel happiest when with you."

The leader decided to break through the difficulties in the way by relying this time, too, as in the past, on the strength of the working class and people. The year 1957, the first year of the Five-Year Plan, would set in a few days. The demand for steel was great that year too. But the country had only one blooming mill in Kangson at the time. Its rated capacity was 60,000 tons.

There was a problem. More steel was needed to bring about a great leap in socialist construction and smash the attack of the enemies at home and abroad. That blooming mill ought to produce far more steel billets than its rated capacity. There was no alternative.

The rated capacity was a problem. It had been considered an insurmountable barrier. This idea was prevalent as to all machines and equipment including that blooming mill. To bring a boom in socialist construction, therefore, it was necessary to smash this man-made invisible barrier and create quite a new one by turning production and construction into a fierce battle. The point was to arouse the maximum revolutionary ardour among the workers so that they should break through the difficulties, cast away their old concept in production, and dash ahead towards one fresh higher goal after another. The leader visited Kangson just to unravel this problem.

After looking around the plant the leader called workers to a meeting to consult them on the ways to make the most of the inner reserves.

With his warm eyes he looked around the workers present and began to speak frankly about the difficult situation of the country without formality.

"We are in a very difficult situation now....People of a certain country have set up their faction here, and those of another are trying to bring pressure to bear upon us, working hand-in-glove with the former. The factionalist gangs in our country, each with the backing of its foreign masters, oppose the Party. And Syngman Rhee is going to pounce upon us, counting on the United States...."

He stopped here, looking around the room. The atmosphere was tense. Everyone was hearing of the country's imminent difficulties and realizing clearly what was weighing heavily on the leader's mind. The next moment the room hummed with voices and all breathed deeply. The atmosphere became charged with bitter resentment at those wicked elements bent on damaging the leader and the revolution. Who could dare to molest our beloved leader? Those going against our leader are those who insult the working class, the people and the revolution. How can we tolerate this? We workers must give them a good lesson! Their eyes glared like burning coals. Turning his eyes to one person after another, the leader continued:

"Whom can we rely on? Nobody but you."

At this the workers present sprang to their feet and shouted: "Long live Comrade Kim Il Sung!" Theirs was a shout of boundless loyalty to the leader, mingled with a burning hatred for the enemies at home and abroad. It was a shout that burst out of their hearts expressing their deepest excitement on the trust placed in them by the leader who had always regarded them the workers as the eldest sons of the country.

The meeting place shook with their shouts for a long while. The leader looked at them, warm tears glistening in his eyes.

He felt boundlessly happy and proud at the sight of the reliable workers who were ready to fight and advance without fearing any enemy when the revolution faced difficulties.

They vied with each other to evince their determination to carry out any difficult task. Waving their fists, they asked the leader to hand over the factional scoundrels to them to be thrown into the furnace. Their spirit

could have levelled mountains, and their passion boiled like molten iron. It was this quality of the Korean working class that constituted a source of strength powerful enough to produce inexhaustible wealth in construction, a sharpened sword with which to ruthlessly punish the enemy.

The leader resolved to spur this militant unit on to another greater effort and have them stand in the front to effect a fresh miracle.

With his eyes full of expectation of and trust in the workers, the great leader said earnestly that if they produced 10,000 more tons of structural steel outside the plan it would help the country greatly.

The workers tapped reserves for increased production with their militant resolve and creative initiatives. They said that they couldn't deserve to be called the Korean working class and the revolutionary fighters of the great leader if they failed to live up to his expectation and trust.

The consultative meeting closed late at night. The snow kept falling in large flakes.

Having finished his on-the-spot guidance that day, the leader said good-bye to the workers and got in the car. But the car came to a sudden halt after a short running. He got out of it and, plowing through snow, walked back towards the cadres and workers of the steel plant who were out to see him off. All rushed to him, thinking he must say something urgent and important to them.

Placing his hand on shoulder of one of them, he said:

"...If you produce 10,000 more tons of structural steel it would help the country greatly. Now I leave here, trusting you...."

It was to say this again that he had stopped his car and walked back to them. He was so happy over the reserve they had explored and over the resolve they had made! Reading this happy mind of his, the workers were moved to tears.

Seeing the fatherly leader off, they all swore within themselves:

"Don't worry about steel, leader! We'll surely justify the trust you have placed in us!"

Thus, the first torch of the world-startling Chollima movement was lighted on the land of Kangson by the great leader Comrade Kim Il Sung.

To spread the flames of this innovatory movement all over the country, the leader found himself among the workers of the Hwanghae

Iron Works the day after the New Year's Day of 1957. He repelled the allegation of the conservatives standing in the way of advance, and gave the workers the militant tasks of quickly building blast furnace No. 1 with a 250,000-ton capacity and a coking oven with a 300,000-ton capacity. The workers took oath to go through thick and thin and fulfil the tasks assigned by the leader.

The leader's on-the-spot guidance stretched to Haeju, Hungnam, to factories and rural villages of the whole country. On this road he spent historic days, bringing the country on the orbit of a new leap forward.

A Granny in Taesong Village

This happened when the flames of innovation kindled by the leader were rising high burning away the old filth of flunkeyism and conservatism. It was on August 27, 1957, the day of election to the deputies to the Supreme People's Assembly. The great leader dropped in at Taesong-ri, Kangso County, on his way to Nampo.

Polling was just over and the electors were dancing when the leader appeared at the yard of the polling station. At the sight of him, all dancers and onlookers let out cheers and welcomed him warmly. Greeting the beloved leader in their own village on that auspicious occasion, their delight defied description.

When the leader exchanged greetings with the villagers around, an old woman whose son, a People's Army regimental commander, was said to have died in battle, forced her way to the frontal ring of the crowds. She said that since she had now realized her long cherished wish to see the leader in her life she should have no regret even if she died.

After answering her words of warm greetings, the leader said that she should enjoy a long life in the world which would become better to live in. Then he asked her in detail about the life of the peasants there. The granny said to the beloved leader, giving full credit to him:

"Premier. you look very worn-out, but don't worry too much. The factionalists make absurd accusations about the people's living but everybody is well off now, and there's nothing to worry about. After all, it's we who will win, and not the factionalist rogues, you see? Don't worry. We support you Premier."

Old as she was, her words were dynamic and confident.

She left deep impression on the mind of the great leader who

happened to meet her on the way.

In the image of the old woman inspiring him at the time of hardships, the great leader saw the images of so many people whom he had personally led for so long a period.

The people who had followed him from the days he had taken the rough road of revolution. They had tasted all the bitters of the world. Sharing joys and sorrows with these people, the leader had braved through the heavy storm of the age. He had given them strength while drawing strength from them. He had not hesitated in taking any thorny path for their sake. With their help he had been able to overcome any trial and hardship.

Now when the revolution ran up against new obtacles and difficulties this granny made him feel assured. Hearing her humble, yet strong voice of support coming out of the mighty current of the people who had always marched along with him, the leader felt boundlessly happy and reassured. For the good of this very people he had not been content with any success and didn't hesitate before any difficulty.

With this people he can do anything. For this people he is ready to break through any impasse.

The leader gained fresh strength from the words of the granny and repeated them time and again.

Later, he often remembered her with deep affection.

There happened another thing in January 1957, 18 long years after he had stopped over at Taesong-ri. A national congress on agriculture was being held in Pyongyang in the presence of the great leader. He came to know that the managerial chairman of the Kochang Cooperative Farm in Kangso County, South Pyongan Province, who had taken the floor, was the daughter-in-law of that granny. He also came to know that the granny, just before passing away, had called her family around her bed and had earnestly told them to remain faithful to the leader in any storm or stress. The leader who had kept that granny ever present in his mind was lost in thought for a while before he called her daughter-in-law to his side and pressed her hand in memory of the deceased. With strong feeling, he told the attendants of the meeting that he had received great inspiration from the unforgettable words of the granny at the time of hardships. This brought tears to the eyes of all the listeners. They shed tears out of immense gratitude to the leader who had been leading our people to

The beloved leader President Kim Il Sung among farmers of Taesong-ri, Kangso County (August 27, 1957)

today's victory, going through all troubles. They also felt very grateful to that granny who, on their behalf, had spoken frank and warm-hearted words to the leader at the time of ordeals.

In those trying days, our working class rose up shouting "Long live Comrade Kim Il Sung!" and our people expressed their fidelity with the words, "We support the leader!" And they all did what they had sworn to.

After the leader's visit to their plant, the workers of Kangson tapped all inner reserves to make a leaping advance in production.

They smashed the old notion shackled to "rated capacity" though they had tended to rely on machinery than on themselves in the past. They put up a high target of production that had never been thought of in the past. The old "rated capacity" was gone. The very demand of the leader, the Party and the revolution meant "rated capacity" for them. In 1957 they produced as much as 120,000 tons of steel billets in a blooming mill which had turned out only 60,000 tons before. The workers and technicians of Hwanghae Iron Works too rehabilitated a blast furnace with credit with their own brains and efforts to produce iron from May Day that year. They also set a coking oven into motion by themselves. The flames of innovation rose everywhere and the people dashed at the speed of Chollima. This movement daily gathered momentum.

How long had these people lived in poverty, lagging behind others! How cruelly had their wisdom and creative zeal been trampled under feudal rule and the jackboots of the aggressors!

The leader made this people omnipotent, teaching them how to take ten steps, nay, a hundred steps in a revolutionary manner when others took only one. He brought up this helpless people to be creative builders of an earthly paradise and placed them on the back of the flying legendary horse Chollima!

In the flames of this leaping advance, this miraculous innovation, and in face of this world-startling Chollima movement the "anti-communist" trumpet of US imperialism and the "march north" clamour of the Syngman Rhee puppet clique were shattered to bits together with the stalling machinations of the opportunists and the manoeuvrings of the wicked anti-Party factionalists, conservatives and flunkeyists. The economic troubles too were obviated. All this greatly sped up our revolution, opening the great era of Chollima in which Korea achieved miracles daily.

Immeasurably great are the favours of the great leader Comrade Kim Il Sung who broke the impasse of the revolution and ushered in the age of Chollima, an age of creation and innovation, by making our long-wronged working class and people fully display their inexhaustible creative energy and wisdom and ride on Chollima as masters of creation.

Story of the Chollima Statue

On the Mansu Hill of Pyongyang, the capital of revolution, there stands a huge bronze statue of flying winged Chollima bearing a male worker and a female peasant on its back, which symbolizes the spirit of advancing Korea.

Every foreigner looks at it with great admiration. For he has never seen before such a winged horse carrying a worker and a peasant on the back. It is unlike so many bronze equestrian statues of noted persons in the world.

There is a story behind the planning and designing of this bronze statue of Chollima.

The sculptors first planned to make a bronze statue of three running horses, each carrying one person, and then of a single equestrian statue. Examining their planning, the beloved leader Comrade Kim Il Sung taught them that the bronze statue of Chollima should not be made an ordinary horse but a galloping winged one and that it should bear two persons, a worker and a peasant, to represent the entire people.

As told by the leader, the sculptors created a splendid bronze statue of Chollima carrying a worker and a peasant, the masters of the country.

One horse for one person had been common in equestrian sculpture. No sculptor had ever dared to mount several figures on the back of one horse, for it would make the animal look dull and heavy.

But the leader made our sculptors overcome such restrictions and portray a statue of the legendary Chollima which flies fast in the sky with dynamic force even while carrying on its back two persons to represent the entire people. This was not a mere solecism. It was a supreme artistic presentation of love for the people by the great leader President Kim Il Sung who fathered the immortal Juche idea, the pinnacle of philosophy, which is replete with the revolutionary love for the people.

To the leader there is nothing more precious and dearer than his people who live, fight and work miracles on this land. It was just the

burning love of the leader that placed our people on the back of Chollima flying in the lambent sky.

Chollima, boasting of its heroic riders, keeps flying high in the air towards the bright future of communism, the ideal of mankind. Before this bronze statue, all our posterity will learn with deep emotion how the great leader President Kim Il Sung opened our heroic age and what a great mission they assume.

2

A documentary film produced in 1958 presents an impressive scene of the rotary of Changjon-dong, Central District, Pyongyang. A single juniper stands in the centre of the rotary and zinnias grow in the garden around. Only excavators are seen digging earth for housing foundations along the levelled crossroads fanned out from the rotary. This scene is replaced with a scene of five- and six-storey houses bristling along the same crossroads of the rotary while the same zinnias are in full bloom.

This shows the breath-catching "Pyongyang speed" that was created to the admiration of all by the fatherly leader President Kim Il Sung who was so anxious to provide our people with better shelters at an earlier date.

To Build Better Houses at an Earlier Date

The look of Pyongyang underwent a radical change in the postwar period of the Three-Year Plan. Dugouts that had stood out the war gave way to new dwellings. Various flowers bloomed in their new gardens. Many houses kept grape vines which had already started to bear fruit. People were leading a cosy life free from any worry about their shelters.

But the great leader Comrade Kim Il Sung decided to provide them with better houses at an earlier date by speeding up the housing construction in Pyongyang on a bigger scale. To this end, he saw that prefabrication methods were widely introduced in construction. But the conservatives in the sphere of construction held that the application of

prefabrication methods was premature because of the poor equipment of construction and lack of experience. If their opinion was accepted, the people had to use the existing houses for a considerable period.

To let the Pyongyang citizens enjoy modern dwellings, the leader resolutely pushed aside the conservative opinion and paid a personal visit to the construction site.

In mid-January, 1958, the beloved leader, busy as he was, spent one whole week with the constructors.

On the 19th and 20th he met the builders, despite a cold spell, to have a frank talk with them. He said:

"We live in the same city. Today let's sit together for a talk. Let's discuss concretely what to do to employ the prefabrication method in construction, how to save materials and manpower and how to reduce costs.

"Today the demand for houses is different, qualitatively and quantitatively, from what it was in the past. Formerly people were satisfied with roughly-built houses of old brick, as they had just come out of the dugouts. But today the people are not satisfied with such houses; they are demanding better dwellings. As the national economy develops and the people's living conditions are improved, a greater number of fine houses should be built. To this end houses should be set up by the prefabrication method."

The leader asked the builders about the experience they had gained in introducing the prefabrication method.

One worker answered that the prefabrication method enabled them to build houses twice faster than the former en-bloc method. The leader thought for a while, and said:

"It is wonderful to double figures. But, let's explore possibilities of raising them a little more.

"When farmers fight to increase crop yield per hectare, our builders should fight to reduce costs per floor space and improve the quality of houses."

The builders approached each problem concerning the construction from a new angle. They calculated the minimum work hands needed in the prefabrication work with a one-crane unit, the best way to reduce the per-unit rotation time of cranes, and other problems, putting them down on paper. They suggested a number of creative initiatives.

The leader, opening his pocketbook, joined them in the calculation of technical figures. His calculation was minute and he directed the builders

along the right course in tapping the reserves. The builders reverentially looked up at him who, sitting with them on the construction site for two successive days, cold and snowy, to find out the reasonable ways of construction, was making calculations, carefully listening even to their immature proposals. He seemed to be forgetful of rest and sleep because of his burning wish to provide the people with better houses quickly.

To realize this wish of the leader, the building workers rose up as one with the determination to devote all their energy and wisdom to housing construction. The leader's wish to build modern houses for the people faster and turn Pyongyang into a more magnificent and beautiful city became the wish of the building workers themselves.

The construction sites of Pyongyang assumed a new look from 1958. Now a few builders were seen there, unlike the case of employing the en-bloc method. Cranes kept swinging round and there were ceaseless welding flashes. Modern concrete buildings mushroomed daily. The whole of Pyongyang was turned into a huge construction site as the prefabrication method made it possible to undertake construction on many sites all at once. Cranes formed a forest in place of scaffolds.

The fatherly leader often looked around these construction sites to give timely teachings. He praised and encouraged the hard-working builders and paid careful attention to their quarters and diet. His footsteps reached every construction site to kindle the flames of innovation there. Office workers, students and even housewives were out to help the builders. New buildings towered so quickly changing the look of the city that a young housewife who had visited her parents' home for her first delivery, returned to her house asking for her way.

That year the Pyongyang constructors built flats for 20,000 families with the materials and labour force usually needed to build only 7,000 households. The famous "Pyongyang speed" was thus created, thanks to the great favours of the fatherly leader who was so anxious to solve the people's housing problem.

The waves of this "Pyongyang speed" spread over the construction sites across the country. Modern dwellings mushroomed in all towns and villages, to say nothing of the provincial capitals. People moved into them from thatched huts of the old age and makeshift houses of the wartime.

Respect for the Word of a Housewife

The beloved leader Comrade Kim Il Sung did not only get houses built faster but paid special attention to building them beautiful, convenient and solid.

He said:

"What is the socialist content of our buildings? It means convenience for the people, neatness, beauty and durability. This is what we require in the way of quality in construction."

One day, when housing construction was afoot, the leader's adjutant came to the office of Chairman of the Pyongyang City People's Committee. Producing a picture of an urban dwelling clipped from a pictorial, he conveyed the leader's wish to consult it in building houses in the city.

This shows how anxious the fatherly leader was to build convenient and beautiful houses for the people and to make Pyongyang more magnificent and beautiful.

The following story speaks of how particular he was about the external appearances of the city and houses and how deeply he was concerned about building comfortable and serviceable houses for the people.

On January 21, 1958, the day after he had visited the builders of Pyongyang City, he called functionaries engaged in the construction of Pyongyang and discussed with them a series of construction problems. Not satisfied with an academic discussion in his office room, he took them outdoors.

Accompanied by them, he inspected the construction sites for a five-storey apartment house near Taedong Bridge and another at Sinchang-dong, and then visited a family living on the second floor of an apartment house along Youth Street.

At the unexpected visit of the beloved leader, the housewife showed a happy bewilderment and then offered kind greetings.

"Come in, please, leader."

Like her old neighbour, the leader asked her in a friendly tone:

"How are you getting along?"

"We are living well with nothing to worry about, thanks to you, leader."

As requested by the hostess, the leader entered the room. After asking her in detail about the work of her husband, their income and the number of her children, he said:

"How do you feel in this house?"

"We have nothing more to desire, as we have moved to this fine apartment from a dugout, thanks to the deep solicitude of the Party."

Putting his hand on the floor to examine its warmth, the leader asked again:

"What would you think if you compared it with an *ondol*-heated room? In the past our grandfathers said that they felt their life was worth living only when they were served a meal by their daughter-in-law sitting cross-legged on the warm *ondol*-heated room...."

"Leader! It's true. The *ondol*-heated room is the best for those living with old parents or bringing up babies. How wonderful it would be, if this apartment house is heated by *ondol*."

The housewife who had earlier been a little stiff, now relaxed and talked frankly as if before her parents.

Respecting the word of an ordinary housewife more than the views of a designer or an architect, the fatherly leader said, turning to the accompanying personnel:

"How about it? I think the lady is right in what she says.

"She has given us very good advice. What people say is good, is good. You'd better examine whether the *ondol*-system can be installed in the rooms of multi-storey apartment houses, too, in future.

"Such houses should have been built when we were unable to design them for ourselves. The situation has changed now. Why should we build such houses which don't suit the living conditions of our people? We must thoroughly eliminate dogmatism and firmly establish Juche in construction, too."

Our leader sees everything with people's eye and judges everything from people's stand. He holds their taste and custom dear. He is happy when the people are happy. He feels uneasy when the people feel inconvenient.

The leader looked round the flat. Then, he looked for a measuring tape. With the tape in hand, he measured the width and length of the room. Turning to the accompanying personnel, he said:

"It's 23 feet and 1 inch long and 11 feet and 5 inches wide.... It's

uselessly too long.... How about partitioning the flat in such an appropriate way as to provide best convenience for the dwellers?"

He pointed out the defects of the room which even its hostess had failed to think of. In the kitchen, he carefully examined the kitchen-table, plates in a cupboard, rice bin and even the coal storage.

"Isn't this kitchen a bit small?" he asked the housewife.

"Yes, but I can use it as it is."

He told the building functionaries that they should make the kitchen bigger so that a housewife could work there with ease even with a baby on her back.

Before leaving the flat, the leader asked its hostess again:

"Madame, is there anything else I can do?"

"There is nothing else."

"When you think of something to say in the future, too, don't hesitate to give your opinion to the Party or functionaries concerned. We undertake construction and carry on the revolution for a happy life for the people. How can we go on without knowing the people's opinions and their living conditions? Only when leading personnel go down among the people and the people come nearer to them, and they talk freely with each other about everything, will our work be successful."

On the instructions of the leader who is so prudent and meticulous in everything, an *ondol*-heating system has been introduced into the multi-storeyed apartment houses of our country from that time on. No one could ever think of such *ondol* flooring. Only the great leader who values the traditions and customs of our people could have the *ondol*-heating system installed in 10- and 15-storeyed buildings and make their structure undergo a great change.

All these apartment houses in Pyongyang came to form a good harmony with huge monumental buildings for political, economic and cultural institutions and with ever-green forests and flower-gardens.

Pyongyang embraces sound and active life, burning with revolutionary zeal and giving hope and light to the whole country; it becomes a sea of lights at night, dreaming of greater success; it is the capital of the revolution, continuously advancing towards its brighter future, singing the immense love and passion poured into it by the fatherly leader.

Making Pyongyang a Model of People's Capital

Pyongyang had changed beyond recognition since then. There appeared the Bodunamu Avenue starting from Pyongyang Station, the gate to the capital, and many other avenues and squares along the Taedong River. Tall modern houses rose like a forest in East Pyongyang, once a desolate area where only a muddy path was running through kaoliang fields. Hosts of new buildings boasting of the architecture of the old capital stand in rows in the area of "Tosongrang" along the Potong River, a synonym for slums, where rows of dugouts had been built against the river banks at the time of Japanese imperialist rule. A dense network of educational and cultural institutions and public service establishments has been spread over the residential quarters. Greenbelts, parks and pleasure grounds—all these present fine proportions. Pyongyang boasts of its straight broad streets canopied by broad-leaved trees and of its gorgeous metro. The limpid rivers and lovely hills accentuate the beauty of the city. In spring, summer and autumn, the rich smell of flowers and fruit is carried by a gentle breeze to the city from its outskirts, Chunghwa, Sunan, Samsok and others.

Pyongyang has been turned into a big city so quickly as can be seen today, the model of a modern capital. This change is unthinkable apart from the warm love and solicitude of the fatherly leader who is so anxious to build more and better houses for its citizens in conformity with the developing reality and their demand.

Even in his busy days, with the historic Fifth Congress of the Workers' Party of Korea ahead, he planned to build new Chollima and Sosong Streets in Pyongyang. To carry this plan into effect, he went to the spot, told the functionaries concerned how to design the new streets and where to lay them down, and even touched upon some architectural points which they had not thought of. He also spent much time among the builders after those huge construction projects had started.

One day, around noon, the great leader called designers to his side at the construction site of Chollima Street. He first excused himself for having called them at the time for a nap. With a look of anxiety he saw their pale faces and told them not to overwork, saying they should maintain their health if they were to work much.

Together with the designers he looked around the construction site

where cranes formed a forest and welders sparkled. He stopped before a tall building, and said: "Let's go into this building."

The designers were flustered, for that apartment building was not yet complete and various waste materials were littered there. But the leader had already entered it. In one of the rooms he carefully examined a washstand, making a washing gesture himself to see if his elbows touched the wall and it had any other inconveniences. Only then did he say it was nicely planned. In a sitting room he gently passed his hand over the limewashed wall and suggested papering it, saying our people preferred the papered wall to the limewashed one. He opened the door of the wall closet to look into it, and also felt a window frame. Finding a tiny chink in it, he said no flaws should be seen by those moving into new houses, and spoke about improving the quality of furniture.

Looking up to the leader who was observing everything, a single house, a piece of furniture, from the people's stand, the designers came to realize more keenly how they should express affection for the people in their designing. Backed by this fervent love of the leader for the people which constituted an unshakable footstone, Pyongyang had been changed into a big city in a matter of a decade or so, smashing the US imperialists' bragging that it would be unable to rise again in one hundred years. Now here, on the Potong riverside, was rising another magnificent and gorgeous street best to live in, boasting of its modern amenities and fine architecture.

With his infinite love for the people, the leader had hastened the construction of Chollima and Sosong Streets bristling with 8-, 12- and 15-storeyed buildings completed in a little more than half a year, and presented them to the working people in the capital. All these tall modern buildings are now occupied by workers, scientists, technicians and artists, as well as sons and daughters of the "Tosongrang" people who used to change their rented houses as many as thirty times in 20 years at the time of Japanese imperialist rule but have now put an end to that history of suffering.

On a charming moonlit, starry night when children, sitting on the laps of their parents were singing of their happiness in the new houses of Chollima Street provided by the fatherly leader, the same fatherly leader was planning the construction of People's Palace of Culture in the middle of this street, a huge modern structure of traditional style.

Great were the pride and honour of those who were entrusted with designing this monumental building. On setting to it, however, they found it was no easy task. True, they had gained some experience while designing the Pyongyang Grand Theatre and other edifices. But a People's Palace of Culture that would soar with a hip-saddle roof was vast in scale and unprecedentedly complex in inner structure.

Informed of the state of affairs, the leader called them to the place where he was spending busy days giving on-the-spot guidance. When they arrived, he was directing an important meeting. But he put it off and came out.

After asking the designers in detail about the progress of their work, he said that he had heard of the troubles they were facing in designing the roof of the palace, and so he too had been studying it himself. Then, he stepped down to the garden and, pointing to the elegant roof of a house where the meeting had just been in progress, said:

"I've called you to this distant place to show this house which might be somewhat helpful to you in designing the roof of the palace."

The roof pointed out by the leader had a well-balanced gently-curved hip-saddle roof of attractive style. Giving a full detail of the house from the shape of its eaves, the general harmony of the building to the pattern of its latticework, the leader stressed that the structures in our age should be Juche-oriented and more beautiful and substantial than those built in old days. Then he told the designers to draw on the good points of our traditional architecture in designing after carefully observing that house and other ancient buildings in different parts of the country.

Receiving the leader's uninterrupted instructions, the designers at last succeeded in drawing out a splendid roof which looks magnificent and graceful, like the unfurled wings of a crane. Thus they completed the grand blueprint for the People's Palace of Culture, a great monumental building that would be handed down through generations. Then, in a little more than one year our own technique and our own equipment and materials produced the palace building housing over 500 rooms, big and small, including a huge meeting hall with more than 3,000 seats, round-table and other conference rooms, a study room and a cinema hall of modern architectural style, all equipped with best interior furnishings.

At this newly-built People's Palace of Culture, the great leader President Kim Il Sung delivered his New Year Address and drank a toast

together with all those present on the occasion. Then he called the designers and builders of the palace to his side. With a benevolent smile on his face, he highly appreciated their efforts, saying they had fulfilled his cherished wish to provide the workers and other people with the palace. In the difficult postwar days when there was not even a single piece of whole brick, he had wondered when he would be able to build a grand palace for the people. But those designers and builders did it with credit. Now proudly introducing them to those present at the New Year's banquet, he repeatedly praised them for having devoted themselves to construction ever since the days of war. He went on:

"These are the comrades who have carried out my plan for construction."

Proposing a toast in their honour, he urged them to drink their cups dry. His cup in hand, he said:

"This wine is strong. But I'll drain it to your health and happiness."

All the designers and others present shed tears of welling emotion and gratitude. They drank to the long life and good health of the great leader.

It is under such love and care of the fatherly leader dedicated to the people, that Pyongyang, the capital of revolution, has prospered and is now prospering. In the bright sunrays cast by him, all other cities such as Hamhung, Sariwon, Wonsan, Sinuiju, Chongjin and Nampo, and the villages of this country are flourishing along with the motherland.

3

Irrigated Water Flows Singing His Grace

Korea was usually plagued by a long dry spell from April to mid-June which did much harm to non-paddy crops and often led to no rice-transplanting in paddies. And in the rainy season of July and August, most of crops were washed away by big floods.

Just as our ancestors, while bringing up their children, could feel at

rest only after getting them through measles and smallpox, so our farmers at the time of Japanese imperialist rule could breathe easy only after smooth passing of spring droughts and summer floods.

They had to suffer from drought and flood disasters plus landlords' rowdyism. Droughts and floods were the source of their tragedies. In a dry spell they often quarrelled with each other over a tiny pool of water or a sluice gate. In the rainy season, with their fields and houses washed away by floods, they were seen setting out on vagabond lives. It was in severe dry and rainy seasons that many rural girls were sold away and many rural youngsters fled at midnight, leaving their parents behind. Our farmers, plagued long by droughts and floods, had no alternative but to depend on the mercy of Heaven.

All this our fatherly leader did know too well, for he was born and bred in a poor family engaged in farming for generations. Solely dedicated to the bliss of the people, he took the peasants' sufferings from drought and flood as his own. Inspecting the rural areas, seething with joy over the agrarian reform, he observed:

"We must realize the wishes of the peasants for water in our age, whatever be the circumstances....

"I can't go to sleep when I think of the peasants suffering from lack of water."

He was such a leader that he included the big Pyongnam irrigation project commenced already in the prewar days in the Three-Year Plan after the war in spite of the very difficult economic conditions of the country, and had it completed in a short span of time.

The Pyongnam irrigation project was really vast in scale. A huge reservoir called Yonpung Lake had to be built to draw the water from the Taedong River by cutting many tunnels including a four-km one, and water channels with a total length of 1,200 kilometres had to be laid out to irrigate over 100,000 *chongbo* of paddy fields.

It was really difficult to complete this grand nature-remaking project in a short period of only 20 months after the war, when everything was short. All the difficulties could be overcome and the water of the Taedong River drawn into the Yoldusamcholli Plain, thanks only to the leader's strong will to quench the peasants' thirst for water and to the tremendous efforts of the people who rose in a spirit of moving even mountains to carry out the leader's call.

There was again a long spell of dry weather in the spring of 1956 when this project was just completed. It was past the rice-transplanting season and the farmers failed to plant rice-seedlings in many areas. Uneasy about the severe drought, the leader, together with Chairman of the South Pyongan Provincial Party Committee, inspected the Anju and Yoldusamcholli Plain to see how matters stood with them now that they had been brought under irrigation.

But rice transplanting was already in the final stage there on all paddies brimming with water.

The leader who knew well how the peasants there had suffered from drought in the past, was very pleased to look over the vast plains which was clothed in green.

In the past the peasants there had stamped the ground and pounded their chests in despair, unable to use the water of the Chongchon River flowing nearby. But now they came to farm their fields with the water of that river and even the Taedong River.

On the footpath of their paddies, farmers thanked the leader for his grace and were much pleased, expecting a bumper harvest that year. At the sight of the happy farmers, the leader felt much easier and got into the car to return.

But when the car came to the Chinchang Plain of Pyongwon County, past the Yoldusamcholli Plain, he stopped it and got off. His face was clouded with pain when he saw the dry paddies still without rice-seedllings. After a while he turned to the Provincial Party Committee Chairman, and said: "Look over there, Comrade Provincial Party Committee Chairman."

Women were seen here and there carrying water jars on the head. Men were squatting dibbling rice plants. They made a hole for each plant with a dibble while watering.

It was a miserable sight to see. The leader could not overlook them. "Let's go and see."

He walked up to an old man who was laboriously planting rice seedlings with a dibble, and asked:

"Can you grow them that way?"

"If only it rains." Absorbed in labour, the old man replied without raising his head.

"When do you think it'll rain?"

"It'll come after the summer solstice."

"You shouldn't wear yourself farming like this."

"But we should farm anyway, shouldn't we?"

When this conversation was going on, there came women carrying water jars on their heads.

"You're working hard", the leader praised them in an affectionate tone.

The women hurriedly put their water jars down and paid their respects to the leader. "How are you, leader?"

At this, the old man started to his feet, wide-eyed. "Why you, leader...." He didn't know how to excuse himself.

The leader kindly smiled at the flustered old man. He called him and all women close to his side and said:

"You're really having a hard time on this hot day carrying water jars from a distant place."

The women replied it was not so toilsome; they were accustomed to carrying water jars on the head.

"No, it must be tiring for you."

With a worried look he asked where the water source was, how many times they carried water jars a day, and if they got their lunch in time. The women gradually came to talk freely, though they, ashamed of their appearance, had failed to give proper replies at first. The leader questioned again:

"Do you dibble rice plants like this almost every year?"

"Yes. We should do it if we're to grow rice in this area," replied a woman, taking it as a matter of course.

Another woman, trying to allay the anxiety of the leader, said:

"Now we work in the cooperative. It's really inspiring to carry water jointly like this."

But one of the women standing behind, brought her hand to her head more than once unwittingly. The observant leader noticed it at once.

"You have a boil on your head, haven't you?"

She blushed and failed to utter any word. She had touched the boil inadvertently while hearing the words about carrying a water jar on the head. "How hard it is for you to fetch water! It leaves a sore on your head", said the leader. His voice was filled with deep anxiety. She felt very sorry for the leader who was now anxious over her.

"Don't worry, leader. It'll be all right after the rice transplanting. I have experienced it before."

But the leader's face became even darker. How long the farmers here must have gone through backbreaking labour! His heart was sore. These women, so simple and diligent, who were trying to remove his anxiety, saying everything was all right for them. It was a pity for him not to be able then and there to provide relief to them from carrying a water jar on the head.

With a worried look he watched the cracked paddies, the rice plants set out with a dibble, which all presented a desolate scene. The eyes of the women carrying water jars were riveted on him. They had been cheerfully talking with him just a moment ago. But their looks were all serious now. They felt guilty of having made him worry.

Taking heavy steps back towards the women with water jars before them and the old man who had been planting rice-seedlings with a dibble, the leader said to them:

"Farewell to you all. Let me try to relieve you from this hard toil in the future."

The leader got into the car and looked out of the passing window in silence. He wore a serious look, close to anger. The car sped by. The women went out of sight now.

The women having boils on their heads have to pace to and fro over a long distance carrying water jars on the head in every spring farming season. The gray-haired farmers in this region have had to laboriously set out rice plants with dibbles from their boyhood. The leader's heart ached for their sufferings. He said, as if reproaching himself:

"We have not yet solved the problem of water properly for the peasants.... Still we're supposed to be communists!"

His voice shook with vexation blended with self-accusation.

The Provincial Party Committee Chairman hung his head and could not say a word. Only his heart was beating high.

The leader is reflecting himself even after he realized the age-long wish of the peasants for land and tried his best to quench their thirst for water, setting every capacity of the state into motion. The Provincial Party Committee Chairman was very sorry for having caused deep anxiety to the leader because of the unhappy things in his own province. He was choked

by the words of the leader who was so anxious over the sufferings of the peasants.

The chauffeur drove the car carefully as if to suit the strained atmosphere inside the car. When the car entered the seat of Pyongwon County, the leader ordered in a low tone: "Turn the car in the direction of Chungsan."

There the road branched into two—one to Pyongyang, the other to Chungsan.

"It's past lunch time, leader," said the adjutant.

"Let's have our meal after looking round that place. Things there may be the same as here, I suppose."

He was right. The situation there was not different from that of the Chinchang Plain which he had just inspected. Most of dusty paddies were bare of rice plants. Some farmers, also crouching, were planting rice seedlings with dibbles. The leader stopped his car twice and went into the fields and had a talk with farmers. It was dusk when he came back to Pyongyang, carrying with him a bundle of rice plants.

That evening he called the Cabinet members to his place. After hearing from them how matters stood with the movement of the entire masses for overcoming droughts, he remarked:

"At present the peasants are spending wakeful nights laboriously combatting the drought. Those in the arid areas are setting out one rice plant after another with a dibble on their cracked paddy fields, carrying water jars on the head. Look at this. It is a bundle of those rice plants."

Placing the yellowish sickly rice plants on the table, he gave full detail of how matters stood with the drought-stricken paddies, how hard it would be to set out rice plants with dibbles and how a long distance the peasant women had to walk to carry water, and how boils were developed on their heads.

A hush fell over the meeting place. Each word of the leader's deep concern conveyed to all those present also the strong appeal of the peasants who had been condemned by fate to natural adversities for thousands of years, but were now earnestly asking the government they had established themselves for the first time in their history, to relieve them of their drudgery.

The Cabinet members could hardly tear their eyes from the rice plants carried by the leader, remembering his earnest teaching that those

working in the organs of people's power should become true servants of the people. Those yellowish rice plants that had struck roots and grown in the anguished expectation of the peasants who had been engaged in rain-dependent farming from generation to generation. Now seeing them on the table, the Cabinet members felt a sense of heavy responsibility and, at the same time, a sense of immense honour and pride of their being in charge of the country's economic life under the guidance of the great leader of the people.

It rained three days later. A few days after the rain, the leader recalled the Chairman of the South Pyongan Provincial Party Committee and proposed to reinspect the area he had earlier been to.

The first round of weeding was in full swing in the Yoldusamcholli Plain. At the Chinchang Plain, he examined the paddies where the old man had been setting out rice plants with a dibble. Despite the rainfall, no water stood there. Feeling rice plants there as if caring for his little sick child, the leader repeatedly asked: "Will these plants survive?"

Back from the inspection tour, the great leader called cadres to his side and told them to speed up the irrigation projects more forcefully.

Informed that the Pyongnam irrigation network does not cover these areas, he proposed that it be extended so as to water the areas of Pyongwon and Chungsan. He said:

"Let's complete this project without fail, though it's a tough job. You eat rice, and so do I. When peasants produce this rice with ease, the minds of those taking it will be easy, won't they? We must carry out this project to relieve the peasants from the suffering they undergo because of the lack of water."

The project went forward fast. The peasants in the Pyongwon and Chungsan areas could thus enjoy the benefit of irrigated water in their next year's farming. Meanwhile, the Ojidon irrigation project was also progressing through a mass movement.

The life-giving water provided by the leader found its way to all paddies of the country to bring about a bumper crop of rice.

Holding Up a Torch in Person

"Any of the ten fingers hurts when it is bitten." This saying means that parents love all their children alike.

The beloved leader President Kim Il Sung loved his people in the same way. When the peasants in the irrigated areas were happy that they were in a position to bring in bumper crop every year, the leader did not rest content with this. He concerned himself about the hardships of the peasants who had to farm on the rain-dependent paddy fields, and stepped up the expansion of the irrigated areas, pulling over all obstacles.

The Changsuwon Cooperative Farm in Samsok District, Pyongyang, was a small farm located at the foot of Mt. Taesong, which had only 60 families. Sandwiched between a mountain in front called Konobital and a fairly high mountain called Tangmoe behind, there was about 90 *chongbo* of farmland, which included only three *chongbo* of rain-watered rice fields. The non-paddy fields were stony and infertile. Besides, there was a small orchard. Though the farmers had been freed from starvation by the agrarian reform and become better off after agricultural cooperation, their living standard was lower than that of the farmers in areas endowed with fertile fields.

The parents are more worried about their sons and daughters in needy circumstances. The situation of the Changsuwon Cooperative Farm had always weighed heavily upon the leader's mind, and he frequented the farm. More than once he made the rounds of the fields with its members and gave specific instructions on cultivating right crops at right places. However, the living conditions of the farmers there did not improve as quickly as the leader wished.

On January 18, 1957 the beloved leader Comrade Kim Il Sung called again at this farm. In those days the expansion project of the Pyongnam irrigation system was in full swing; the Ojidon irrigation works were about to start; and the blueprints for the Kiyang irrigation project to supply water to over 50,000 *chongbo* of paddies through channels with a total length of over 4,000 *ri* were nearing completion.

The leader visited the farm, remembering the people of this hilly area where paddy fields were very few. He discussed problems of the farm's economic situation with its members, seated on the reed mat in the democratic publicity hall.

After a while he became moody, and said:

"...As for rice, it is more tasty when it is produced at one's own place by one's own efforts. One must not just lie under a plum tree and wait for the fruit to drop of its own accord."

Prior to his departure, the leader looked around the snow-covered

fields, occasionally sinking in deep thought. The farmers did not understand why he did so when the strong wintry wind was blowing.

After his visit for days the farmers discussed measures to put his instructions into effect. However, they could not find the way to secure rice fields. First of all, there was no water. And the soil was so stony that they were worried that the water might leak even if they made paddies. The prevalent opinion was that it was difficult to supply enough water to keep this sort of soil moistened, unless they had a rich source of water.

The discussion went on for three days. The third day was very bleak and sleety. The farmers were discussing preparations for the year's farming at the democratic publicity hall, when they heard a car pulling up in the yard. A farmer sitting by the door opened it and went out. Then an excited voice was heard.

"Leader!"

All the farmers in the hall were surprised and rushed out. Dusting snow off his coat, the leader exchanged greetings with them who were quite confused.

Entering the room, he said he was late because he had been busy, though he had intended to come earlier. And he asked if they had thought out a way to turn the dry fields into paddies. The chairman of the cooperative farm told him about their discussion. The leader was thoughtful for a while, then he turned to an old man seated in front of him, and said:

"Old man, let us think over how we used to grow bean sprouts at our homes. If we grew them in a sieve without a vessel under it, we would have needed scores of jars of water. But, we placed the sieve on the vessel and kept pouring into the sieve the water that had flowed down into the vessel. We could grow a sieveful of bean sprouts with a little amount of water. So, if we make the most of the water in this way, it is quite possible to make paddies."

His words were easily understood by the farmers, and one of the difficult problems which had been considered insoluble, was solved at once. When the beloved leader meets workers or farmers he talks to them the way they do. As he always puts himself in the position of workers and farmers, it is only natural that his language should be fully understood by the people.

Inspired by the leader's words, an old man said that there was a little spring in Chajak Valley. He showed a deep interest in this information and

suggested going there and seeing it although it was a bit late, and rose from his seat. His suggestion astounded the farmers, who gazed at each other's face. They could not take the leader along the wet slippery sloping road in the dark sleety night. But the leader was already outside. The farm chairman hastily followed him and said:

"Leader, let us go there some other day."

All the farmers followed out and looked at the leader with anxiety.

The leader told his aide to prepare a torch and said to the farmers:

"It seems you are afraid I might get wet in the sleet. When I fought in the mountains, my men and I often marched through much heavier snows than this for days on end, falling down sometimes. I am ready to get wet in this kind of sleet if it brings you rice."

The farmers who tried to hold him back stood motionless as if rooted to the spot, tears welling up into their eyes. The leader was accustomed to this sort of thing, and he had spoken out negligently. This moved the people all the more.

The leader had trekked through deep snow in the blizzard-ridden forests for 15 years to save his country and people. Now he was going to take the rough road in the sleet, saying he did not care about getting wet, if it would help provide the farmers with rice.

The farmers were so filled with emotion that they could no longer prevent him from going.

The great leader held up the torch himself. The sleet fell more nastily. The leader led the farmers, holding the torch high. The torch was seen even from afar, moving forward, lighting the skies of the dark sleety night.

The farmers following him along the road lit up by him were awe-stricken. They saw the noble form of the leader who had kept illuminating the road for the people since he first raised the torch of the nation when they had lost their country to the Japanese imperialists and groped in darkness.

From time to time the leader halted and raised the torch to light the way for the farmers following him.

The entire Korean people, as well as these farmers, will never forget this aspect of the benevolent leader. Our coming generations, too, will remember that they owe their happiness to the beloved leader who brought it, in person, holding up the torch like this.

Accompanied by the farmers, the leader reached Chajak Valley where

there was the spring. He was very pleased to find it as he had thought that there must be water where three gullies meet. Lighting up the surroundings with the torch, he made a suggestion that they should build a reservoir there. After looking around the valley and the sloping road for a long while, he even chose the site where the dyke was to be built. His wet clothes froze and rustled at every step. But he was absorbed in estimating the amount of water that could be obtained if the headspring was widened and dammed up in the reservoir.

That night, after the leader left, no house in the village put out the light. They were moved and excited. They sat up all night through, adjusting three-men plows or sharpening the edges of pickaxes. Early in the morning they all set out to build a reservoir.

Three days after the project was started, the beloved leader came again to see how the work was going on and was kind enough to help the farmers to untie knotty problems arising in the work.

As the leader had taught, the farmers built the reservoir and, down below, a small dam to catch and utilize even the leaking water. As a result, that year this cooperative farm secured 15 *chongbo* of paddy fields and provided its members with an adequate amount of rice on its own. In 1958 when the cooperative farms were merged with ri as a unit this village became a workteam of the Changsuwon Cooperative Farm. As the farm grew, the work-team got about 40 *chongbo* more of paddies by drawing irrigation water from a distant place. At present it has 57 *chongbo* of rice fields, 29 *chongbo* of non-paddy fields and 12 *chongbo* of orchards.

Like this, the leader spared no efforts to provide rice even for the farmers in the areas where it had been considered impossible to make paddies.

The great leader made a point of carrying out many large-scale irrigation works, including the irrigation project in the area of the Amnok to send water to over 90,000 *chongbo* of farmland, as well as numerous medium and small irrigation projects in different parts of the country. As a result, countless pumping stations were set up along the Taedong River alone.

From olden times it is known that water flows down but now water flows upwards, too in Korea.

Once a traveller passing the foot of Amso Pass on the border between Sukchon and Pyongwon Counties in South Pyongan Province, saw the

water flowing along an irrigation canal and asked a local peasant:

"Where does this water flow down?"

Pointing towards a high mountain the peasant answered:

"It flows up that mountain."

The traveller thought he was making fun of him. But the peasant only said the truth. Here they pump water through many stages up to the mountaintop, 108 metres high, from which water goes down to paddies. Three-stage or four-stage water-lifting stations are to be seen at many places. Now, the words "rain-dependent rice field" is to be found only in the dictionary.

In order to free the peasants from drought damages in raising rice as well as other crops, the leader initiated a policy for bringing non-paddy fields under irrigation, and put it into effect.

As a result of the introduction of irrigation by the leader, the north Korean countryside is completely free from drought disasters. Therefore, it is no easy task to bring the rising generation to understand how their fathers and grandfathers were plagued by dry spells.

The waters of rivers which flowed only into the sea are kept in a lot of artificial lakes, made under the benevolent care of the great leader; When the time comes round, they flow out of the sluices to irrigate the rice and dry fields. Even an area where they could not afford to give a bowl of water to a traveller, though they could treat him with a bowl of rice, is now covered with well-irrigated paddies except for the villages and roads, and visited by water birds they have never seen before. They do not wonder why sea gulls fly into a mountain valley scores of miles away from the sea. For there is an artificial lake as wide as a sea.

The fatherly leader President Kim Il Sung hopes that all villages and peasants will alike be happy. Just as his benevolent love reaches all the people, so irrigation waters find their way to all parts of the country. Thus, the whole country is covered with ramified irrigation networks and Korea has become a "Land of Irrigation".

Now, the world people greatly admire our perfect irrigation system and envy it. They envy the happiness of our people who live under the guidance of the great leader who quickly solved the water problem which had plagued the peasants from generation to generation, put an end to floods which had caused all kinds of tragedies, and provided the people with life-giving water to carry happiness to them; they express unbounded

respect and reverence for the great leader President Kim Il Sung.

4

The agricultural cooperation movement which had been vigorously pushed forward by the great leader Comrade Kim Il Sung, at last achieved a historic victory in August 1958. On the completion of cooperation, our countryside turned into a socialist countryside, vibrant with a new life, and our peasants became socialist working people freed from exploitation once and for all.

On the basis of this success, the great leader worked heart and soul to supply the cooperativized countryside with tractors, trucks, modern farm machines, fertilizers and agricultural chemicals in large quantities so that the peasants could perform arduous labour easily and efficiently.

The leader made up his mind to manufacture the machines required in great quantities for agriculture with the strength of our working class, on the principle of self-reliance, not importing them from other countries. This was the only way for the earliest solution of the most urgent issue of agricultural mechanization.

Needless to say many difficulties would crop up, but he thought that while making machines, people would come to firmly believe in their own strength, use their own brains, and imbibe great national pride.

The fatherly leader's intention was lofty and profound, indeed.

To Provide the Peasants with Machines

During his tour in South Hamgyong Province for on-the-spot guidance, the great leader visited a cooperative farm in Hongwon County. He conversed with the farmers about the economic conditions of their farm and asked if there was any problem in farming. Though they had some difficulties, they answered in the negative. But he prodded them to tell him frankly even if it was a trifling one. Then a woman rose to her feet, and said:

"Leader! It is a little hard for us women to carry things on the head."

The great leader listened to her words gravely. He took them for an urge to do all work by machine, an ardent desire for the rural technical revolution which he had already conceived.

Since his childhood the leader's heart ached to see the peasants toil and moil. Whenever he saw them farm with difficulty as ever, even after liberation, he thought of how to make their labour easier. Particularly, as he heard these words from the woman after the completion of agricultural cooperation, he felt his heart sink under terrific weight.

He was in a thoughtful mood for a while and then, in cheerful voice said, **"This is a warning for technical innovation."**

In the simple words of the plain woman farmer, the leader felt the anxious desire of all the peasants to farm more easily and efficiently by using modern means of production such as tractors and trucks. So, according to his plan and the wishes of the farmers, he decided to go over without delay to the stage of technological modernization in keeping with the reorganized form of the rural economy.

In order to put his plan for agricultural mechanization into practice, the great leader visited the Kiyang Tractor Plant in October 1958. He regarded himself as a farmers' representative visiting the workers to convey their earnest request.

However, when the leader said he had come to discuss the problem of producing tractors which had to be sent quickly to the countryside, the officials and workers of this plant were taken aback and could not answer at once. Maize thrashers and some other small and medium farm implements were all they could make, and they had never thought of manufacturing such a complex machine as a tractor.

Originally, this plant had been a small chemical factory before liberation, but it was reduced literally to ashes in the war ignited by the US imperialists. After the ceasefire, the workers were carrying machine parts and cartloads of scrap iron when the leader visited the factory. Having acquainted himself with the complete destruction of the factory the leader said it would be better to turn the factory into a new farm implement factory rather than restore it to its original state. By then he had a great plan to develop it into a major centre to manufacture tractors in the future. So, the workers of this factory built a small smithery at first and manufactured sickles and hoes and then gradually developed the

production—from manual farm implements to animal-driven ones, and from animal-driven ones to power-driven ones.

The leader knew better than anyone else that it was a very difficult job for the factory to produce tractors by itself, because it had neither the experience nor a sheet of design. But he thought that in the course of producing tractors by their own efforts, overcoming difficulties, the workers would enhance their technical skills and acquire experience and, what was more important, they would develop the revolutionary spirit of self-reliance with which to buckle down to the task of producing tractors by themselves to advance agriculture.

The great leader, deeply convinced of the revolutionary zeal of the working class, earnestly explained to the workers the prevailing situation in the country and the urgent demand of the farmers for tractors.

The leader advised them that we needed to produce many tractors in order to free the farmers from backbreaking work and use machines for many kinds of work—ploughing, sowing, transporting fertilizers, harvesting, thrashing, rural construction, etc. And he said that it would take us more than ten years to obtain 35,000 tractors our country needed even if we import 3,500 a year. So he suggested, we should boldly get down to the production of tractors by ourselves, instead of relying on others.

The leader's ardent wish to send machines to the hard-working peasants as early as possible and his firm trust in the strength of the working class touched the heartstrings of the workers. They firmly resolved themselves to produce tractors by themselves at all costs.

Looking trustfully at them the great leader said:

"The Party depends on you. I'm firmly convinced that you'll successfully carry out this task given by the Party."

The leader had freed the peasants from the feudal fetters through the agrarian reform, and also from exploitation once and for all by completing agricultural cooperation and turned them into socialist working people. Now he was earnestly appealing to the workers to help the peasants rid themselves of even arduous labour by providing them with modern farm machines.

"Chollima" No. 1 Tractor

After the leader had gone, the workers of Kiyang buckled down to the trial production of a tractor with single-hearted loyalty. But, when they set about the production, they faced many difficulties. Their biggest problem was that they had not a single sheet of design.

Having already realized this, the great leader immediately sent them two tractors and thus helped them to disassemble them and draw designs. The technicians of this factory drew one part after another using the disassembled tractor parts as sample, and the workers worked the parts as soon as their designs were finished and placed them side by side with the sample for comparison.

However, it was no easy job to work 2,000 parts, and that by using non-standard materials. They made the rear rims, not with the help of the press, but by welding steel plates, hammering warped spots after heating them with oxyacetylene flame. The reflex mirror case was supposed to be made of a mild steel sheet by the press, but they had to use hammers instead. They made 36 failures before they could succeed. The workers of Kiyang overcame all kinds of trying ordeals, bearing in mind that the work they were doing was not a mere technical job of cutting and assembling parts, but a sacred struggle to put the leader's plan for sending tractors to the peasants into effect as early as possible and to repay his trust with loyalty.

Through such labour efforts, the production of the sample tractor reached the stage of assembling. At this news, all the factory workers, overjoyed and excited, thronged to the assembling site every day as soon as their work was over, and asked for any job to help the assemblers, even that of picking up tools for them. Their families also asked for jobs. The workers of the sample tractor shop were afraid that the assembling might be delayed, and had no alternative but to turn down their earnest requests, by roping off the workshop to keep them out.

The tractor was assembled at last. They were going to have a trial run of the machine before a huge crowd of people. Their hearts were leaping. When the driver started the engine, the tractor rumbled shaking the air. All hugged each other, shouting cheers. They felt as if the bright dawn of rural mechanization had set in.

But, alas! The tractor did not go forward but backward. Wondering if

it was because of the driver's mistake, many people shouted anxiously:

"Drive forward! Forward!"

The driver tried hard, but the tractor kept going back until the engine stopped. It seemed as if the tractor had ceased breathing. Instantly, the face of everybody turned pale. Many workers collapsed, beating their laps with their fists. Women buried their faces in their hands, stamping their feet on the ground, reproachful of the tractor that was so cruel as to ignore their husbands' hard efforts.

Just then, someone informed the manager that he had a telephone call. He hurried to his room. The moment he picked up the receiver, he was taken aback. The fatherly leader was speaking on the phone. The manager felt as if his lips parched up. He was at a loss as to what to say to him who was so deeply concerned about tractor production. Reading his mind, the leader told him to report the fact as it was. Having received the report, he was speechless for a few moments before he encouraged the manager in a tender tone:

"Our workers have made a tractor without a sheet of design and reached the stage of assembling. This alone is a great success. Don't lose heart at the failure and make further efforts to succeed in assembling."

Back to the scene, the manager conveyed the leader's words, blinking his eyes wet with tears. The bright, expectant faces of the workers clouded gradually. Tears streamed down their quivering cheeks.

"Excuse us, leader!..."

Saying this with sobs, a worker sat down plump, striking his chest with his fist, and all the others wept silently. Their hearts would not have ached so, if they had been remonstrated severely. But the leader had praised them for what he had called a success, and he was sure they would succeed. All were gripped with self-remorse and emotion.

"Well, comrades, we have no time to waste. Let's buckle down to it at once!"

Somebody shouted, and everyone rose and dashed to the workplace.

The assemblers and technicians, again grasping hammers and spanners in their hands, disassembled the tractor or reassembled its parts. Before long, some college teachers specializing in this field arrived at the assembling site. They had been sent personally by the leader. Thus, at last they completed the manufacture of the tractor, an "iron ox" of loyalty, in 35 days.

Before going to the farmers, the workers drove a tractor decorated with flowers to the fatherly leader, who had initiated its production and led them to its completion. The farmers who were working in the fields rushed up to the roadside. They marvelled at the pleasant rumbling of the tractor's engine as if they were hearing the mooing of the legendary "iron ox". They surrounded the tractor and shouted with joy, dancing in high spirits.

When the tractor arrived at the front yard of the building of the Party Central Committee, the great leader came out and stroked its red body like the greatest treasure in the world.

"So, the tractor has come on its feet, eh?"

He said in an excited voice:

"Start the engine."

When the engine was put in motion, he said more loudly:

"Drive it!"

The tractor ran forward instantly as if it had been waiting for the words. "More quickly!" shouted the leader, and the machine went round and round the yard at full speed of the sixth gear.

When the tractor stopped before him like a well-tamed steed, the great leader looked with satisfaction at the worker sitting at the handle, and said:

"Good! Thanks a lot!... Because you have fought so boldly, mysticism has suffered another shattering blow."

Then he conveyed the gratitude of the Party Central Committee and the Cabinet to the workers of the Kiyang Tractor Plant who had produced the tractor.

On this meaningful occasion, the leader personally named the tractor "Chollima". This was how tractor Chollima No. 1 rushed out to the fields where the farmers were waiting. The machine shook the earth as the spearhead of a great army of vehicles which would be following it soon. In fact, 3,000 tractors were produced and supplied to the farm villages within only a year after the manufacture of the tractor. Meanwhile, the workers of Tokchon, too, upholding the lofty intention of the leader, manufactured 3,000 trucks and sent them to workplaces.

This is how the world-startling grand march of agricultural mechanization began.

Indeed, it was an unimaginable event of common sense. Therefore, a

foreign journalist who had been informed by the press of the production of 3,000 tractors in Korea, wondered if a zero had been added to the figure by mistake. He could not believe it because it was not long since the plant had manufactured the sample Chollima tractor. So he visited Kiyang to confirm the fact for himself.

Thus, a miracle, stunning the world public, was wrought in our country. However, this was no miracle to those who know the fatherly leader's passionate love for the people, which had been dedicated to the tractors and trucks; and zeal and trouble of the leader who would call on the workers making machines on a rainy night or a cold windy morning to give them strength, wisdom and encouragement in order to free the peasants from backbreaking labour. There is nothing more warm and powerful in the world than the passion of the leader who wants to bestow happiness on the people.

5

The great leader Comrade Kim Il Sung energetically directed the Chollima riders to closely combine their vigorous mass innovation drive for socialist construction with the mass movement to educate and remould the working people on communist lines.

In response to the leader's teaching, the Chollima riders, under the slogan "One for all and all for one!" strove to arm themselves with collectivism against individualism and selfishness, the remnants of the old society, and to realize the leader's idea of respecting and loving man in a revolutionary way.

As a result, innovations and miraculous achievements took place day after day in economic construction, while the spiritual and moral traits of the people were changing radically. With the leader's noble idea applied in practice, changes were taking place in man as well as nature and society in our country.

Just around this time or in August 1960, the great leader Comrade Kim Il Sung convened the National Meeting of Front-rankers in the Chollima Workteam Movement.

At the meeting he made a historic speech *The Chollima Riders Are Heroes of Our Times and Red Soldiers of the Party.*

Taking the great leader's instructions to their hearts, the broad masses unfolded a vigorous collective innovation campaign. At the same time, the respect and love for man increased and the movement to educate and remould people developed more briskly.

A Great Love for Man

On the morning of February 15, 1961, the great leader Comrade Kim Il Sung asked his doctor when he came on his rounds whether he had read that day's issue of the newspaper *Minju Chongnyon.* He was unusually excited and asked the doctor to read it because it carried a very impressive story.

The story runs as follows:

There occurred a terrible accident in which an eight-year old boy by the name of Pang Ha Su suffered critical burns which covered the upper half of his body up to his neck. He and other children in the absence of their parents, were playing with fire which caused his padded-clothes to catch the flames. The boy was immediately carried on a man's back to the Hungnam Fertilizer Factory Hospital, but it seemed to be a hopeless case. Forty-eight per cent of his body was covered with third-degree burns. The world history of medicine knows no instance of such a patient being cured. But the staff members of the surgery department of the hospital, medical service workers of the Chollima age, who take charge of the people's lives and health, did not give up. They lost no time in giving him first-aid and then tried every necessary treatment while repeatedly holding doctors' conferences.

The beloved leader had taught that what is most important in medical service is devotion to the people. The doctors and nurses who had worked with his teaching as their creed, poured all their energies into his treatment. Under their devoted care, the boy whose life had been hanging on a thread, survived for over 70 days. This was a miracle, but there was no radical measure to save his life. The chief of the surgery department thought that in order to make the boy, Pang Ha Su, see a bright communist society in the future, there was no other way but skin

transplantation, that is, grafting of others' skin on the burns. But, because the burned part was too wide, the skin had to be taken from more than a hundred people. It was impossible to ask anybody for his skin.

At that time 17 students of the Hamhung Medical College were practising at the hospital. They knew about skin transplantation. They understood why the surgery department chief would fall in deep meditation. So, one day they discussed the matter among themselves. Past midnight, their representatives met the department chief and stubbornly asked him to take their skin for grafting.

The chief was deeply moved and remained speechless, only clasping their hands firmly.

Sensing what they were going to do, the nurses did not sit with arms folded either. They claimed that since they were in charge of the patient, they should be the first to offer their skin for grafting. Now, the doctors, nurses and sick-nurses of other departments also turned out to offer their skin, and even inpatients flocked to the surgery department.

The operation room was jammed with people vying with each other to offer their skin. It was a hard job to calm them down and restore order. There was the first operation that day. The grafting was done with skins taken from 38 persons, including the surgery department chief himself. But after the operation it was found that 41 grafts were transplanted. It was obvious that some people must have grafted their skin for themselves unnoticed. They could do so since they were medical workers.

The first operation showed good results. There was a great possibility of the boy being saved.

Having read the story, the fatherly leader Comrade Kim Il Sung was so overjoyed that he could not calm himself down. He thought to himself: "How grateful I am that the boy had survived! His is a new life created by the love of our people. Well done, our health workers! What a laudable, noble spirit our people have! How bright and strong our society is where such people form a huge harmonious family, bound with close ties of kinship!"

Smiling brightly as if seeing the vision of the rescued boy and his savers running towards him, he gave instructions on the phone to an official of the Party Central Committee to get the press to feature the story. Then he wrote a congratulatory message in haste and sent an official with it to Hungnam. The message runs in part:

"You have shown in practice the lofty idea of communists who love man boundlessly, prize his life more than anything else, regard other's pain as their own, serve the people in any circumstances and devote their all to their well-being."

Afterwards, when the leader attended the Hamhung city mass rally to celebrate May Day and the commissioning of the Vinalon Plant, he again spoke highly of the dependable medical workers who had saved the boy with utmost devotion. The chief of the surgery department, the representative of the Hamhung Medical College student apprentices and the nurse in charge, took Pang Ha Su, who had regained his health, to the tribune, and offered their congratulations to the leader. The leader was greatly delighted. He looked around the cadres flanking him, and said in an excited voice:

"This is Pang Ha Su! This is Pang Ha Su! He has been revived from the jaws of death. He is a son of the Workers' Party! A son of the Workers' Party! A son of the Workers' Party!...

"This comrade department chief and others offered their skin for grafts. This child has received the skin of communists! These comrades are real communists!"

In fact, he thinks that communist society should be a society where people will enjoy the most affluent and civilized life, free from all kinds of fetters, and also where their spiritual world will bloom most beautifully. The leader never compromises with what is antiquated, corrupt and foul, but he is deeply impressed by what is new and beautiful, though it is no more than a bud yet to flower. He takes every opportunity available to foster it carefully, so as to make such beauty prevail throughout society.

On March 7, 1960 a meeting was held in Pyongyang to celebrate the 50th anniversary of the International Women's Day. After the meeting, the fatherly leader who attended it called some women to the lounge, among whom there was Kil Hwak Sil, girl silk-reeler of the Pyongyang Silk Mill.

She was a workteam leader and a Chollima rider. True to the noble plan of the leader to reeducate everybody to be a person of a communist type, she had made her workteam a Chollima workteam, and then volunteered to take charge of another workteam whose members had low income and mostly did not work hard, and turned it into a Chollima workteam, too.

When she entered the room, the leader with an illuminating smile, squeezed her hand affectionately.

"You've worked quite well, Comrade Hwak Sil."

Thus praising her, he seated her beside him and rejoiced over her successes as over his own. And he extolled her, saying that it was an attitude worthy of a revolutionary to undertake a difficult task voluntarily. He gained confidence in success in this difficult work to educate and remould people, too, because it had become the concern of the masses themselves.

That day the great leader Comrade Kim Il Sung gave Kil Hwak Sil instructions which all the Chollima riders must take as their important guide. He said:

"We must reeducate all the people and take them as far as communist society, the supreme ideal of people.

"True, some people may be lagging behind. But there is no born laggard.

"There would be differences in the time required to reeducate different people, but there is no one who cannot be remoulded."

He looks upon even laggards as future activists. He foresees that, in the long run, even those now greatly infected with the remains of evil capitalist ideas, will have the ideas and morality conforming to communist society. This optimistic view of his is based on an unshakable faith in the revolutionary cause.

Immeasurably great and broad is the embrace of the leader who intends to take everybody, except a tiny handful of hostile elements, to communist society.

Though he spoke in a soft voice, his unbounded magnanimity aroused great stir and admiration in the hearts of the listeners.

To meet the lofty intention of the leader, the reeducation of people in a communist fashion was developed at all places and in all workteams throughout the country.

The following event took place in the industrial city of Hamhung.

A workteam agitator of the Ryongsong Machine Plant noticed that a youth in his workteam often sank in a gloomy mood and, sometimes, did not work zealously. So he advised him on many occasions or let him join other young people in merry-making. But the effect did not last long. The agitator was much worried, and, at last, he learned the following fact.

The young man had a sister with whom he had parted during the war. But he did not know her whereabouts. If her death was confirmed, he might forget about her, but somebody had told him that he had seen her after ceasefire. He was always worried about his sister, and when overwhelmed with the yearning for her, his only sister, he felt more lonely.

The agitator was pained to know this. He had an urge to help find his sister at any cost. He sent letters to all the places which were likely to offer some clue to the solution of the matter. He wrote hundreds of letters. No clue was found, however. On holidays he visited the places which seemed to have some connection or other with her. He spent every holiday visiting such of these places from where he could come back the same day. He even spent his annual vacation in the search. He journeyed to a distant town. There he visited one neighbourhood unit after another in search of a woman whom he knew only by name and age and, finally, found his friend's sister in the 173rd neighbourhood unit he visited.

While the brother and sister were shedding tears of joy, hugging each other, the agitator pondered over another matter. He wanted that the long-separated brother and sister should live together under the same roof. Still unmarried, the brother lived in the dormitory. So, he gave them his house, and moved his family into a room of a relative's.

In this way, a change was taking place in the mental and moral qualities of our working people. They were building socialism and communism morally and materially in such a way that the knowledgeable taught the ignorant, the progressives pulled the laggards forward, and everybody helped others in need, taking their hardships as their own. The Chollima Movement the flames of which had been kindled by the great leader gripped people's hearts and millions of working masses united and formed a huge stream that began to flow dynamically.

Something More Precious Than Millions of Tons of Rice

The great leader gave on-the-spot guidance in Rihyon-ri, Sungho District (now Rihyon-ri, Sadong District), Pyongyang in January 1961.

Present at the Rihyon-ri Party general meeting, he heard the report and the debate of cooperative farmers, and was very satisfied to know that farming had been excellent and the living standard of the farmers improved thanks to the Party

organization's successful work with the Party members and the masses.

Having heard the speeches made by many Party members, the leader looked around the meeting hall and suggested that women members, too, should take the floor.

So, Li Sin Ja, agitator of the 8th workteam of the farm, made a speech:

"In those days when I was appointed as agitator, our cooperative farm members were not so well-off as compared to those on other farms. At first, I thought the reason was that the soil of our place was sterile." Thus beginning, she spoke in the following vein.

Li Sin Ja was pondering over how to improve the economic conditions of her village. Just around that time she heard about the great Chongsan-ri spirit and Chongsan-ri method, which the great leader had created and popularized in the course of his 15-day on-the-spot guidance at Chongsan-ri, Kangso County, South Pyongan Province.

The essence of the Congsan-ri method is that the higher body helps the lower, and the superior assists those under him and always goes down to the workplaces in order to have a good grasp of the actual situation and find correct solutions to problems, gives priority to political work, work among people in all undertakings and enlists the conscious enthusiasm and initiative of the masses so as to ensure the fulfilment of revolutionary tasks. This Chongsan-ri method which had marked a revolutionary turning-point in the work method of all officials, also illumined the road for Li Sin Ja, farm agitator, like a lighthouse.

She realized that in order to do farm work well, it was necessary to conduct substantial work among the cooperative farmers, i.e., the work of bringing laggards to political awakening, so as to induce them to devote all their energies and enthusiasm to farming. So, during breaks or on her way to and from the fields, she explained the leader's Chongsan-ri teachings to the workteam members and earnestly called upon them to farm well so as to lead decent lives.

Though many of the cooperative farmers had a high level of ideology and consciousness and worked diligently, there were some among the workteam members who remained objects of criticism because they failed to get rid of their old habits. Someone was said to be staying at home tending his own kitchen garden and another idling away his time at home on the false plea that his healthy child was sick.

The beloved leader President Kim Il Sung talks with farmers of Chongsan-ri, Kangso County

Whenever she heard these things, she felt sorry for having failed to help them well. But when she actually tried to help the laggards, they themselves were not happy about it. Some people were even annoyed at her visits.

Driven to despair she often felt an urge to reproach such people severely. But she restrained herself every time, and reviewed the leader's teachings at Chongsan-ri and Party policies. Presently, she deeply realized that if she was to carry out her task as agitator properly, she should not cling to only one work method. Following the examples of the Chollima riders, she gave precedence to political work, work among the masses, in all undertakings.

When a member insisted on going to gather firewood because it had run out at his house, she asked the farm management board to provide him with firewood; as for a family who did not keep their house clean, she visited them along with young people of the village, to paper the walls of the house and clean it, while at the same time explaining Party policies and the prospects of the farm. As a result of her efforts, the number of those loafing on the job decreased and every member gradually came to regard the farm's affairs as his own business, and work earnestly.

"The success has been made not because I have worked well, but because I have done as taught by Comrade Kim Il Sung at Chongsan-ri." Thus she concluded her speech.

Listening to her speech attentively, the great leader highly estimated her, saying, **"You really are a fine communist."** Quite satisfied, he continued to say:

"Our Party and its members have now buckled down to this most difficult task, the task of educating and transforming people. Our Party members not only infinitely trust and love their Party but have confidently thrown themselves into the struggle to rally the broader masses around it.

"These gains we have made are more precious than gold or millions of tons of rice, and cannot be bartered for anything."

Why did the leader so highly appreciate the successes achieved by Li Sin Ja and the Party organization there? It is because he could confirm that the idea of giving priority to political work, work among people, in all undertakings which he had set forth before the functionaries at Chongsan-ri one year before, had been implanted in the minds of all the people throughout the country. The result was that the difficult work of

re-educating the working people had become the concern of the masses themselves.

In fact, freeing the working people from the fetters of outmoded ideas was a difficult and important work for transforming men of an old type into men of a new communist type. Particularly difficult was to educate and remould the peasants long imbued with feudal conventions and the individualist way of life, to be socialist working people in conformity with the new reality of the cooperativized countryside. This task, however, had been splendidly solved by the masses themselves while applying the Chongsan-ri spirit and the Chongsan-ri method. The leader had been deeply concerned about the matter for a long time. Now he felt quite relieved when he witnessed at Rihyon-ri the fact that rank-and-file Party members like Li Sin Ja were achieving great successes in the work of educating and remoulding people.

Li Sin Ja had acquitted herself of that difficult task; she was successful as she used simple language, had a kind heart and took affectionate care. The great leader treasured her as a flower of communism which bloomed at Rihyon-ri, and continued to guide her work.

In October that year he revisited Rihyon-ri. Stroking the shoulder of Li Sin Ja he repeated his praise of her, saying that as a young girl she had done a very good job. She had contributed 350 man-days to farm work, while conducting the difficult re-education of the peasants.

The leader trained this laudable girl agitator to be chairman of the farm management board and sent more than 50 demobilized soldiers to her village to strengthen the ranks of hard cores.

Rihyon-ri, like any other farm villages, had completely changed both in nature and population. It used to be called *Mangjagol*. Its inhabitants barely subsisted on coarse sorghum gruel because even millet did not grow well there. But, now, it has become a "bumper-village" which engages in rice farming. As it was a bad place to live in, the villagers could hardly get wives for their sons from other places, but, now they take them even from towns. As a result, the number of good and willing hands at the village is on the increase.

6

Amid the grand Chollima march in which miracles and innovations were taking place across the nation, a gigantic vinalon plant rose as a monumental structure. This plant which occupies the total areas of 500,000 square metres and houses more than 15,000 machines and equipments, large and small, produced with our own designs and techniques, is another demonstration of our mighty Juche industry.

The industrialization of vinalon production was accelerated and this huge vinalon plant built thanks to the warm love of the fatherly leader who wanted to solve the clothing problem for the people as soon as possible.

The great leader Comrade Kim Il Sung, deeply worried about the people's life, had sought and made thoroughgoing study of solutions to the problem of clothing quickly, because our country has a limited area under cultivation and cotton does not grow well. At first he introduced the humus-cake cotton seedling method. But it was a cumbersome method which required such carefulness in treating the seedling as a girl with a lighted candle coming forward to the statue of Buddha, and, moreover, its output was not satisfactory.

So, he had long since paid deep attention to guiding the work of scientists engaged in the research on vinalon fibre made from limestone and reed fibre. When the research on making fibre from reed had reached the stage of completion, he personally went to North Pyongan Province. There, treading the morning dew of the weedy wilderness, he selected the site for a big chemical fibre plant to use reed as its main raw material. Then and there he left for the reed fields in the tideland on the west coast. It was a bleak rainy day. The accompanying cadres were so much worried about the safety of the leader who was on board a boat sailing the raging seas, that they again and again advised him to go back. But he made the rounds of all the islands around Is. Sin by boat and even walked through the marshland, his feet sinking deep in the mud. Then he spread a grand

blueprint for planting reeds in the several thousand *chongbo* of new land to be obtained by linking the islands with dykes, and thus developing it into a most reliable centre to produce the raw material for the fibre.

Meanwhile, the leader who had more profound knowledge of the fibre industry than the experts, decided that better and more durable cloth should be produced in large quantities, with limestone which is more abundant than any other raw material. Thus, he led vinalon scientists to complete their research as early as possible and saw to it that its production was industrialized on a large scale. This is how the huge vinalon plant came into being.

To Provide More Clothes to People

It was on March 25, 1959 that the beloved leader came to the Ryonghung Plain thick with weeds, in the Hamhung area, where he personally selected the site for the vinalon plant.

When the size of the plant was discussed, the leader proposed construction of vinalon plant with a capacity of 20,000 tons, instead of 10,000 tons as originally planned by the specialists. At this proposal, Dr. Li Sung Gi, the inventor of vinalon, and other specialists were all thunderstruck. Their plans had been for a 5,000-ton capacity plant at first and then for a 10,000-ton capacity one at the most, and they were afraid even that was too much.

Looking at the hesitant experts, he suggested in a gentle voice that good preparations should be made to celebrate the opening of a gigantic 20,000-ton capacity vinalon plant in a big way.

His words helped the scientists and experts to make a clean sweep of their timidness. The broad-minded leader who was thinking of the inauguration ceremony while selecting the site for such a mammoth project of the world level, inspired them with courage and pride.

The vinalon plant with an annual capacity of 20,000 tons was so magnificent as to startle the world. And yet, the leader wished he could see an even bigger factory built.

In the past our people, undergoing bitter sufferings, had to live in hemp clothes or ragged cotton clothes. He had felt dreadfully sorry to see their shabby appearance in the days of Japanese imperialist rule. As soon as the country was liberated, he was anxious to provide them with abundant life and good clothes. However, the brief period of peaceful

construction was soon replaced by the wartime which was followed by the period of postwar reconstruction. He thought he had failed to provide the people with a long period of stable life. Now that the country was less hard pressed he wanted 20,000 tons of vinalon to be produced right out, not some thousand tons as suggested by the scientists, so as to dress all the children and adults alike with good clothes. Like parents having many children, while thinking of the 20,000 tons of vinalon, he saw the faces of our people who would be delighted to receive vinalon clothes and the ill-clad brethren in south Korea. The vinalon plant with a capacity of 20,000 tons planned by the leader carried his great loving care to give more things to the people.

Dr. Li's heart burned with loyalty in the days of the "great battle for vinalon" aimed at completing the industrialization of vinalon production. The work of laying so vast an amount of machines and apparatuses which required two truckloads of blueprints, was complex beyond description from the beginning. Though he had confidence in the scientific results of vinalon production, Dr. Li had never before imagined industrialization processes of such a tremendous scale. If there was something wrong in his research work however trifle, and it retarded the process of industrialization even a little, it would greatly hinder the production of 20,000 tons of vinalon as the fatherly leader wished. And then, the leader would lose heart.

Haunted by this perpetual apprehension, Dr. Li spent all the day at the construction site, hitting pipes with a hammer to examine their quality or giving a nut a screw with a spanner. Once he was doing this in a corner of the aldehyde shop people looking for him had trouble in finding him. He had no time to spare to think of whether it was a job for a scientist or not. It can be said that a scientist has fulfilled his mission once he has succeeded in a scientific invention in the field of his speciality. The inventor of vinalon, he had carried out his duty as a scientist because he had succeeded in the trial production of vinalon. But Dr. Li thought he could not say he had done anything before he had completed the industrialization of the production of 20,000 tons of vinalon and gladdened the fatherly leader.

In September 1960 he fell ill. The medical workers and the plant officials hospitalized him. His whole body was burning with fever. It was not a fever from a disease. Rather it was a fever from impatience of failure

to complete the construction of the vinalon plant as the leader wished. His thoughts turned to the machines and apparatuses he had worked with. Sleepless, he was watching, through the wall of his ward, the flames of innovation burning on the construction site. Even a man with an iron heart could not but feel irritated. The radio announced that vinalon would soon be pouring out like a waterfall, and everybody was already singing the song of vinalon in high spirits.

Dr. Li could not help feeling excitement mixed with impatience.

The fatherly leader who had been informed of Dr. Li's hospitalization, knew the cause of his illness better than anyone else, though he was far away from him. He said Dr. Li would recover only by working as much as he wished at the seething construction site, instead of lying in bed tediously at the hospital. So, he sent him precious restoratives and a letter of encouragement written by himself. The letter reads:

October 25, 1960

Dear Mr. Li Sung Gi,

A few days ago I heard that you were in hospital due to illness.

I am sending you herewith two roots of wild *insam* which I have just received from the farmers in Kangwon Province, in the hope that they will be conducive to curing you of the disease. I hope that they will prove helpful in relieving you of the trouble.

KIM IL SUNG

No word could express what Dr. Li felt when he finished reading the letter. Repressing the surging excitement with difficulty, he read the letter again and again.

Every word written in person by the leader brought before his eyes alternately his radiant face full of affection and his form writing the letter with anxiety.

"Thank you, leader! Words fail me to express my gratitude to you. Leader, I am very sorry to trouble you.... I am all right."

He recalled a Korean saying which goes: "Love always goes down and worry always goes up." Dr. Li considered that this exactly applied to him. The letter and wild *insam* permeated with the leader's great affection and solicitude not only helped him regain his health completely before

long, but also invigorated him anew. It was due not merely to the medicinal effect of wild *insam*. It was due rather to the fatherly leader's warm affection contained in it. Well aware of the leader's lofty intention to provide all the people with new clothes as soon as possible, Dr. Li devoted all his surging vigour and passion to the industrialization of vinalon production, which was the road of loyalty he should take to justify the fatherly leader's love.

The Story about the "Vinalon Speed"

The construction of the vinalon plant was a project of unprecedented magnitude. The total amount of concrete was enought to build a pillar, measuring one metre in circumference, three times the height of Mt. Paekdu. The bricks used would almost girdle the globe if placed end to end. But this colossal project was not too much for the builders and helpers burning with revolutionary enthusiasm in hearty response to his militant appeal for **"Every effort for the construction of the vinalon plant!"**

Teams of construction workers, assemblers, wood-workers, welders, scaffold workers, and People's Army men rushed to the site from all parts of the country. A large number of trucks and more than 1,500 heavy building machines were sent from Tokchon and other places in the country. The project was also supported by more than 300 enterprises, including machine and metallurgical plants. Farmers, youth and even housewives came to the aid of the builders. With this nationwide assistance the builders redoubled their efforts to fulfil their promise to the leader, that they would complete the plant by May Day, 1961. In the melting pot of construction the daily target was usually exceeded by 500 per cent. A 1,000 per cent overfulfilment ceased to be extraordinary. Eventually, the figure spiralled to 3,500 per cent, to everyone's astonishment, and it came to be referred to as "Vinalon Speed".

Whenever the great leader received reports on these miraculous results, he highly praised the distinguished services of the builders and earnestly told the leading officials that as the health of the builders was more important than the project itself, they should be provided with ample rest, nourishing food, and plenty of recreation.

Whenever they heard such news from the officials at the construction site, the builders felt their loyalty did not fully repay his loving care and, took upon themselves two or three kinds of tasks working round the clock,

unsatisfied with the fulfilment of the assigned tasks alone. Moving "quarrels" took place between the leading officials and the builders on the site, the former urging the latter to go back and rest and the latter refusing to heed the former's advices.

Once, the Party committee officials suddenly called up all the shop managers who were organizing work, at midnight, in order to get them to rest even if for a short while. Gathered in the warm room, they began to doze in their seats while smoking cigarettes. The Party officials were touched to see them and quietly slipped out of the room and locked up the door from outside. Then they rushed to where the shop managers had been working and worked in their stead till they awoke. While these impressive incidents took place, the vast project entered the last stage.

The leader gave top priority to listening to news from the construction site of the vinalon plant when the radio reported it, even interrupting a meeting he was presiding. He paid deeper attention to the health and working conditions of the builders, with the project being nearly completed. In April 1961 the leader again visited the construction site on the eve of its completion.

While looking round the magnificent buildings with satisfaction, he stopped to meet a young KPA soldier in front of the spinning shop. He asked him when he had taken part in the project and whether work had been difficult for him. Here he was told that the young soldier was none other than the one who had taken the lead in the construction of the spinning shop, working at a post high up in the air, stripped to the waist even in winter.

"Did you comrades build this house?"

Asked thus, the young soldier hung his head bashfully. The leader looked repeatedly from the spinning shop 32 metres high to the young soldier. The young soldier stood before him, without mentioning the proud fact that he had worked in snowstorms to build the building 20 times as tall as he. The leader was so deeply touched that he hugged his shoulders, stroked both his hands and adjusted his loosened waistband. He stayed there for a good while, to praise him highly, feeling as if this little soldier looked loftier than the building.

Meanwhile, many builders flocked and surrounded the leader. Looking at their manful faces the leader said with emotion:

"When I visited here last August the foundation of this spinning shop

was being laid. In fact, this project was carried out during the cold winter entirely by your patriotic efforts, for which no remuneration was given."

He felt boundless pride in the ardent patriotism displayed by the builders who had overcome the cold of the winter. So he stayed with them until the building cast long shadows.

In fact, this patriotism had been personally implanted by the leader in the hearts of the builders. Out of this patriotism, the builders could complete the construction of the colossal vinalon plant before May Day as they had pledged to the leader.

Touching the Roughened Hands of the Builders

On May 6, 1961, the ceremony was held to inaugurate the huge vinalon plant. This plant of world proportions which would produce about 4,000 tons more of vinalon than the world's total output in 1959, was successfully completed in a little over a year since its construction had started, and in a matter of only 8 months since the full-scale battle had been launched. The inauguration ceremony of the vinalon plant was an auspicious event adorned with numerous stories about the great leader's love for the builders, scientists and technicians.

All the buildings of the vinalon plant were decorated for the festive occasion to celebrate victory. The blue and red flag of the Republic bearing the bright star, fluttered proudly over the roof of the five-storeyed aldehyde shop, and multi-coloured balloons floated in the clear spring sky. The wide compound of the aldehyde shop, where the ceremony was to take place, was packed with the building workers of the plant, People's Army men, scientists, technicians and masses of Hamhungites.

The fatherly leader Comrade Kim Il Sung brightly smiling, came on the scene which looked like a sea of flowers, accompanied by cadres of the Party and Government. There was a wild outburst of cheers from the crowd. Responding warmly to their cheers and receiving a bouquet of flowers from the builders, the leader firmly shook hands with the workers and soldiers who had fought like undying eagles, in the teeth of all kinds of difficulties.

He stroked their cracked hands for a long time with an aching heart. In the face of innumerable obstacles, the builders and soldiers should have worked with great intensity to have such rough hands.... He shook and

stroked those hands longer and longer and his paces slowed down. In the hands of the fighters he saw their infinite loyalty and heroism. The owners of these hands had always been aflame with loyalty, worked day and night, despite the severe cold, at times 30 degrees below zero with biting winds. They had fought a life-and-death battle through thick and thin to meet the will of the leader to solve the clothing problem for the people by the strength of the Juche industry.

The entire crowd stood motionless with bated breath blinking moist eyes, while the leader stepped forward shaking hands. But he stopped at last, feeling something warm surge up to his throat and turned away his face, his handkerchief pressed to his face.

The soldiers wept, too. They were moved by the leader's warmth, proud to be his soldiers. Tears of emotion streamed down their cheeks.

"Leader, we are happy that we have built the huge vinalon plant to meet your noble idea.... Why are you pained so? Don't care for our hands which are nothing.

"We will proudly carry out any hard task you give, even sacrificing our lives."

The soldiers' tearful faces were saying this. The joy of having such a great and benevolent leader turned into tears, and the tears into cheers of hurrah. The ceremony began as welcome music was played and balloons released into the azure sky.

The great leader walked towards the red tape stretched across the entrance to the aldehyde shop which works in first process of vinalon production. He cut the tape and said to Dr. Li standing beside him.

"This is the day your wish has at last come true, Mr. Li."

The moment the tape was cut, all the workshops simultaneously went into operation. The numerous machines, large and small, began to turn with a buzz. It was the first beating of the product of great love given by the fatherly leader. It resounded particularly aloud to the heart of Dr. Li. Indeed, he realized his wish as a scientist under the loving care of the fatherly leader and found his life worth and happy in his embrace.

Had it not been for the leader's ceaseless guidance and solicitude, Dr. Li and his research group would not have been able to complete their research on vinalon nor finish the tremendous process to industrialize its production. Vinalon was a gift of great love of the fatherly leader who wished to see his people wearing attractive clothes.

Later, looking back on those days, Dr. Li wrote:

"Readers, when you are provided with vinalon cloth, you should not take it for granted. And don't think it was made by any scientist or technician or a few workers.

"Don't forget that this vinalon bears Comrade President Kim Il Sung's love deeper than the sea and loftier than the mountain, the love of a father who wants to get his children better dressed. In the distant future, if your descendants ask you about the history of vinalon, tell them the history of the Workers' Party of Korea founded and led by the great revolutionary leader Comrade Kim Il Sung, instead of naming a scientist or technician. Then they will know how vinalon came into being in our era."

On May 7, the following day, the Hamhung city mass rally was held to mark May Day, the red-letter day of the working people, as well as to celebrate again the completion of the vinalon plant which demonstrated the grandeur of the Juche industry and the might of the self-reliant spirit. At the rally the leader referred in detail to the construction of the vinalon plant. He proudly declared that the plant was a large university for building the chemical industry and ample proof of the advancement of Korean science and technology and that it was one of the great results of the Party's policy to transform the nation into a modern industrial state.

His speech was followed by a parade of 200,000 working people of Hamhung. The ranks of health workers in white gown led by a streamer reading "Love for Man!" appeared, making the occasion more auspicious. The boy Pang Ha Su emerged from a flowery float carried by the paraders and ran up to the leader. He had been saved by the warm devotion and precious skin offered by medical students as well as the faithful health workers of the fatherly leader who takes such loving care of the people and regards the new generation as the most precious treasure of the nation. He took the boy in his arms up to the tribune and held him high. The hearts of the people were choked with emotion, feeling proud of living in the era of a great love.

As there is a saying, "Devotion makes a flower bloom on a rock," so the leader's boundless love for the people made stones produce cloth and saved a boy from the brink of death. Pang Ha Su held in the arms of the leader is a beautiful flower symbolizing the great human love of our era and the vinalon plant rising high into the sky a grand fruit born under the

warm sunshine of the fatherly affection. Indeed, it is because of the leader's love of the people and the people's loyalty to the leader that Korea is strong and her future is unbounded**ly** brilliant.

Chapter IX

EVERYBODY IN THE EMBRACE OF THE GREAT SOCIALIST FAMILY

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As a result of the successful completion of socialist transformation in town and country, a socialist system was established in the northern half of the Republic. This was a great event in the life of our people. The workers, peasants, and working intellectuals were closely bound together by common objectives and interests.

The great leader Comrade Kim Il Sung put great efforts to further strengthening the politico-ideological unity of the masses of the people, in order to consolidate the socialist system and make all people enjoy boundless happiness under this system.

He made the workers and the former poor peasants and hired hands, harshly exploited and oppressed in the past, play a central role. Meanwhile, he took loving care of the bereaved families of the revolutionaries who had died in the struggle for the country's liberation and the people's freedom and happiness, the families of the fallen soldiers, the families whose members had been killed by the enemy and the families of the People's Army men. And he made them the pillars of the nation.

The leader's care for the families of those who sacrificed themselves on the revolutionary road is warm and uncommon beyond bounds. He saw to it that the state became entirely responsible for their lives and that they received public respect, while taking paternal care of them himself. This was based on his revolutionary obligation to the fallen soldiers.

Bringing the News of Bereaved Children

For the great leader, it is an unbreakable duty to be faithful to the numerous fallen comrades and soldiers. He made sure that the state took charge of bringing up the bereaved children of these soldiers and others killed by the enemy. They were scattered in all parts of the country. Out of concern for them, he got them enrolled at the bereaved children's

schools, equipped with adequate facilities, and visited them in person. He would carry the news of their happy lives to their mothers. He felt relieved only when he saw their smiling faces.

One day in January 1958 the fatherly leader visited the bereaved families at Sinjong village, Taeyang-ri, Sunan County in South Pyongan Province. The aim of his visit was to convey to them the news of their children who had been sent to the Mangyongdae Revolutionary School some days before.

He met a bereaved family member and asked:

"Don't you want to see your son?"

His question was intentional, but the woman thought that he had probably come here on some business and dropped in at her home to comfort her lest she might miss her son who had gone to school. So she simply said she didn't mind.

Smiling radiantly, the fatherly leader said:

"Some days ago I went to the Mangyongdae Revolutionary School and met Gwang Hyon. He was in padded clothes and bowed to me, with his fur cap on. I asked him, 'Don't you want to see your mother?' And he answered, 'No, I don't.' But his eyes were full of tears."

Hearing his words Gwang Hyon's mother blinked her eyes.

The leader went on to say:

"I told the principal to dress the pupils in uniforms and let the teachers take them to their homes during the vacation. Gwang Hyon, too, will be back in a few days."

The woman had a lump in her throat and could not even express gratitude to him, only shedding tears. She did not weep because she missed her son. She wept because she was boundlessly grateful to the leader who set his mind at peace only by making a long trip to see the children in place of their mothers who missed their beloved ones, and in place of their dead fathers.

Later on, he visited Sinjong village three times, looking after the living conditions of those bereaved families. Each time he came, he sent their children of school age to the school and put them under his loving care.

Those bereaved children who had entered the school, thanks to the leader, have now grown up to be excellent people serving at Party and state organizations and other important national posts.

He Sent White Apricots

Yun Suk Ja was chairwoman of Puksae-dong office, Moranbong District in Pyongyang. Her husband Chol Su was a veteran fighter who had participated in the anti-Japanese revolutionary struggle and then in the Fatherland Liberation War. He died a heroic death in mid-August 1950 when the People's Army was marching southward, annihilating the enemy. On receiving this sad news, the fatherly leader was bitterly grieved and told his officials to take full care of his family.

Thus his family who had lived in a remote farm village, was brought to Pyongyang. After getting informed of their arrival, the leader secured a house for them in a sunny place and provided them with furniture, beddings and clothes. Thanks to the deep solicitude of the leader, his family could live without any inconvenience even in the harsh days of the war.

One mid-October day in 1952, the fatherly leader wanted to see Chol Su's children. He told his aide to bring them to his side. After he had left, the leader waited at the entrance. He warmly welcomed Chol Su's family, who ran towards him.

He caressed Chol Su's son Yong Hwa, carried on the back of Suk Ja, "You are quite a baby," he said. "Now, let's go in." He pushed her in. He followed, taking her daughter Jong Ok by the hand.

In his room, he sat down, holding the two little ones on his lap and, stroking their heads, said:

"I wanted to visit you, but I couldn't. It must be hard for you to get along with the little ones."

The face of the leader as he looked at her was overflowing with the love and benevolence of a real father.

The 26-year-old woman felt quite at home now, and said she was all right, as if she was talking to her own father. But the leader said that he was sure she was really having a hard time of it, taking care of her parents-in-law and rearing the children by herself in the wartime when even families with their masters were hard pressed. And he acquainted himself with all the details of her living conditions and comforted her with kind words.

She was so moved by his warm care that she burst into tears. The leader waited until she calmed down, and encouraged her saying that she had much trouble to look after her parents-in-law and children because of

the war, but she must endure it steadily. Showing his concern for her future, he said:

"Look at these children. You have a daughter and a son. Let's bring them up well. It will do to bring them up and lead them to follow in their father's footsteps. They are our treasure. We must rear them to be good people and let them avenge their father."

Looking at the face of Suk Ja who was hanging her head, he stressed again that she must live with a strong will as becoming the wife of a fighter who had fallen heroically in battle.

Time slipped by. Suk Ja was afraid she was taking too much time of the leader. So she got up from her seat. He asked her to stay a bit longer but she insisted on leaving because she thought her further stay would torment him the more.

Then the leader bade her wait a bit and had a big bundle wrapped in paper brought from the next room. It contained children's clothes. He clothed Jong Ok in a red jacket and Yong Hwa in a snow-white sweater and navy blue woolen trousers. She was so taken aback at the unexpected scene that she stood vacantly for some moments before she hurriedly began to help him dress her children.

When she was putting Yong Hwa on her back, the leader helped her, adjusting the baby's quilt and bands, and caressing the baby who was acting cutely on his mother's back. He asked the young one to come again.

The fatherly leader put cakes into the hands of the children like their maternal grandfather who sees off his grandchildren visiting their mother's home, and asked them again and again to visit him often. Overcome by surging emotions, she could hardly say words of parting and quickly turned on her heels.

While they were taking leave of him, the leader's heart was heavy. Though he wanted to follow them at least up to the entrance, he restrained himself lest he should be the first to show the tears.

He went over to the window and pushed it open before she turned back to look up, bringing the end of the band of the baby's quilt to her eyes. She was sorry for having failed to express proper words of thanks to the leader, and was reluctant to leave his warm bosom.

The leader would have liked to tell her to go quickly because the children were cold but, warmth welling up in his heart, he simply motioned

her away. She, however, turned around with her face in both hands and would not move. Yong Hwa on her back gazed into the face of the sobbing mother over her shoulder and Jong Ok, too, looked up at her holding her skirt in her hand. They were too young to understand why their mother was crying.

Thinking of the leader still standing in the cold wind, she bowed low, her face wrapped in her hands, before turning on her heels. But she could not walk on. She took a few steps and turned round again. The leader was still standing by the window exposed to the cold wind.

"Leader! You'll catch cold..." This was all she could say.

Now, aware that she could not leave because of him who kept looking down through the open window, the leader shut it. At this moment, hot tears surged in his eyes. Though in her presence he had done all he could to give her strength lest she should lose heart, his heart ached unbearably now that he was left alone. Noticing, through the window, the leader covering his eyes with his handkerchief, she half ran, crying loudly, taking her child by the hand. The hot tears of a soldier's wife spilt ceaselessly over the field lane which shook in the gunfire. But the sound of firing did not reach the ears of the woman whose heart was in an ecstasy of happiness.

After sending off the wife of a soldier the leader had the bitter feeling of a father who forces his widowed daughter to go back to her dead husband's home. Being such a man, the leader, even after she had returned home, would send a man frequently to and inquire after her family—whether they were safe during enemy bombings or her children were growing well and how they were keeping their health. In addition, he took measures to help them ease their hardships.

Then in 1959, the fatherly leader set up a National Economy School which aimed to give education to the wives of the fallen soldiers. There he sent her, together with other such widows. He had intended to nurture a strong will in her who had not yet actually undergone the storms of life and train her to be a full-fledged woman revolutionary.

The leader took steps not only for training the wives of the fallen soldiers but also for bringing up their children as well. As a result, Jong Ok went to the Hamhung Bereaved Children's School and Yong Hwa to the Mangyongdae Revolutionary School.

After graduating from the National Economy School, Suk Ja worked as chairwoman of the Puksae-dong office under the Moranbong District

People's Committee in Pyongyang. She lived bravely and worked well as becoming a revolutionary's wife just as she had been taught by the leader. Around that time a campaign was under way throughout the country to keep homes, towns and villages in a hygienic and cultured way. And she had built up her Puksae-dong as a model community.

Early morning on July 6, 1966, the beloved leader came to Puksae-dong. After receiving the report that this dong was a model community, he had chosen it as an object of demonstration lecture for the chief secretaries of provincial, city and county Party committees.

He was rejoiced when Suk Ja greeted the leader and said that her community was neat and tidy.

While making the round of Puksae-dong, the leader was delighted to note that bereaved families were working well as pillars of the country. He had been not sure whether she would lose her heart because of the death of her husband. But, now that she had grown into a revolutionary and set an example to the whole country, he heaved a sigh of relief.

Back at home towards the evening, the leader repeatedly spoke in praise of her splendid services, pleased like a father who has been to his praiseworthy daughter's. Then he went out into the garden, a basket under his arm, and picked out the big good white apricots. The white apricot trees grow in the cold areas north of Hoeryong. But he had tended the tree with so much care that it bore the first fruit that year. But he himself had not yet tasted of them.

When a man took the basket from him to help him in his work, the leader said: "These must be sent to the children of Chol Su so that they can taste them."

That evening, Suk Ja's family received a basket of white apricots. They wept stroking it.

They were not simple fruit. They were meant to express the joy over the fact that though he was afraid if she could keep her home alone, the widow had now become the head of several thousand families, not of a single family, and built up her dong so nicely; they were also meant as praise for her having grown up to be a dependable revolutionary.

They also carried the warm love of the leader who had developed all wives of the fallen soldiers into women revolutionaries and was gratified even over their little successes.

Since the leader regarded it as his duty to take constant care of the

families of the fallen revolutionary soldiers, he would meet Jong Ok whenever he visited Hamhung, and Yong Hwa whenever he visited Mangyongdae, and earnestly asked them to become fine revolutionaries like their father. Only then could he feel relieved. He paid attention to every detail of the life of the fatherless children so that a shadow of gloom might not creep into some corner of their hearts.

One day the leader dropped in at the Mangyongdae Revolutionary School to meet Yong Hwa. He was glad to see he was now growing into a man. But he was very sorry to notice he had no wristwatch with him, though all his schoolmates had. Later, he bought a good watch and sent it to Yong Hwa.

The widow did not inform the leader of the wedding day of her daughter Jong Ok. She well knew that he would be very sorry for this, but she feared he might be disturbed again if he knew about it. Nevertheless, the leader happened to be informed of the matter. He was anxious to attend the wedding ceremony, but, under the heavy pressure of his work, he could not find time. He sent her cloth for the bride and bridegroom and various foodstuffs for the wedding table.

Indeed, the leader's deep solicitude and scrupulous care for the bereaved families are beyond the imagination of ordinary people. It is by no means easy to take care of all bereaved families while handling all affairs of the nation.

The fatherly leader thus took all the bereaved families of martyrs across the nation under his wing and led them to live and work boldly as pillars of the revolution, with such kind-hearted care as excells that of their own parents.

2

Everybody must be happy under the socialist system. While building up the class position of our revolution through proper education of the basic masses, the beloved leader Comrade Kim Il Sung paid deep

attention to the work of educating and remoulding the people with questionable socio-political backgrounds to develop them as full-fledged members of the great socialist family.

Among them were those who had served Japanese imperialist organizations in the past, and those who had been misled to join reactionary organizations because of the US imperialist aggressors during the temporary retreat, as well as the families of those who had gone over to the south.

The beloved leader always stressed that such problematic sections of people must not be pushed out into the cold but should be brought into our fold for re-education. He taught as follows:

"We must create a new life on this land together with the masses, relying on their strength.

"To this end, we must remould all the people who are problematic in this or that aspect and advance ahead hand in hand with them."

The leader considers that the ideas and social status of people are not static, but continue to change and develop. So, he is confident that however complicated a socio-political record one may have, it is quite possible to make one a good man and carry out the revolution together with him if he is re-educated.

Proceeding from this, he established the principle of judging people strictly by their present mentality, isolating the tiny handful of hostile elements to the utmost and thus winning over even one person more to the side of the revolution. This principle stems from his full trust in and infinite love for man.

"I'll Take You Along to Communist Society"

It happened in June 1959. During his on-the-spot guidance in Kangwon Province the great leader found time despite the tight schedule, to meet erstwhile private entrepreneurs who had now become members of a producers' cooperative.

It was immediately after the completion of the socialist transformation of private traders and manufacturers, so those entrepreneurs who had joined in producers' cooperatives worried about their future because of their past record.

Needless to say, they, too, were socialist working people.

Though they had lived by exploiting others, the leader did not regard

them as class enemies at the stage of socialist revolution, nor did he expropriate their property. Just as in the case of the peasants and private handicraftsmen, he led them gradually on to the road of cooperation according to their political preparedness, and turned them into socialist working people. Among them, however, there were people who were in low spirits because of their past record. Some were haunted by the thought that they would never be able to get rid of their stigma as private entrepreneurs all their lives. They even worried that the future of their children might be affected.

It was just around that time that the leader called them to his side for a meeting. Their hearts leapt with excitement.

At the meeting the leader showed them specific ways to develop the productive cooperative and lead affluent lives by their own labour, not by others'. Offering a cigarette to each of them in person, he asked them in a gentle tone:

"Are there any cadres who make discrimination against you just because you were engaged in private enterprise before?"

They were at a loss what to reply. He was so considerate that he would grasp even the delicate side of their feelings. Looking at the Party chairman, the leader went on to say:

"Don't be too particular about one's class origin or social standing....

"You should not make discrimination against anybody, saying that you can trust this person, but not that one, thus distrusting those who have become copartners."

In fact, in society the masters of which are the workers and peasants, these private entrepreneurs had felt ashamed of exploiting others in the past, and so they could not but have a guilty conscience, regarding themselves as left in the cold. Therefore, they were so much moved to hear that they should not be discriminated against.

Saying that he was against those who exploited others in order to be well-off alone, the leader spread a bright future for them. He said:

"In communist society everyone works voluntarily and can get supplies according to his needs.

"...This is what is meant by communism we want to build....

"If you discriminate against some people, holding their past against them, and decide that they cannot be your fellow-travellers in the journey to communism, who on earth do you think alone should have the privilege to go

to communism? Our idea is that we take them all along with us.

"...That's why we don't question the past social standing of people. So far as a man, no matter who, works well and strives for socialism, upholding the Party's policies, we don't dig into his past social standing....

"He who works well, no matter who, is entitled to take part in the discussions of administrative affairs of the state or to be elected a deputy....

"It is hardly possible to classify one as real socialist builder and the other as false.

"The state can and should give official commendations to those who devote themselves to socialist construction, even if they are in the cooperatives....

"I will take you along to communist society."

Turning towards a former entrepreneur named Kim Gwang Ju, the leader said: **"Your sons, too, I am going to take along with me, all of them, without exception."**

Kim felt ashamed because the leader seemed to have been informed about his past. Till some time ago, he had been interested only in money. Once, his second son was in a critical condition. He had expensive injections which he had bought in order to use them in case of emergency. But, when he took them out of a cabinet drawer for the sick son, he thought a big sum of money would be gone. The result was that he simply put them back.

The great leader was going to re-educate even such a man who was concerned more about money than about his son's life, and take him along to communist society.

As he cherishes man boundlessly, the leader is so sympathetic to the people themselves, though he bitterly hates the idea of exploitation which reduces them to snobs.

He regarded those who were affected by the exploiting ideology as a sort of cripples. So, in order to save them from that chronic disease, he thought that the best remedial medicine was communism.

To remould private traders and manufacturers on socialist lines and draw them in the producers' cooperatives was the best way to save those infected with the exploiting ideology from their egoistic philistinism.

In fact, it was only after they became socialist working people and producers that the private traders and manufacturers were able to get rid of the disgraceful life of money-making in which they were immersed

against their conscience, and lead an honourable and proud life as producers and creators.

The leader gave this happiness to Kim Gwang Ju, too, and said he would also take along his sons to communist society.

That day Kim Gwang Ju, confident of his bright future, looked back on the path he had traversed. What he had seen, heard and learned in the old society was mammonism, which made him believe that he could work even a devil with money. In order to earn money he, too, exploited others and paid little heed to the tears he had caused them to shed. In this way he succeeded in earning a considerable amount of money. He wished he could hand his property down to his descendant. But the money in which he had been so interested, all his life, did not make him free but began to bind him. This he felt in his relationship with the neighbours and the workers he employed. And he went so far as to weigh the life of his sick son against the cost of drugs. As the money snowballed, his worry and anxiety increased. Money made him suspect everybody and kept him farther away from others. No one, no force could rid him of his terrible lust for money and wealth. That was the way he had led his life.

Nevertheless, the fatherly leader Comrade Kim Il Sung had saved him from the old, moribund and horrid world into which he had fallen deeply; he awakened him to the worth of man's true life and illumined the path of this life. The leader cleared him of the disgustful lust which might have affected even his children, and promised that he would take along his children, too, to communist society.

After closely examining himself, he took out the bonds with a par value of 300,000 *won* which he held as dear as his life, and hurried to the cooperative's Party committee. He laid them down before the Party chairman without hesitation.

"I should like to go to communist society as taught by the leader," he said.

Coming out of the room he seemed to feel for the first time that the sky was clear and the sea blue. From then on, he began to walk a new path as a new man. The first change took place in his relations with the family. His family members, too, did not become heirs to private property, but socialist people working for the common property of the people. They became the common heirs and owners of that splendid wealth. New ties were established with the neighbours. They became comrades and friends

marching forward hand in hand for common wealth and common goal and brothers sharing all sorrows and joys with each other.

The great leader fulfilled his promise. He admitted him who had worked devotedly for the country and people into the glorious Workers' Party of Korea.

Recalling the emotional day he said:

"That day when I had the honour of becoming member of the Workers' Party, thanks to the leader's trust and love, my whole family was gripped with deep emotions. My sons and daughters-in-law came rushing to me, so did other relatives. I had many things to tell them all, but my heart was too full for words.

"'From now on, this day, the most auspicious day, will be our family's holiday.'"

"I barely managed to utter these words. My wife and children, daughters-in-law and relatives were all in tears."

It was not this single person who was reborn and brought up as a real man by the great leader's noble humanity. His love and favour was given to everyone who made up his mind to repair his shameful past and march forward with the people towards communism.

A Boundless Love for Man

It happened when there was a great upswing in the building of socialism. The chief engineer of the Chongjin Steel Works made a grave mistake. Arrogant enough, he ignored constructive views of workers and technicians and overestimated his own technical knowledge, thus causing a great damage to steel production. Now, some people criticized him, even digging into his past record which was not clean. He was an intellectual who had been born and bred in a rich family and received higher education. When the enemy fled to the south after their temporary occupation of the areas of north Korea, he followed them and turned on his heels on the way.

The chief engineer spent uneasy days for fear that he might be reprimanded severely.

At that juncture he was visited by a cadre who had come down from the centre. He was ill at ease when the cadre said:

"I have come to visit you today on the direct instructions of the great leader Comrade Kim Il Sung."

Hearing his words, the chief engineer did not know what to do with himself. He had been so stupid as to worry even the leader. But, with an encouraging smile the cadre added:

"The great leader considered your error, and decided to forgive you leniently."

At these words the chief engineer suspected his own ears and, then, laid his face on the table. Informed of the leader's generosity, he felt bitterly ashamed and guilty of the fact that he had been afflicted with his personal problems, forgetting everything else.

The cadre waited for him to calm down and went on to say:

"You must not forget the gravity of your error. The great leader Comrade Kim Il Sung showed this solicitude to you not because your error is trifle. He forgave you generously because he took into consideration your inadequate ideological preparedness greatly influenced by the old society. He believes that your error was not intentional and that since you have followed our system you will be able to correct it....

"The great leader said that he has no intention to call your error to account, so you must pick up your courage and work hard, never feeling small."

"Yes, I will work with all my strength as asked by the leader."

This was all the chief engineer could say. Thousands of words were compressed in this single sentence.

The more he felt the leader's deep trust and warm love, the more he realized the gravity of his error and cursed himself for committing such an error. He was unboundedly grateful to the leader for showing such warm trust and love to him, a hateful person, and made a firm determination that he would live up to his favours.

Receiving the report on the error committed by the chief engineer, the great leader had advised the officials concerned that they should not handle the matter hastily, and personally examined and analyzed it.

He loathed and made no compromise with the old ideas and errors, but had invariable affection for those who committed errors. As long as they did not commit errors intentionally, he distinguished the errors from the person. He deeply sympathized with those still unable to free themselves from the remnants of the outmoded ideas of various hues left over by the old society, and looked after them with more consideration and care. The chief engineer belonged to such people.

Through his long revolutionary activities the leader came to have a firm belief that he could re-educate everybody, except for a tiny handful of hostile elements, and make them all good men. It was based on his deep understanding and analysis of the course of man's growth and the formation of his revolutionary outlook on the world.

A man establishes a revolutionary world outlook while going through various situations, experiencing joys, sorrows, angers, and pleasures, and this course is accompanied by many complicated events according to people. This is what the leader had taught earnestly more than once. When some leading officials did not trust intellectuals who had come from rich families and tried to shun them, the leader branded this as a factionalist deviation. Also, he said time and again that looking into the family background or origin of people was aimed at finding out the ideological influence they might have received, and referring to it in their education. It was never aimed at judging and classifying them by preconceived ideas.

In case a person committed a grave error while working for the revolution, he said, it was particularly necessary to get a full grasp of the cause of the error and give more kind education and help to him so that he might not commit it again, instead of turning our back to him. This teaching reveals the true love for man, which communists fighting for the transformation of man, society and nature, must always keep in their hearts.

That was why the leader showed clemency to the chief engineer who had once wavered during the war and had now committed the error, doing great harm to the state. He regarded it as an incident that occurred in the process of his development, while working with all devotion, after he had made up his mind to serve the workers and peasants. It was a manifestation of the constant love of the leader who would like to help out a man who has chosen the road of revolution and train him as a splendid revolutionary, so as to take him along to communist society.

The great leader continued to show meticulous care for the chief engineer lest he should make a similar mistake again. At times, he asked a newly-appointed chief secretary of the provincial Party committee to educate and look after him well. At other times, he asked the manager of the steel works to convey his message to the chief engineer that he trusted him firmly.

Under the benevolent care of the leader this technician and all other people with the similar record repented their past and started a new life. Now, they are working devotedly for the prosperity and progress of the country and paying allegiance to the leader in order to justify his love and trust.

Embracing the Families of Those Who Went Over to the South

One day in May 1959, in Yonan County, South Hwanghae Province, a newly-liberated area, the beloved leader Comrade Kim Il Sung met the wives of those who had gone over to the south.

Almost all the deserters had been taken south under threat by the US imperialist aggressors; they had lived miserable life in the past. Their wives were left alone, deprived of their husbands by the Americans and their stooges, and came to live under the rule of our Republic. Since then they realized that the socialist system was for poor folk like them. However, they were greatly depressed even under the new benevolent system, for they could not live with a clean conscience, holding up their heads like others. What tormented their hearts most was that their growing children asked them about their fathers.

They had been waiting anxiously for national reunification, cursing the US imperialists and their stooges who had deprived them of their husbands and cut them and their children from them.

That day, the fatherly leader met them by the lotus pond in the front yard of the county Party committee. Flowers were in full bloom in the bright spring sun. The wives of those who had gone south looked old for their age probably because of their mental anguish, their heads hanging low. This sight wrung the leader's heart. Reading their mind who had been living in sighs and tears since their husbands had been herded away by the enemy during their temporary occupation, the leader acquainted himself with every aspect of their life and comforted them with kind words. Like all the other inhabitants in the northern half of the Republic, they, too, had no worry about food, clothing and housing.

Abruptly, a middle-aged woman held up her tear-stained face and said:

"It's an honour for us to see you, leader. We wonder whether this is a dream or reality.... We cannot express how glad and happy we are..."

Overcome with a surging emotion, the woman spoke in a broken voice. Her words were not mere compliments. She had never dreamed that the leader would meet them and show deep concern for them. She had thought that she would have to live as a criminal's wife all her life because her husband had deserted the Republic to the south. Her feeling reflected that of all the families of those who had gone south.

The fatherly leader was lost in deep thought with a grim look on his face. After a pause he said:

"You cannot be happy to see me. You would be happy if I brought you your husband."

He looked round at them for a moment and suggested they should have an informal chat without standing up. He thought the woman should have been separated from her husband in her youth. He asked her what her husband was before going over to the south.

"My husband went south on the threat of the enemy. I got married to him at the age of 17 and parted with him in the January of the year when I was 19. For those three years I had lived almost alone because he was out at Kaesong to go to school."

Thus saying, she burst into tears, burying her face in her hands. All the other women, too, wept silently.

The sorrow that had clotted at the bottom of their hearts surged up when they met the fatherly leader.

The leader gazed with compassion at their heaving shoulders and picked up a cluster of lilac blooming by the pond. Gripped by an unbearable heart-rending anguish, he dropped the petals of the flower one after another into the water, in spite of himself. The petals fluttered quietly over the transparent water as if blown off by the women's sobs.

"These women mean they are happy because they have met the man who would reunify the divided country and bring their husbands back to them, don't they?" The leader asked to himself. "If I had brought their husbands here, they wouldn't be crying so sorrowfully, but shedding tears of joy."

His heart was heavy. How would these women feel on an autumn evening when they have piled up rich crops in the yards of their masterless houses or on the pleasant days when their children have entered higher schools? How painful their hearts must be when they marry their sons resembling their fathers to pretty girls or when their married daughters bid

farewell to their widowed mothers, shedding tears after their visits with their husbands! With these thoughts the leader shared pains with them.

The leader felt more acutely his duty to reunify the country, and he could not repress his fury at the Americans and their lackeys who had separated Korean families and torn apart their flesh and blood, even preventing them from getting each other's news.

Looking at the sad face of the leader the women began to stop weeping one after another. They were very sorry to have burst into weeping, unable to control themselves. They thought that the more they cried the more his heart would ache, they calmed themselves.

The leader also read their mind.

The ardent aspiration for national reunification and the sense of responsibility which was always embedded in his heart, flared up more fiercely, while seated face to face with these pitiable women.

Looking at their faces from one to the other the beloved leader Comrade Kim Il Sung said emphatically:

"Indeed, the peaceful reunification of Korea is the ardent desire of the Korean people. Now your families are unable to sit together.

"However, the country will be reunified without fail."

The leader explained the prospects of national reunification, which filled them with hopes. He referred also to the Party's policy with regard to those who had gone to the south and their families.

"We do not think that all those who committed crimes here and went over to the south are bad people, to say nothing of those who went down there inadvertently, without committing any crime. Some of them might do good things there and come back.

"The invariable policy of our Party is to forgive and go along with all those who repent their sin and want to go with us."

They shed tears of joy for his trust in them at these words of the fatherly leader.

The leader advised them to bring up their children well to become labour innovators and revolutionaries. Then he referred to the future of the families of those who had gone south. He said:

"Our Party and state provide you with the chance of a happy future. You must carve out your destiny for yourselves.

"...You must work hard so as to be admitted to the Party and be well off. You should also take an active part in political life so that public figures and

labour heroes appear from among you families of those who went down south."

This would be the short cut to their reunion with their husbands, the leader explained. He talked in such a persuasive manner as a father to his unhappy daughter.

The heavy clouds that had oppressed the women's hearts dispersed and a new hope arose. Every one of them determined to become a labour heroine and bring up their children to be revolutionaries.

They keenly realized that this was the way to repay the favours done to them by the leader who had brought them light and cared for them so much, and to be revenged upon and punish the enemy who had taken their husbands away.

Afterwards, they worked with great zeal, and quite a few of them got the honour of becoming Party members. There are also labour heroines and deputies to the Supreme People's Assembly among them. Their sons and daughters have grown up, calling the kind-hearted leader their father, and are getting themselves fully prepared to take vengeance on the US imperialists and their stooges, the enemy of their parents and the enemy of the country. Some of them are carrying arms in the People's Army and others improving their technical skills at their respective posts.

3

As the socialist revolution triumphed and the socialist construction was in full swing in the northern half of the Republic, the people's living conditions improved with each passing day.

The better-off our people were, the more the beloved leader Comrade Kim Il Sung, the sun of the nation, was concerned over the compatriots who were leading hard lives in Japan, as well as in south Korea.

In the past numberless Koreans had been taken to Japan, because, needless to say, of the occupation of the country by the Japanese imperialists. Deprived of everything by the Japanese aggressors, they

could not but emigrate to alien lands. The overwhelming majority of the Koreans in Japan, in particular, consisted of those men, and their families, who had been forcibly taken there for "labour service," "conscription" and other wartime drafts during the Pacific War.

Accordingly, the question of the Koreans in Japan, the direct product of Japanese imperialist aggression, should have been solved automatically with the surrender of Japan. Nevertheless, the Japanese militarists continued to discriminate against the Koreans remaining in Japan and deprived them of all national rights instead of ensuring them the treatment due as foreigners. As a result of the Japanese reactionary manoeuvres, the Korean citizens in Japan, forced to live under the foreign skies, longing for their motherland, had been denied even the right to live, not to mention their political rights.

The fatherly leader was anxious about the miserable status of overseas Koreans from the days of the anti-Japanese revolutionary struggle. As the socialist system had been established in the northern half of the Republic and its whole society built up as one big family, his anxiety increased over the failure to bring them home. So, he made every possible effort to repatriate overseas Koreans, at least the Korean citizens in Japan.

Opening the Road to the Repatriation of the Koreans in Japan

The reactionary Japanese and the south Korean reactionaries, traitors to the nation, viciously obstructed the leader's compatriotic efforts to bring the Korean citizens in Japan to their homeland. But, as justice always prevails, their repatriation was eventually realized towards the end of 1959.

Having received the report that the first boatload of compatriots had left the port of Niigata, Japan, on December 14, the leader spent wakeful nights.

How long we had waited for the day to come! How difficult it had been to realize our long-cherished desire! During the anti-Japanese revolutionary struggle, whenever he saw the fellow countrymen scattered in south and north Manchuria, humiliated and downtrodden, the leader renewed his resolve to defeat the Japanese imperialists as early as possible and take them along to the homeland to lead a happy life. However, even after the defeat of Japanese imperialism and the revival of the motherland, the country was bisected and his ardent desire to bring back the fellow

countrymen abroad remained unfulfilled. Though fifteen years passed since the country's liberation and over ten years since the founding of the Republic, they remained abroad, which occasioned him much anxiety.

It is inevitable that a man should live at his home and a nation in its own country. As long as there are frontiers and national differences, revolution and construction, too, are carried out with a nation as a unit. The independence of man is also fully ensured only in his own country where the socialist system is established.

The leader who cherishes and loves man as the most precious being could not feel relieved even for a moment while leaving dear compatriots in a capitalist society where everything is decided by money and people are made to slave for the capitalists. How could he remain an onlooker to the wretched people of the same blood languishing in a foreign land, at the lowest bottom of a capitalist society at that, when everybody was enjoying independent and creative lives in the homeland where the socialist system was established, exploitation and oppression gone for ever!

Being such a leader, he was greatly excited on receiving a brief telegram about the departure of the repatriation boat.

The leader had spent two sleepless nights, wishing for the safe arrival of the returnees. He gave a sigh of relief only after he had been informed that the repatriation boat had cast anchor at Chongjin.

The people of the homeland and the returnees met on the pier of Chongjin, which boiled in a whirlpool of emotions and joys. Shouts of hurrah, the warm welcoming cheers, the voices of kinsfolk calling each other's names made all choked with emotions. An old woman was too moved to utter a word in reply to questions put to her, because she was now in the embrace of the motherland on whose shores she had thought she would never be able to tread. A youth held up his arms and shouted "Mother! Mother!" again and again, overjoyed to see the welcoming waves of flowers swaying across the whole square and hear the cheers of the brethren at home. There was a man carrying the remains of his dead parents to bury them in the soil of the motherland and thus gratify their wishes. The pier was overflowing with the joy of reunion—pulling, embracing, riding one another's shoulders, and dancing. Even the cloud overhead stopped floating and the waves of the sea sang in glee.

The compatriots now on the soil of the motherland were speechless overwhelmed by profound emotions. They had thought they had many

many stories to pour out back in the homeland. But, now that their lifelong desire came true, their hearts were filled with only one thought:

"Marshal Kim Il Sung, thank you!"

"We have come, thanks to your favour!"

These words transformed into tears, into cheers and into swelling pride in life, and they bowed again and again before the portrait of the leader. From then on, the port of Chongjin was wet with the tears of the compatriots who were returning home after long wandering in an alien land.

The fatherly leader not only opened up the road of repatriation, but also provided the returnees back home across the sea, with adequate facilities for sleeping, eating and medical treatment, so that they did not feel any inconveniences. He even sent nurses and midwives to care for children and pregnant women. No one could think of such meticulous steps in the whirlpool of emotion. Grateful to the leader's paternal love, the returnees again shed tears of emotion.

People all over the world marvelled at this tremendous event, calling it a "great exodus of people from capitalism to socialism". It was a praise for the beloved leader Comrade Kim Il Sung's policy toward overseas Koreans and an admiration for his boundless love for them.

Benevolent Fatherly Embrace

The fatherly leader opened the road for the compatriots in Japan to return home and provided the returnees with all necessary conditions for stable lives. Even before they set foot on the shores of the motherland, he made sure that workplaces and dwelling houses were fixed for them, and furniture, rice, subsidiary foodstuffs and even seasonings brought into their houses. The organizational arrangements were flawless. But he was not sure that the returnees would like their places of abode, and he visited them in person.

Several days after the first repatriation boat had arrived, the leader called at the flat of a returnee couple in Kyogu-dong, Oesong District, Pyongyang. The young couple had never dreamed of the leader's visit, and they were taken aback before they felt grateful. Such events were too familiar to the people in the homeland, but the couple, who had lived in a foreign country, were quite puzzled at this unexpected call.

The leader looked into a quilt cabinet and wardrobe already supplied

by the state, and checked how thick the quilts were. In the kitchen, he looked into a cupboard and opened a rice jar and took a handful of snow-white polished rice out of it to see. Thus, he scrutinized every corner of the flat to see if there was any inconvenience, however trifle.

The couple were so overwhelmed with gratitude that they did not know what to say to the fatherly leader.

When they told him that they were going to continue their studies at colleges here, the leader gave them words of encouragement. Before he left the house, he stressed repeatedly that if they had any inconvenience in the future, they should not hesitate and let him know.

Under the utmost care of the leader the returnees were able to lead stable lives from the very moment they arrived in the motherland and participate, as socialist working people, in the honourable work for the happiness of their own and their posterity, and for the prosperity and progress of the socialist motherland.

The fatherly leader was very satisfied with the fact that the returnees were faithfully working in their respective workplaces, and encouraged and trained them to be full-fledged cadres and revolutionaries through actual public activity.

Here is a story.

There was an engineer who got a job at the Automation Research Institute after his return home. His family had been awfully poor when in Japan. His father was a rag-picker and eked out a scanty life by selling what he collected from garbage bins. The son, too, did hazardous jobs from his early years in order to earn school expenses, and thus he barely managed to finish a high school. In a society where getting a job was as difficult as plucking a star from the sky, a high school graduate could hardly earn his own bread, much less a Korean because of the Japanese reactionary policy of national discrimination. He entered the electric engineering department, the engineering faculty of Hosei University, for the sole purpose of continuing his studies. However, the collegiate education required a huge amount of money, which pestered him and his father. He worked desperately day and night, to obtain school expenses, but in vain. He had no alternative but to submit an application to the university authorities for a long-term absence from studies. From then on his father fell ill from anguish. No medicine proved effective. There could be no other cure than the school expenses for his son.

It was just around that time. One summer day in 1957 he was given a notice from the General Association of Korean Residents in Japan (Chongryon), asking him to come and receive the scholarship sent by the beloved leader Marshal Kim Il Sung.

He felt that precious money in hand as if it weighed a million pounds. It was the weight of the meaning of his motherland; it was the weight of the leader's great love.

Now, he entered, with dignity, the gate of the university which had scared him so much. His father, too, recovered his health completely.

As soon as the road to the homeland was opened, the father returned with a mind to contribute what little strength he had to the building of socialism. The son followed suit after finishing the postgraduate course of the university with the scholarship given by the leader. He was assigned to the automation research division of plant, as he wished. Some time afterwards, at the news of the leader's visit to the plant, his father who lived in Yangdok called on him. He had believed that on his behalf his son must have expressed thanks to the leader for having provided him with scholarship.

"However busy you were, you should have written to me about such a happy event, shouldn't you? What did you learn your alphabet for?"

The son was quite embarrassed. Truth to tell, he could not see the leader that day. As his research division was located far away, the plant authorities failed to serve notice in time. His wife winked at him to explain it, but he dared not. If he said the truth, the old man would be disappointed, but he could not make up a story either. He hesitated for many moments, before he plucked up his courage to speak out.

"Father, to tell the truth... I couldn't see the leader. So I could not write a letter...."

"What?"

The old man trembled in fury. Now he asked his daughter-in-law:

"What does this mean?"

Neither could she give him a proper answer, her head hung low. The old man, changing his sitting posture restlessly, puffed away at his cigarette with sighs, and said at last:

"...I'm afraid you've already forgotten what you experienced in Japan."

It was a long time before he calmed down after hearing the details of

the matter from his daughter-in-law.

Before returning, the old man told his son:

"You must distinguish yourself in your work, bearing in mind that when in Japan, we were moved to tears by the leader's favours. And you must meet the leader and offer him deep thanks. Only then can you call yourself a man."

The beloved leader visited the plant again later. The son recalled that he had been sorry to have missed the leader last time, so he was impatient for fear that he might miss him again. But just then he was told that the leader called him as well as other returnees to his side. He was delightfully surprised.

When he entered the room, the leader acquainted himself with his work and life and, then, asked him whether he had joined the Party.

As he was told that he was not yet qualified to be a Party member, the leader told him that he must work well and join the Party, so as to lead a more worthwhile life. He asked him whether there were any Party members among his batch of returnees.

He named the few he knew.

"Did all your family return home?"

"Father, elder brother, sister, and brother-in-law have all returned. Mother is in south Korea."

The leader's face clouded and he fell in a few moments of silence before he said as if to himself:

"When they were in Japan, these comrades fought well, red bands tied around their heads, shouting hurrahs for the Republic. Back in the homeland now, they are working as well as before. That's what I was told. But they are not Party members yet...."

He stopped here and asked him:

"Well, do you want to join the Workers' Party of Korea?"

"Yes, certainly."

He did not know how come he made this answer. Maybe, his hope, desire, joy and gratitude merged into this simple answer.

The leader asked the factory Party functionaries how he had been preparing himself to join the Party. Then, after some moments of meditation, he looked around the functionaries and said that it would be good to admit him into the Party because he had not only fought well in Japan but was also working well back in the homeland.

With a bright smile he said to him:

"Join the Party. I will be your certifier."

The young man was so thunderstruck that he felt as if his heart was bursting. It was impossible to find deeper trust and warmer love than the leader showed. To him who had longed for the motherland in a foreign country, it was the greatest favour that the leader had taken him into his benevolent embrace. Now, the leader had given him the honourable title of a member of the Workers' Party of Korea, the most precious socio-political life.

Political life is the most precious aspect of man's life. With his physical life given by his parents alone, man cannot enjoy a worthy life. A man does not enjoy a worthy life just because he was born. Only after he becomes a political being can he know the true meaning of life and make it still worthier.

As the leader provided him with this precious political life, he was reborn as a communist, as a revolutionary.

Even after he had ensured him political integrity, the basic criterion of a staunch revolutionary fighter, the leader took care to develop him to be an excellent fighter, working devotedly for the country and people. Thanks to the favour of the leader, he became a Labour Hero and a deputy to the Supreme People's Assembly.

The leader is deeply concerned for, and takes great care of, the returnees who had cried bitterly for the motherland under the foreign skies. His care is not confined to any one returnee or his family. He holds all the returnees and their families in his embrace and looks after them with warm love. That is why many of them are leading worthwhile lives, with ever-growing political integrity.

Fatherly Love Reaches Out across the Sea

The beloved leader President Kim Il Sung's solicitude for overseas Koreans knew no bounds.

The repatriation of the Koreans in Japan at which the whole world marvelled as a great exodus of people from capitalism to socialism was not a small undertaking which could be finished in a day or two. It was a colossal work which would take long years. The returning compatriots were not a problem, but those who were still in Japan could possibly have forgotten their origins as Koreans, if they had been left as they were.

As they had been living abroad for years, in some cases, for more than half a century, it was natural that some of them were assimilated in the nations among whom they lived. This was particularly so with regard to the Koreans in Japan because of the assimilation policy pursued by the Japanese reactionaries.

Some of the Korean residents in Japan, unable to endure their national discrimination and humiliation any longer, had to abandon the names given by their parents and learn Japanese and even change their Korean nationality into Japanese in order to eke out their living. Shedding tears, they had to abandon their names, national language and genealogical tables.

Grasping this heart-rending situation, the great leader saw to it that the Chongryon was organized on May 25, 1955, which was built up as a powerful bulwark for the compatriots in Japan. Meanwhile, through this organization, he made sure that the Korean residents in Japan thoroughly established Juche against the Japanese reactionary policy of assimilation and thus maintained their nationality and origins as Koreans.

This was a save-the-nation step to enable them to live on as Koreans in Japan, a decisive step to enable them to have national pride and confidence. As a result, everywhere in Japan, from Kagoshima of Kyushu through Tokyo to Sapporo of Hokkaido, they were now able to engage in patriotic activity and enjoy their democratic national rights as Koreans.

Another great compatriotic measure was that the leader showed all manner of solicitude so that full-scale democratic national education could be given to the children of the Koreans in Japan.

He regarded the national education of young Koreans in Japan not merely as an educational work but as an activity to restore the nation and as a struggle for the citizens of a sovereign state to exercise their rights.

In Japan, Korean schools of all levels were set up wherever the Koreans resided—in towns, villages and even on small islets which are not shown on the map. A well-regulated system of democratic national education was established, starting from kindergartens to elementary schools, junior and senior middle schools and Korean University equipped with modern facilities.

Here is an episode.

In the Inland Sea of Seto, between the mainland of Japan and Shikoku, there is a small island inhabited by a few Korean families, along

with the Japanese. The Japanese government had set up no school on the island, so both Japanese and Korean children were unable to learn. But the Chongryon opened a Korean primary school there with the educational aid funds sent by the leader. Thus all the Korean children were able to learn Korean and acquire knowledge of the motherland. The Japanese children, too, attended this school.

Here is another episode.

A south Korean self-supporting student, unable to pursue his studies for the lack of money, went over to Japan where his sister lived, with a ray of hope. In Japan he graduated from a high school with great difficulty, working as a day labourer and aided by his sister, but he was not able to obtain expenses for studying at a university. This ambitious youth took the examination to enter the mining department of the first science and engineering faculty of Waseda University. He was successful in the examination. This success, however, caused him anxiety rather than joy. If he was to study at the university, he needed a great amount of entrance fee reaching 60,000 *yen*, but he had not even 6 *yen* with him.

He barely managed to prepare the entrance fee by getting some money from his sister and doing all he could to secure the rest. However, the school expenses obstructed his way at every step. For every quarter of the year he had to pay 37,000-39,000 *yen* on an average for experiments, practice and teaching materials. He worked at the ports of Yokohama and Kawasaki, digging mud from the bed of the sea. The pay was relatively higher than that for other manual jobs, but, as it was done at ebbing tide, the labourers had to run about at the risk of their lives, carrying baskets on their backs.

Even this backbreaking labour far from covered his school expenses. He spent agonizing days, asking himself whether he would pursue his studies or give up. The lack of school expenses and his zeal for learning drove him into a dilemma. Between two fires, he cursed his own existence.

It was around this time that he received the scholarship from the fatherly leader. In the area of Tokyo alone, more than 100 students and graduate students were granted scholarships. The young man, too, received the envelope of scholarship bearing the fatherly love.

From then on, he could absorb himself in his studies, paying school expenses with the scholarship every month.

The leader had the first educational aid funds and scholarships sent to

the sons and daughters of the Korean citizens in Japan at a difficult time when the entire people in the homeland were engaged in postwar reconstruction, tightening their belts. It was an unusual thing to send an enormous amount of educational aid funds for overseas Koreans at such a time. However, even in the period of the anti-Japanese revolutionary struggle, waged without foreign aid or home front, the leader set up schools for Korean children wherever he went in Manchuria and established Children's Corps schools in the guerrilla bases to enforce national education. He was such a great man that he showed deep solicitude for the education of overseas compatriots, however difficult the situation at home.

On June 13, 1959, a ceremony was held to inaugurate Korean University at Tokyo, built with the educational aid funds sent by the leader. Koreans flocked from all parts of Japan. One of them recalled that impressive day as follows:

"... The Musashino Plain, a vast expanse of uninhabited area, was wrapped in fresh verdure, spreading out to the horizon. We covered quite a distance, when someone uttered an exclamation and darted off. Without knowing the reason, I, too, rushed off until I found the flag of the Republic fluttering high above the tops of the luxuriant trees. 'Oh! That's our house, our university!' I shouted, running at full speed. 'Oh, how splendid! How obliging our leader is!' Thus saying, we rubbed our cheeks against its walls. All cried for joy, on the lawn, on the roof or stroking window glasses.

"That day, looking over the sky of the homeland from the rooftop, I said to myself repeatedly: 'Leader, thank you! I'll be a reliable worker for national reunification, as you want me to be!'"

This compatriot was not the only one to feel the joy.

The Koreans in Japan recalled their history of sufferings, looking at Korean University rising imposingly in a foreign land. Unable to repress their joy, they danced all day long hugging each other and sang in praise of the leader.

The leader's love for them was unbounded. He sent stones of Mt. Paekdu, soil of the homeland, beautiful birds, stuffed animals, aromatic fruits and rare flower seeds to the children of the Koreans in Japan, who had not seen their motherland. Before these treasures which carried the songs, dreams, fragrance and beauty of the Korean mountains and rivers, the compatriots in Japan shed tears of joy, boundless happiness, feeling as

if the fatherly leader were walking together with them in the paradise of the homeland. Indeed, the leader is a benevolent father and saviour to the Koreans in Japan.

4

Everybody sings a song of happiness under the Juche-based socialist system. The great leader Marshal Kim Il Sung makes utmost efforts to see that there are no unhappy people among them. He shows special love and interests for orphans.

An orphan means a child who has lost his parents and roams about streets with no one to rely on. But the orphans in our country are not orphans in the original sense of the word, though they have no parents of their own. Their shelter is the embrace of the Party and their father is the leader. The leader who cannot sleep in comfort at the thought of parentless children, takes all the orphans into the embrace of the country.

A Real Father's Love

Thanks to the leader's solicitude, a system has been established in the northern half of the Republic whereby all pupils and students are supplied with summer and winter uniforms every year. It happened on April 29, 1960. The fatherly leader President Kim Il Sung was interested in seeing the shape, quality and colour of summer uniforms supplied that spring and whether they were agreeable to the children. He sent an aide to bring some school boys and girls in their new dresses.

The aide brought two boys and two girls playing in a park to the residence of the leader.

After looking them over and examining the quality of cloth, the leader asked the children about their school life and families.

While chatting with them, he noticed a girl wearing old plimsolls.

"What is your father? Does he work at a factory or an office?" asked he.

The girl's bright face suddenly clouded and she dropped her head, merely rolling a small pebble with the tips of her feet in old shoes.

Her name was Choe Yong Ok. Her father was killed in an American bombing raid when he was working in a rubber factory during the Fatherland Liberation War. Then her mother who worked in a food-processing factory died of disease in May 1959, i.e. a year before. Thus, four sisters were left orphaned. The youngest of them was in Wonsan and the rest were living together on a subsidy from the state and with assistance from the factories where their parents had worked, and also from the neighbourhood unit.

Yong Ok had resolved never to tell anyone about this. For the story about her dead parents caused her sorrow. But she told everything frankly to the benevolent and kind leader.

"Anyhow, that's something for you three turtledoves to do your own cooking, washing and cleaning. So you are keeping the house by yourselves while studying.... That's real pluck!"

The leader's voice was hoarse as he spoke falteringly, patting Yong Ok's hands. Ever since the days of the anti-Japanese revolutionary struggle, he had shared sorrow with many unhappy people, but had not got accustomed to this kind of a case. Though he regarded the sorrow of others as his own, particularly when he met orphans, he felt more distressed than they themselves did.

Today, too, on hearing the story about Yong Ok's sisters, he felt sorrier than she did. He asked in a low voice:

"What's the number of your flat, Yong Ok?"

Noticing the leader in anguish Yong Ok replied while on the brink of tears herself. After writing down her address and the names of her sisters, he changed the subject to hold back his own surging emotion, and cheer her up.

The children were gone. The fatherly leader remained alone on the bench in the garden where he had met them, worrying about Yong Ok and her sisters. Their pitiful vision weighed heavily on his heart. Walking in the garden he tried to ease his pain but in vain. He went into the bedroom, in the hope that he would forget about it at least while taking a nap, but he could not sleep.

The beloved leader President Kim Il Sung personally invites into his residence Yong Ok and her three sisters who are growing up happily. He looks after their life with a fatherly love
(November 30, 1967)

He could imagine how they were living, but he could not bear unless he found it out in person. He told the aide to inquire into their living conditions. The aide found that the little girls, the eldest of whom was 15, were keeping their home assiduously while attending school. The jars were filled with rice, soybean paste and soy sauce. There were even spices. The aide had a lump in his throat to see them running the house.

A bit of assistance would free them from any worry about their living, but the leader was not satisfied.

In the evening when he thought all the sisters should be back home from school, the fatherly leader sent for them. When they arrived at his residence, he embraced them and, stroking the head of Yong Suk, the eldest, said:

"So you are Yong Suk.... It must be rather hard for you to take care of your younger sisters and keep your household together, while going to school.... Your hands are a bit chapped." Yong Suk buried her face on his breast and sobbed.

"Don't cry, Yong Suk.... You are the head of your family. You mustn't cry.... Come on.... Stop crying...."

He went upstairs, flanked by the sisters. He intended to discuss their future with them.

"Will you live by yourselves in the future, too? Or prefer to go to schools for bereft children?"

The authorities concerned had tried to send them to schools for bereft children. But they had declined and lived together, because if they had gone to the schools, they would be separated from each other. Now, however, aware that it was very hard for them to attend school while keeping household, they all answered in the affirmative.

As they wished, the fatherly leader decided to send them to the schools after May Day.

He entertained them at supper though they had already had it, before he let them go home. Hugging each of them he said:

"Go to school tomorrow, and let's celebrate May Day together at our home the day after tomorrow. After the celebrations, don't go out anywhere, but stay at home."

He sent them off at the entrance, again asking them to be at home after the celebrations and giving them a package which contained school things, eggs, fruit, meat and many other things.

On the morning of May Day, going out to attend the May Day celebrations, the fatherly leader told the aide to bring without fail Yong Ok and her two sisters after the celebrations and have them play with his children. He was afraid they would be grieved at the thought of their parents on the red-letter day, so he invited them so that they could forget their sorrow. The sisters were not aware of this deep concern of the leader as they played with his children.

They were distinguished guests for the leader. So, that day, while having lunch with political committee members he excused himself for taking leave of them earlier on the ground that some distinguished guests were waiting for him at his home.

Next day Yong Ok and her sisters visited the grave of their mother, carrying all the fruits, drops, cakes and other foodstuffs given by the leader. It was the anniversary of the death of their mother. Placing the food on the offertory table in front of the grave Yong Suk said in tears:

"Mother, we have come. You cried so bitterly, feeling sorry to leave us little ones behind. But, be pleased. We have been to the fatherly Marshal's house three times and he is going to send us to schools for bereft children. He promised that he would send for Yong Hui in Wonsan to be with us. Don't worry about us and sleep in peace. Though we have no parents, we are not lonely at all. The fatherly Marshal loves and looks after us in place of you, father and mother..."

Expressing their dream-like happiness, Yong Suk called her mother at the top of her voice. She sobbed, asking the dead to taste apples and look at her happy daughters. Her sisters cried, too.

They Are Not Orphans

Yong Ok and her three sisters, under the benevolent care of the leader, were living happily without any sorrow as orphans. Even the children having their parents could not be so happy and joyful as they were.

As they grew up, the fatherly leader was concerned over their future. He called them again to his home. During these years they had met him on several occasions, but this was the fourth visit for Yong Ok, the third for Yong Suk and Yong Sil and the first for Yong Hui who had been in Wonsan. The orphans again walked together into the gate of the house of love, where they had been reborn as the happiest daughters in the world.

The leader was waiting for them at the entrance. "Father!" They each

exclaimed and threw themselves in his arms.

"You are all here. You all look healthy, with robust faces. Good!..."

Taking them on either side, the leader entered the drawing room, where, stroking the hair of Yong Hui, he said:

"Yong Hui has grown so much, and I have got older." They wanted to express their gratitude to the leader who had brought them up with so much love, but words did not come out of their mouths. The first subject of conversation was Yong Hui who had never visited the leader's home before. The leader picked up a big, beautiful apple for her and put a piece of candy into her mouth.

Looking round Yong Ok and her sisters, the fatherly leader said:

"...You have all grown up, so I have called you to discuss your future. I am sure you all have your own plans. Let me know about them."

In the light of their hopes, dispositions and taste, the leader concluded that Yong Suk was to be enrolled in the third grade of the normal college and Yong Ok admitted to the faculty of economics or philosophy of Kim Il Sung University. And he decided to send Yong Sil to the Nampo Revolutionary School and then to a medical college, and Yong Hui to a foreign languages school to enter the Foreign Languages Institute later.

Looking on Yong Hui, he said with a smile:

"...If only my Yong Hui masters a foreign language, she may serve as my interpreter. Who knows?..."

So their problems had been settled. After the meal, the leader gathered them again and earnestly instructed them to study hard, take an active part in the life of the League of Socialist Working Youth and, if they join the Party, they should lead exemplary Party life and become splendid women revolutionaries.

The fatherly leader sat Yong Suk closer to him and said in a low yet stern voice so that her sisters might not hear.

"...You are 22 now, aren't you? I do not worry much about your sisters for they are still young, but you have reached such an age that you must behave carefully.... Do you understand what I mean?"

"Yes,..."

Yong Suk blushed to the ear-laps as she replied.

Yong Suk sat her head slightly lowering, like a boundlessly happy daughter seated before her own father who cares for her in all matters.

That day the leader gave them notebooks, fountain pens and many other presents.

Late at night they left the leader's house.

The leader came out of the entrance hall to send them off. He watched them leave by car.

5

Boundlessly inspired by the grand Chollima march of the people in the northern half of the Republic led by the great leader, the south Korean people developed a vigorous anti-US, national-salvation struggle in the teeth of the enemy's harsh suppression and, eventually, toppled down the Syngman Rhee puppet regime in April 1960.

As the struggle entered a new phase, the US imperialists rigged up a new "regime" of military fascist dictatorship in order to stifle the people's aspiration for a new government and a new life and their cherished desire for independent national reunification. The new puppets who had usurped the "government" by means of surprise attack at night were a gang of ruffians formed around out-and-out pro-Japanese and pro-American collaborators. They manufactured dozens of evil laws a day, spread a ramified intelligence network all over south Korea, and employed various heinous methods to arrest, imprison and murder the people. South Korea turned into a huge living hell.

Greatly tormented by these misfortunes and sufferings of the south Korean people under US imperialist occupation, the fatherly leader put forward numerous proposals to save the nation and took compatriotic steps for their relief.

While doing everything he could, he always had a troubled mind, spending many sleepless nights. Whenever he stood by a southern window, he keenly felt the sufferings of the south Korean brothers and lost himself in deep agonizing thoughts.

Embracing the South in Ordeal

In late September, 1960, the fatherly leader visited Pongdong-ri, Panmun County, a village near the Military Demarcation Line. From the top of a high hill behind the village he looked meditatively in the direction of the south.

Mt. Torap, Kuksu Peak, and other mountains, high and low, beyond the demarcation line came in sight through the hazy air. The highest of all is Mt. Samgak, behind which lies Seoul. It would take only an hour to go there by train. But the railway has been cut off and become rusty, overgrown with weeds. The waters of the Sachon River flow as ever into the Rimjin River but the north and the south, with this river in-between, are changing to opposite poles. The societies, landscape and people were changing. The north is ringing with the song of bumper harvest, whereas the south is a desolate wilderness where reeds sway drearily in the mournful wind. Birds were flying northward, chirping sorrowfully.

The fatherly leader looked over the southern skies with a clouded face, the skirts of his outer coat fluttering in the autumn wind.

At this very moment the blood of the south Korean brethren was being shed by the US imperialists' bayonets. Simple and honest peasants in Kyongsang and Cholla Provinces left their homes to become wanderers cursing their fate, their farmland being requisitioned for "military use". The "emigration boats" carrying the fellow countrymen who would live as slaves in faraway alien lands were leaving the ports of Inchon and Pusan soaked with their tears. Orphans and jobless people were wandering about the streets. Numerous patriots were being tortured and shedding blood behind the bars. They were all crying for relief impatiently. To them an hour seemed to be three years.

But the leader could not run to the south Korean people who were weeping and crying from their sufferings although he was now on a hill near the demarcation line. His heavy heart bled and ached beyond measure.

In rainy seasons he worried about the floods in the south. When winter came round, he worried first about his brethren in the south trembling in the cold. When he learned from the press that people had died from cold or a whole family had committed suicide because of the

hardships of life in south Korea, his heart was torn, and he could not even have his meal.

They say that affection is bound to wane even between people of one blood when they are separated for a long time, but the leader's love for the south Korean compatriots grows deeper and warmer with the passage of time.

In 1957 the fatherly leader, always worried about the south Korean people under the misrule of the US imperialists and their stooges, offered to the south Korean authorities to send 100,000 *sok* of rice and enormous quantities of relief goods for numerous south Koreans who had lost their property overnight in a big flood. The next year, too, he proposed to give 150,000 *sok* of polished rice, 5 million metres of cloth, 100,000 tons of sea products and 4 million pairs of shoes to help relieve several million unemployed and vagrant orphans in south Korea. He even offered to receive and take care of the orphans who had no caretakers and grant monthly scholarships to 3,000 poor students.

Besides these relief measures, the leader put forward more radical proposals for the rehabilitation and development of the bankrupt south Korean national economy. Whenever he found that the south Korean national industries and agriculture had suffered damages, he felt sorry and made a number of proposals to build factories and power plants for the welfare of the south Korean people, send tractors and other farm machines and build irrigation facilities there, with the economic strength of north Korea.

Indeed, he is a great leader who wants to share weal and woe with the south Koreans as one and the same nation.

The US imperialists and their stooges dared not say a word in reply to these offers emanating from the leader's utmost love for the south Korean people. The people's enemy who were engaged in injustices and treacheries for their ephemeral existence, were dead set against anything beneficial to the people and were afraid of the leader's lofty spirit more than anything else.

As a result, the leader's warm love and solicitude for the nation could not reach the south Korean people owing to the vicious obstructionist activities of the US imperialists and their lackeys.

Despite the ever-intensified manoeuvres of the enemy, however, the leader did not stop the struggle to alleviate the suffering caused by

national division and achieve the independent reunification of the country as soon as practicable.

For the great leader, it is his lifelong task and the greatest duty entrusted by the country and people to reunify the nation without fail during our generation and hand one Korea down to the posterity.

In October 1954 not long after the ceasefire, with a view to facilitating the country's reunification, he put forward a compatriotic proposal on opening postal exchange between the north and the south so as to enable the family members dispersed in both parts of the country at least to hear from each other. In April 1956 he proposed to organize a standing committee empowered to discuss and seek practical solutions to problems concerning contact between the north and the south and the reunification. In February 1958 and, then, on every opportunity, he proposed to conclude an agreement on the reduction of the armies of the north and the south to 100,000 or less each and refrain from using armed forces against each other, after the withdrawal of the US imperialist aggression army.

In 1960 the leader put forward a proposal on the establishment of North-South Confederation and recommendations to put it into effect. The confederation proposal was aimed to increase interchange and mutual cooperation in the economic and cultural fields between the north and the south, by organizing a Supreme National Committee composed of the same number of representatives from both sides appointed by the Government of the DPRK and the south Korean authorities, while leaving aside the existing political systems in north and south Korea for the time being. This was an interim step to settle the urgent matters of common concern for the nation and gradually advance towards complete reunification, because it was impossible to hold free north-south general elections at once; it was a step to open a favourable phase in hastening national reunification through restoration of ties of the divided nation and promotion of mutual understanding between the north and the south.

He suggested that if the south Korean rulers could not accept the North-South Confederation, at least economic and cultural intercourse and mutual visits of people should be arranged to alleviate the suffering of national division, putting aside political affairs for the time being. And he proposed that if this was still unacceptable to them, the flesh and blood separated in the north and the south should be allowed at least to exchange correspondence.

As the brushwoods grew thick and the annual rings of trees increased on the demarcation line, the gap between the north and the south widened and the differences in the language and customs seemed to increase. This tormented the leader, and the more his heart ached, the more keenly he felt the sense of responsibility.

Therefore, he advanced fair and reasonable proposals for national reunification which would be acceptable to anyone who had the Korean blood in his veins. He made great efforts to put them into effect.

His reunification proposals based on the lofty sense of responsibility for the destiny of the nation and the warm compatriotic love invigorated and encouraged the south Korean people greatly. However, due to the desperate manoeuvres of the moribund enemy, these realistic and just proposals have not yet been realized and the north and south Korean people are still suffering from the division of the country.

That is why the leader is now dreadfully pained, to see the diametrically different realities of the north and the south caused by the division.

Acting for Their Parents Who Could Not Come from South

As his heart ached at the thought of the divided country and the unhappy south Korean people, the fatherly leader took boundlessly loving care of those who had come from the south.

It happened on the day when the first commencement ceremony was held at Songdo Political Economy College in Kaesong.

Originally, this college was set up by the fatherly leader Comrade Kim Il Sung to educate the youth from south Korea who had fought against the US imperialist colonial policy and who had joined the Volunteer Corps and fought with arms in hand during the Fatherland Liberation War.

The leader had provided the college with perfect educational facilities and the students with adequate living and studying conditions. Still not satisfied, he frequently visited the students to look after them and encourage them to work harder so as to save the south Korean brethren.

Now, these students had finished the four years of education and were taking their first steps as members of society.

Graduation from a college means that one is taking one's first step into the world after completing a definite course of study. Therefore, the commencement ceremony is an important event in the students' lives. Their teachers and close acquaintances congratulate the graduates with unbounded joy on the day and the latter remember this emotional day for a long time.

To any commencement ceremony many parents flock to congratulate the graduates. They express their thanks to the state for having trained their children to be worthy people and encourage once more their dependable sons and daughters who are leaving their colleges. On this meaningful day the graduates are very much pleased that their parents sit beside them.

But there are no parents to attend the commencement ceremony at Songdo Political Economy College. This cannot be helped because the graduates are all from south Korea. How pleased would their poor parents have been if they saw their sons and daughters who had been ragged and hungry, maltreated and hard pressed before, graduating now from the college and launching into society as full-fledged members in the embrace of the leader. If the graduates had unfolded their large square diplomas before their parents who had lived in tears, explaining the leader's great favours and the excellent new society and new system, how delighted their parents would have been and how proud their sons and daughters themselves would have felt! But their parents are locked up in the land of grief from where they cannot come, however anxiously the students may call them.

The fatherly leader understood the feeling of the students more than anybody else. So he put off urgent tasks, and made a long trip to attend their commencement ceremony. As there was no one else but him who would take the place of their parents, he came to congratulate them on their graduation as their parent.

The students were so glad and grateful that they raised shouts of joy or shed hot tears. Not only soft-hearted girl students but even the male students far past thirty, who had begun studying belatedly, called out "Father," and "Mother" again and again to themselves, tears standing in their eyes. They shouted to themselves, "Father, the leader's attending our commencement ceremony," or whispered, "Mother, please share your daughter's joy."

The students had been about to hold the commencement ceremony

feeling something hollow in a corner of their heart. But now they entered the place of ceremony, looking up at the leader, their faces beaming as if they were the happiest youth in the world. They looked like sunflowers growing sturdily under brilliant sunrays.

On a winter day a few years ago, the leader had dropped in at the college. That time, a girl student told him she wanted to see her old mother left alone in Seoul. He shared the pain with her, looking out of the window for a long while. Now, this girl student, too, was among the graduates, seeing the vision of her mother in the face of the affectionate leader.

A student had left his lone old father behind and joined the Volunteer Corps. Too sorry to part with his father, he lingered in front of the gate. This enraged his father and so he hurried to the front without as much as making a bow to him properly. Now, the student was reading his father's mind in the loving embrace of the benevolent leader.

Like this, all the students were in the leader's embrace, feeling a paternal love which filled their hearts.

At the ceremony the great leader clearly explained the past of our nation to all the students and unfolded the brilliant prospects. Stressing that no task could be more urgent and important than that of reunifying the country, the leader said:

"Though the US imperialists are occupying south Korea now, the day will definitely come when they will be compelled to withdraw and our country reunified.

"It is an inevitability of historical development that the US imperialists will be forced out of Korea and the country will be one."

Also, he analyzed and criticized the working-class movement in south Korea in the past and emphasized the necessity to draw a lesson from it.

Every word of the leader was implanted in the boiling hearts of the graduates as an eternal spark of struggle, as a guide in their life.

In the afternoon, too, he found himself among the students, doing everything they wanted him to do.

A student stepped forward and said like a spoilt child:

"I have a request to make, leader."

"What is it? Tell me."

"We should like you to have a picture taken with us."

"Good, let's have it."

The leader readily accepted the request and went out of the entrance,

where he had a photograph taken with the students.

The students could not rest content with this.

"Would you mind posing for a photograph just with us graduates?"

"We want to have a photograph taken with you for ourselves."

The students made one request after another, as little children do to their father.

The leader was pleased the more, and remarked, "All right," and posed himself for photographs, sitting or standing as they wished.

Busy as he was, the leader intended to spend the day sharing joy with them who missed their parents and homes.

The noble image of the fatherly leader will remain for ever in their hearts, together with his kind words and his standing or sitting posture, his hands stroking their shoulders.

We Must Live Together

Comrade Kim Il Sung, the sun of the nation, treasured the people from south Korea—those who had suffered great hardships while fighting underground, those discharged from the Volunteer Corps, as well as the workers, peasants, intellectuals, students and their families, who had been downtrodden and humiliated.

They came north empty-handed, but the great leader enabled them to study to their heart's content, appointed them to important posts of revolution and construction; he developed them who would have been wandering in south Korea, impoverished and mistreated, to be a people of a new type, into competent cadres. Numerous, indeed, are people from south Korea who have grown to be directors of factories and enterprises, chairmen of cooperative farms, educators, scientists, Labour Heroes of the Republic and so on.

The bereaved families of the revolutionary fighters who had died in the south and the volunteers who had fallen in action heroically during the Fatherland Liberation War are also leading worthy lives under the special care of the leader.

Here is an episode about a girl, whose father was a revolutionary killed while fighting resolutely, true to the leader's great revolutionary ideas. This girl grew up into a full-fledged artist of the Republic.

It was on a New Year's Eve. A banquet was given in the presence of the leader, at which there was an art performance. A cute little girl recited a

wonderful story entitled "Resolve".

As the girl skilfully imitated the speech of a grandpa and grandma, the leader praised her, clapping his hands for a long time.

"She's very good. Excellent! She is a very clever child. It would be better to bring her up as an artist."

When the children's performance was over, the leader called some of the young players to his side, among whom was that little girl who had done the story-telling.

When he was told that the girl's name was Kim Chu Mok (or Fist), the leader repeated the words "Chu Mok" with a puzzled look and asked her about her parents.

A teacher who was standing by, answered for the little girl.

Her father who had fought against the US imperialist aggressors and their stooges in south Korea, upholding the leader's great revolutionary ideas, was arrested in the summer of 1949. It was only six months after he had married her mother. On the same day the mother, too, was arrested and thrown into the West Gate Prison in Seoul. The father who had been detained at the puppet military police headquarters sent a secret message to his wife a few days before he was executed.

The message contained his will. It said she should give their baby the name "Chu Mok", which symbolized the struggle to crush the US imperialist aggressors and the traitors to the nation. It added that, when she was let out of prison, she should go over to the north where General Kim Il Sung, the sun of our nation, was, and live there in his embrace. Several days after his wife had received the message, he was taken out to Susaek where he was shot to death.

His wife administered his will which was written in tiny letters on a piece of paper as big as a matchbox label. She gave birth to a girl baby in a prison cell shut off from the sunshine. "Chu Mok" did not fit a girl, but she followed her husband's will. Later, she was set free and came to the north where the fatherly leader was, carrying young Chu Mok on her back during the temporary retreat.

Having heard the story out, the fatherly leader was speechless for many moments with a clouded face. Then, he hugged Kim Chu Mok tightly and stroked her small fists again and again.

"You are Chu Mok? I like your name, Chu Mok... You must obey your mother well to become a good person."

Since the leader perceived the artistic aptitude in her, Kim Chu Mok took part in the activities of amateur art circles at her school and the Pyongyang Students and Children's Palace. She sang and danced merrily to her heart's content in the presence of the fatherly leader whenever an art performance was given to celebrate the New Year.

The leader saw that a certificate of a patriotic martyr's family was conferred on her and her mother and took care of her development with the affection of a real father.

She spent such a happy childhood, and a few years ago she graduated from a college to become a full-fledged artist.

That night her mother said shedding tears:

"Chu Mok! It is not your mother but Marshal Kim Il Sung who has brought you up. Our leader has reared you, a pitiful posthumous daughter who was born in the enemy's prison cell!... When I came out of the West Gate Prison holding you in my arms, everything was black before my eyes. How could I possibly imagine that you would become a splendid woman like this?... We must not forget our leader's kindness even for a moment."

Afterwards, when Kim Chu Mok set an example in work and life, the leader did her another great favour by bestowing upon her the Kim Il Sung Youth Honour Prize.

The kindly care of the leader for the bereaved families of revolutionaries and patriots from the south really knew no bounds.

In September 1960 the fatherly leader was giving on-the-spot guidance in Kaesong. He inspected the Kaesong Textile Mill and met some workers in the manager's room. The leader and the workers had a heart-to-heart talk. An old woman in the front row rose to her feet and stepped towards him saying between sobs, "Leader, you are here, but...."

Her words trailed off, and she burst into tears, holding him by the sleeve.

She was from Yangpyong, Kyonggi Province. Her family had lived in a secluded place at the foot of Mt. Ryongmun. They farmed on the burns there and were in dire poverty.

To make matters worse, her husband was killed by the enemy because he had aided the People's Army during the war. She came up to the north, shedding tears of blood, and settled down in Kaesong. Under the good government of the leader she and her family were well-off with nothing to be desired. What was lacking in her happy life was the absence of her

husband. This she had had on mind all the time.

Now that she met the leader, her heart seemed to be breaking at the thought that her husband who had met a premature death, should have lived and seen him like her.

The account of her past made the leader feel very sorry for her. He asked her about her sons and daughters.

She had three sons and four daughters. Her eldest daughter had joined the People's Army during the temporary retreat and the old woman had never heard of her ever since. Her eldest son who had been married, was living away from his mother because of his workplace. As for the rest of her family, some were living with her and others not.

First of all, the fatherly leader saw to it that her family members lived together. "Already it is painful for our nation to live divided because of the partitionist policy of the US imperialists", he thought to himself, "Why should even a family now in the embrace of the Republic live separated? We must ensure that the old lady spend the rest of her life happily, living with her sons, daughters, daughters-in-law, and grandchildren at her home."

The leader made sure that her family were given a big, tile-roofed house so that she could live together with her son and daughter-in-law and her daughters who lived away from her. He also sent many gifts to the old lady and all the rest of her family. They included cloth and cotton for quilts, women's silk jackets and skirts, winter and summer underwear, suit materials, school uniforms, plimsolls, children's shoes, white cotton cloth and even sewing threads. All these things reminded one of a dowry sent by a meticulous mother for her married daughter. Under the constant care of the leader, the old lady and her sons and daughters were living very happily.

One day, there was a voice calling "Mother!" from the gate. The old woman opened the sliding door reflectively. And who could it be? It was none other than her eldest daughter who she thought had been dead during the war. She appeared now, ten years later, and threw herself into her mother's arms, tears of joy streaming down her cheeks.

The leader has an insight to grasp the innermost thoughts of people from their expressions. When he met the old lady in Kaesong, he could read her anxiety while hearing from her about her eldest daughter of whom she had never heard since she had joined the People's Army. So he

took special measures to search her eldest daughter and finally found her in Wonsan.

The old lady is living the rest of her life happily together with her sons, daughters, daughters-in-law and grandchildren at her home under the great care of the leader. She has this to say:

"It is only after I came under Marshal Kim Il Sung's government that I could understand what happiness is like and enjoy it to the full. Even if I die now, I would have no regret whatever.... Indeed, I am the most blessed woman in the world.

"This happiness was given to me by our leader. The fatherly leader Marshal Kim Il Sung has brought the greatest happiness to our people."

This is the unanimous feeling of the people who came from south Korea. Visualizing a reunited country, they are fighting to expedite the day when their parents and brothers and all the rest of people, now having a hard time in south Korea, would enjoy this happiness.

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